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AND THE

SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT AT HOME AND ABBOAD.

CONDUCTED BY

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE,

Author of the "History of the Clan Mackenzie," "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," "Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands," &c.

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THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

—o—

This Clan, at one time one of the most powerful in the Highlands, and still one of the most numerous and influential, claims a very ancient descent. It has been long maintained, that the family is descended from an Irish nobleman, named Colin or Cailean Fitzgerald; and, although in the light of modern discoveries, we find ourselves unable to adopt this view, we shall place it before the reader, and leave him to adopt, after full consideration, which view he thinks most probable and authentic. The authorities who maintain this Irish origin of the Clan inform us, that a certain Otho, who came to England with William the Conqueror, and fought with him at the Battle of Hastings, was created Castellan and Baron of Windsor, and that he was the common progenitor of the Fitzgeralds, of the Windsors, and Earls of Plymouth. Most authorities concur in holding that this Otho was succeeded by his son, surnamed Fitz-Otho, who, we find, was Castellan of Windsor in 1078, and married a daughter of Glady, of Ry Gwallan ap Comryn, Prince of North Wales, by whom he had three sons, Gerald, Robert, and William. Robert, who was afterwards Castellan of Windsor, appears as a witness to a royal charter, granted in favour of the Monks of Durham, in 1082, and had extensive possessions in several English counties.

Gerald or Gerard (for the two names are synonymous), under the patronymic of Fitz-Walter, in 1112, married Nesta, daughter of Rees ap Teudor Griffin, Prince of South Wales, by whom he had three sons, (1) Maurice, (2) William, of whom are said to be descended the Earls of Kerry, and (3) David, Bishop of St David's, uncle to the celebrated Geraldus Cambrensis, whom he afterwards appointed to the Arch-Deanery of that See.

Maurice, the eldest son, succeeded his father, and was one of those who accompanied Richard Strongbow, Earl of Striguel, to Ireland, about 1170, where, after many distinguished and signal services in the subjection of that country, he was created Baron of Wicklow, and Naas Offelim of the territories of the Macleans, by Henry II., who, on his return to England, left Maurice in the joint-Government in 1172. He had married

Alicia, daughter of Amulphade Montgomery, brother of Robert, Earl of Shrewsbury, who bore him four sons, Gerald, William, Alexander, and Maurice.

Gerald Fitz-Maurice succeeded his father, and was created Lord Offally. By his wife Catherine, daughter of Hanno de Valois, Lord Chief-Justice of Ireland, he had a son, Maurice, who in due course succeeded his father. Maurice died on the 20th of May 1267, and left two sons, Thomas and Gerald.

Thomas Fitz-Maurice succeeded his father as Lord Offally, and was generally known as "Thomas Mor," or Great Thomas, in consequence of his distinguished valour and signal performances on the battlefield. This great warrior and powerful chief had a rupture with King Henry, and the neighbouring tribes finding that this was a great source of weakness to their power, they, led by their chiefs, made harassing inroads on his territories. Thomas, however, continued to effect considerable divisions amongst them, and thus recovered much of his former power and influence, and cleared his territories of all his enemies. In 1262, however, these Irish mountain tribes concentrated their followers, and gained a victory over "Thomas Mor" in a pitched battle at Callan, where his son John, and grandson Maurice, with fifteen knights and a great number of followers of less note, were left dead on the field; but he was ultimately successful, and established for himself a high reputation, and secured the favour of the Sovereign.

It may not be out of place to give the *traditionary* account of the introduction of the race of Otho into Hibernian record, and how they became identified with the children of the Gael in Ireland, and afterwards with those of Scotland. In 1167, according to this traditionary legend, Diarmad MacMhurchaidh, King of Leinster, committed a rape on Devorgil, the wife of Tighearnach, Roderick, King of Bresinia, who entered into a league with Roderick O'Connor, the most powerful of the petty kings of Ireland, to revenge the insult. This combination was too formidable for Diarmad, who was overwhelmed and totally defeated. He fled to England with the view of obtaining aid from King Henry II. Finding His Majesty was at the time at Antiquaine, he proceeded thither and offered to hold his kingdom of that monarch if he would aid him to recover it from his victorious enemies. Henry readily entered into this project, and gave him a commission to recruit from among his English subjects such followers as he might consider expedient. On Diarmad's return to Bristol he met Richard Strongbow, Earl of Striguel, who willingly agreed to join him, on the condition that Strongbow, in the event of success, would marry Eva, Diarmad's daughter, and succeed him in his kingdom. The Irish king then proceeded to Wales, where he made arrangements with Maurice Fitz-Gerald and his half-brother, Robert Fitz-Stephen, promising them, in the event of success, the town of Wrexford and the the adjoining territories. The latter started immediately for Ireland, and arriving with a handful of followers, reduced Wrexford. Fitz-Gerald soon after followed and joined his brother. Their combined forces, numbering ten knights, sixty horsemen, seventy men-at-arms, and four hundred and sixty archers, marched upon the City of Dublin, with such

promptitude, that the garrison, then occupied by the Danes, surrendered after little or no resistance.

Striguel arrived in 1170, and, according to agreement, married Eva, Diarmad's daughter, and was declared heir and successor to the kingdom of Leinster. The City of Dublin, which was unaccountably left under the charge of the Danish Governor Asculphus, revolted, and had to be again reduced. Asculphus escaped and fled to Orkney, and thus ended the reign of the Vikingr in that quarter.

King Henry now became jealous of the success of Diarmad and his English confederates, and issued an order to all his English subjects serving under Strongbow to abandon him, at the same time commanding all adventurers from England not to join him further in the invasion. He was called Diarmad "Mor Onorach," or "Highly honourable," by his friends and allies, but by his own countrymen he was considered, and looked upon as contemptible, for having betrayed his country into the hands of the English. He died on the 4th of May 1171, when Striguel was proclaimed King of Leinster. On hearing this, Henry dispatched Henry de Merisco to demand his surrender of authority and his instant return to England, at the same time, appointing Maurice Fitz-Gerald governor *ad interim*. Striguel obeyed, and on his return to England he met Henry at Gloucester, and there made over all his rights to him. The King himself now embarked for Ireland, with four or five hundred knights, and four thousand men at arms. On his arrival with such an imposing and powerful following, all the petty kings found it most to their interest to do him homage, and retain possession of their respective kingdoms; and it is on this visit he is said to have created Maurice Fitzgerald, Baron of Wicklow and Naas Offelim.

This tradition does not differ much from the historical facts now brought to light.

The Kings of Desmond are admitted to have been of very ancient renown in Irish annals. During the conquest, Diarmad of Desmond stood out boldly against the English, and, as a reward for his reduction, Henry awarded the Kingdom of Cork, comprising originally that of Desmond, to the victor; but that petty monarch having at length submitted to the English King, the seigniory of Desmond, was remitted to him, to hold of the King of England, but failing heirs male, it ultimately fell to Thomas Carron, who had married his daughter. There was issue only, one daughter, of this union, who married Thomas Fitzgerald, and who had the seigniory of Desmond transferred to her in dowry. She bore him one son, John, who married, first, Marjory, daughter of Sir Thomas Fitz-Antony, who bore him Maurice, ancestor of the Duke of Leinster; and secondly, he married Honora, daughter of Hugh O'Connor, by whom he he had six sons—Cailean, hitherto considered the progenitor of the Mackenzies; Galen (said to be the same as Gilleon, or Gillean, the ancestor of the Macleans of Mull), who fought at the battle of Largs, and died in 1300; Gilbert, ancestor of the White Knights; John, ancestor of the Knights of Glynn; Maurice, ancestor of the Knights of Kerry; and Thomas, progenitor of the Fitzgeralds of Limerick.

It will be noticed, that although the name Gerald or Gerard descends

through the ancestors of the family, beginning with Gerald Fitz-Walter, it does not appear to have become an established patronymic till a later period; but it has been maintained, that the ancestors of the Clan Mackenzie were recognised *in limine* as "*e Familia Geraldorum.*"

During the Reign of Alexander II., several of the North and West Highland Chiefs being very powerful, and so remote that they could not be subdued, resisted the King's authority. He therefore determined to command an expedition against Angus of Argyle in person, and died, on his way thither in 1249, leaving his son Alexander III. only nine years of age, with the full weight and responsibility of the Government of Scotland on his shoulders. It is, however, not in accordance with our present object to refer to this reign further than is necessary to introduce Cailean Fitzgerald, the reputed ancestor of the Clan Mackenzie, and to show the manner, in which he is said to have obtained possession of Eileandonnan and the Lands of Kintail.

Driven from Ireland in 1262, Cailean, it is said, took refuge at the Court of the youthful Scottish King, by whom his rank and established prowess were duly recognised. Alexander was at this time preparing for an expected attack from Haco, King of Norway; and no doubt, in view of such a contingency, considered himself fortunate in having an opportunity to secure the friendship and, ultimately, the active aid of such a renowned warrior as Cailean Fitzgerald. On the 2d of October 1262, Haco landed on the coast of Ayrshire, where he was at once met by a gallant force of fifteen hundred knights, splendidly mounted on horses—many of them of pure Spanish breed—wearing breastplates, while their riders were clad in complete armour, with a numerous army of foot well armed with spears, bows and arrows, and other weapons of war, according to the usage in their respective provinces, and led by the King in person. These splendid and well accoutred armies met at Largs; and then commenced that bloody and famous battle which was the first great blow towards checking the arrogance of the Norwegians and the opening of a channel for the subsequent arrangements between Alexander and Magnus IV., and the consequent introduction of an entirely new organisation into the Western Islands, hitherto inhabited by a mixed race, composed of the natives and of the descendants of those who had gradually formed connections and intermarried with successive colonies of the Norse and Danes that settled in the Hebrides.

In this memorable engagement the Scots commenced the attack. The right wing, composed of the men of Argyle, of Lennox, of Athole, and Galloway, was commanded by Alexander, Lord High Steward, while Patrick Dunbar, Earl of March, commanded the left, composed of the men of the Lothians, Berwick, Stirling, and Fife. The King placed himself, in the centre, at the head of the choice men of Ross, Perth, Angus, Mearns, Mar, Moray, Inverness, and Caithness, where he was confronted by Haco in person, who, for the purpose of meeting the Scottish King, took post in the Norwegian centre. The High Steward, by a dexterous movement, made the enemy's left give way, and he instantly, by another adroit manœuvre, wheeled back on the rear of Haco's centre, where he found the two warrior Kings desperately engaged. This induced

Haco, after exhibiting all the prowess of a brave king and able commander, to retreat from the field, followed by his left wing, leaving, as has been variously stated, sixteen to twenty-four thousand of his followers on the field, while the loss on the Scottish side is estimated at about five thousand. The men of Caithness and Sutherland were led by the Flemish Freskin. Those of Moray were probably led by one of their great chiefs, and we have have every reason to believe, although without any distinct authority, that the men of Ross rallied round one of their native chiefs. At any rate, among the other illustrious men who were most conspicuous for gallantry and bravery was Cailean Fitzgerald, who, as we learn from the fragment of the Record of Icolmkill arrived the previous year. This document says,—"Callenus peregrinus Hybernus nobilis ex e familia Geraldinorum qui proximo anno ab Hybernia pulsus apud Regum benigne acceptus hinc usque in curta permansit et in praefacto proelio strenue pugnarit."—(Colin, an Irish stranger and nobleman of the family of Geraldines, who, in the previous year, had been driven from Ireland, and had been well received by the King, remained up to this time at Court, and fought bravely in the aforesaid battle).

After the defeat of Haco, Alexander sent detachments to secure the Western Islands, and to check the Islanders, which, after his treaties with Magnus, served to reduce them to comparative subjection and a proper state of subordination. Among those sent in charge of the western garrisons was Cailean Fitzgerald, who, under the patronage of Walter Stewart, Earl of Menteith, was settled in the government of Eilean-Donnan, a strong castle in Kintail, built on an insolated rock at the extremity of Lochalsh and the junction of Loch Duich and Loch Long, the whole forming, it has been asserted, the *Itus* of Ptolemy and Richard Cirencester. Cailean's jurisdiction extended over the adjoining districts of Lochalsh, Kintail, &c., and his vigilance is recognised by the already quoted document in the following terms :—"De quo in proelio ad Largos, qui postea se fortiter contra Insulanos gessit et ibi inter eos in presidium relicto "—that is, "Of whom we have spoken at the battle of Largs, and who afterwards conducted himself with firmness against the Islanders, and was left a governor among them."

Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat, Lord-Advocate to Charles II., and afterwards Earl of Cromarty, writes—Being left in Kintail, tradition records, that he married the daughter of MacMhathoin, heritor of the half of Kintail. This MacMhathoin is frequently identified with *Coinneach Gruamach* MacMhathoin, Cailean's predecessor, as governor of Eilean-Donnan Castle. The other half of Kintail belonged to O'Beolan, one of whose chiefs, Ferchair, was created Earl of Ross, and his lands were given by the King to Cailean Fitzgerald. Sir George goes on to say that this tradition carries enough of probabilities with it to be considered historical.

The charter to Colin runs thus :—"Alexander, Dei Gracia, Rex Scotorum, omnibus probis hominibus tocius terre—sue clericis et laicis, salutem, Sciant presentes et futuri me pro fideli seruicio michi navato per Colinum Hybernum tam in bello quam in pace ideo dedisse, et hac presenti carta mea concessisse dicto Colino, et ejus successoribus, totas

terras de Kintaile. Tenendas de nobis et successoribus nostris in Liberam baroniam cum guardia Reddendo servicium forinsecum et fidelitatem. Testibus Andrea Episcop. Moraviensi, Waltero Stewart, Henrico de Balioth Camerario, Arnoldo de Campania, Thomas Hostiario, Vicecomite de Innerness. Apud Kincardine, IX. die Jan.: Anno Regni Domini, Regis XVI."—"Alexander by the grace of God, King of the Scots, to all honest men of his whole dominions, cleric and laic, greeting: Be it known to the present and future that I, for the faithful service rendered to me by Colin of Ireland in war as well as peace, therefore I have given, and by this my present charter, I concede to the said Colin and his successors, all the lands of Kintail to be held of us in free Barony with ward to render foreign service and fidelity. Witnesses (as above). At Kincardine, 9th day of January, in the year of the reign of the Lord the King, the 16th."

The Kincardine, at which the above charter was signed, is supposed to be that situated on the river Dee, for about this time an incident is reported to have taken place in the Forest of Mar, in consequence of which, it is said, the Mackenzies adopted the stag's head as their coat of arms. Alexander was on a hunting expedition in the forest, when an infuriated stag, closely pursued by the hounds, made straight in the direction of his Majesty, and Cailean Fitzgerald, who accompanied the Royal party, gallantly interposed his own person between the exasperated animal and his sovereign, and shot it with an arrow in the head. The King, in acknowledgement of his gratitude, issued a diploma in favour of Cailean for his armorial bearings, which were to be, a stag's head puissant, bleeding at the forehead where the arrow pierced him, to be borne on a field azure, supported by two greyhounds. The crest to be a dexter arm bearing a naked sword, surrounded with the motto, "Fide Parta, Fide Aucta," which continued to be the distinctive bearings of the Mackenzies of Seaforth till it was considered expedient, as corroborating their claims on the extensive possessions of the Macleods of the Lews, to substitute the crest of that ancient clan—viz., a mountain in flames, surcharged with the words, "Luceo non uro," with the ancient shield supported by two savages, naked and wreathed about the head with laurel, armed with clubs, issuing fire, which are the bearings now used by the representatives of the ancient Mackenzies of Kintail.

It would naturally, ere this, have occurred to the reader, How, if this origin of the great Clan Kenneth be correct, has the original patronymic of Fitzgerald given place to that of Mackenzie! The Earl of Cromarty says that Cailean had a son by the daughter of Kenneth MacMhathoin, whom he named *Coinneach*, or Kenneth, after his father-in-law, that Cailean himself was killed in *Glaic Chailein* by MacMhathoin, who envied him, and was sore displeased at the stranger's succession to his ancient heritage, that Cailean was succeeded by his son Kenneth, and that all his descendants were by the Highlanders called MacChoinnich, taking the patronymic from MacMhathoin rather than from Cailean, whom they esteemed a stranger.

The traditional account of this incident is more full and circumstantial, and is to the following effect:—Cailean had a son by this daughter of

MacMhathoin, whom he named Cailean, or Colin. This natural preference in favour of the father's name was considered offensive and not what was expected as the compliment due to the native tribes in return for the hospitable reception accorded to him amongst them, and for adopting him as one of themselves, on the score of the ties and claims of consanguinity. Young Colin became a sacrifice to this vindictive feeling and resentment, and was cruelly murdered in *Glaic Chailean* (the Glack of Colin) whither he was inveigled by a follower of MacMhathoin to a spot still pointed out in Lochalsh as *Tom an t' Sladaire* (the Knoll of the Slaughter). Fortunately, however, a second son was born to Colin, who, profitting by his dearly bought experience, named him *Coinneach*, or Kenneth, in deference to the wishes of the Clan MacMhathoin, and so assumed the patronymic of the maternal grandfather. We have thus the name *MacChoinnich*, or MacKenneth, not from the father—the stranger —but from the son, through the ancient local tribe of MacMhathoin. By this step Fitzgerald secured local status and respect among the natives, as he had previously, by his bravery and discretion won the approval and patronage of his Sovereign.

No record exists of the exact period of this naturalised Scottish Chieftain's death, but it has been asserted, that he died about 1278, and was buried in Icolmkill.

The preceding is the accepted theory by the Clan generally as to their origin and that of their name. It has been adopted in all the Peerages and Baronetages, by all the principal men of the different branches of the Mackenzies, and almost without exception by every writer on the their genealogy and history. "A Gentleman of Quality" (the Laird of Applecross of that day) in his "Genealogy of the Mackenzies preceding the year 1661, written in the year 1669," adopts it; and as we find ourselves, after looking thoroughly into the whole question, compelled to take a different view of the subject, it is but fair that we should fully state the case in favour of those who still believe in and maintain the Irish origin of this numerous and powerful family and their descendants. We therefore, even at the cost of some repetition, allow the "Gentleman of Quality" to speak for himself *verbatim* from his MS., the only alteration made thereon being the modernising of the orthography for the benefit of the reader:—"The family of Geraldines were transplanted from Florence (as Cambden relates) to Bretaigne in two brethren of the name, who accompanied William the Conqueror from France to the conquest of England, Anno 1066, were by him rewarded among other Chiefs by a share in the purchase. They settled in the West of England, where they lived in peaceful obedience till glory called them with Strongbow to Ireland, in assistance with Desmond King of Leinster, in which war they attained to such repute by the valour of Maurice Fitzgerald, who was the next in power to Pembroke, that he and others of his relations were eyed by the King as fit to attempt a sufficient (at least to begin a) conquest for him of that Isle. Nor did they fail his expectations, that family, and that only at first acquiring and ever retaining what they conquered there. This family, confident of their own merits or perhaps by an innate generosity, as they were never at ease when their Prince had war, so in

time of peace they were never amongst those Court drones that fed on the honey of braver men's labours, but being ever notable in war, so they were ever private in peace; and because it was below their humour to truckle under Court parasites, they therefore frequently smarted under favourites' odiums. The records of England and Ireland are stuffed with the Geraldines' actions for their Prince and country, and their sufferings unjustly by courtiers' malice are often noted. How oft does Ophaly retain, as at first his predecessors gained, Ireland? and as oft does the State ministers, who were but hearers of their glorious actings, triumph over them by pretences of legal power. Yet the fate of the Geraldines was too strong for their enemies' malice, and never was cast down so by them, but their rise was in a greater glory. The greatest stroke that ever reached them was that given by Sir Richard Bochell, *alias* Capell. As Holinshed notes, he slew John Fitz-thomas, then chief of the Geraldines—and in the Irish chronicle called Lord John—together with Maurice, his eldest son, Anno 1261.

"John, his son (called also by Holinshed Lord John), fled to England where he was restored to the Barony of Ophaly, and afterwards created Earl of Kildare by Edward I., King of England, Anno 1290. His other two sons, Colin and Galen, fled to Scotland, where they were graciously received by King Alexander, and the next year they valorously assisted at the notable defeat given to the Danes at Largs. This is brought down to us, not only by unquestioned and constant tradition, but in a fragment of the Records of Iycolumkiel that is preserved by Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat, where mention is made of the most eminent actors in that battle. They name with the Stewart and the Cummin, Walter Stewart Earl of Carrick and March, the Thane of Argyll, 'Robert de Loudon, James de Striveling, Walter Cummin, Thomas Maltiver Peregrinus; and Hibernus nobilis ex familia Geraldinorum qui proximo anno ab Hybernia pulsus apud Regum benigne acceptus hinc usque in curta permansit et in praefato praelio strenue pugnarit.'

"From the battle of Largs, Walter Stewart was sent with forces to reduce the Isles then associate with the Norwegians. To retain them in obedience, he built a fort in Kintail, which took its name from its intended use, and was called the Danting Isle, fitly situate to attack any who stirred in a great part of the Isles, and in it he placed Colin Fitzgerald with a garrison." The manuscript then proceeds to detail the marriage of Colin to MacMhathoin's daughter, very much the same as already described. This MacMhathoin, it says, is descended from the ancient Fitzursull (or Orsini) of Ireland, and is of Roman lineage. The other half of Kintail at this time belonged to O'Beolan, whose chief, called Farquhar, was created Earl of Ross, and his lands in Kintail were given by the King to Colin Fitzgerald.

"This tradition," continues our authority, "carries enough of probability to found historical credit, but I find no charter of these lands purporting any such grounds, for that the first Charter of Kintail is given by this King Alexander to this Colin, Anno 1266." He then gives the charter in full as above, describes how Colin saved his King in the Forest of Mar from the infuriated stag, and the granting of the stag's head as the

armorial bearings on that occasion pretty much the same as we have already given it from another old manuscript history of the Mackenzies in our possession. He also gives the same account almost of the murder of Colin, who had a son, Kenneth, by MacMhathoin's daughter; but the garrison in the castle, consisting mostly of Macraes and Maclennans, did so valiantly defend their young master's right that, maugre his opponents, they retained his possessions to him. To Colin succeeded this Kenneth. . . . . All the descendants of Kenneth were by the Highlanders called *MacChoinnich*, taking the patronymic from MacMhathoin rather than from Colin, whom they esteemed a stranger.

So much for the Colin Fitzgerald origin of the Clan Mackenzie. In the next number we shall dispose of it, and adduce reasons for adopting a native Gaelic descent.

(To be Continued.)

ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY AND MODERN SUPERSTITIONS.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.

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Superstition may be defined to be certain false beliefs and practices not sanctioned by revealed religion. It is lamentable that mankind in all ages of the world have been prone to the most degrading superstitions. The enlightened ages of antiquity were no more exempted from them than the most ignorant. We know from the Bible how difficult it was to restrain the Jews from the most idolatrous and superstitious observances, and to confine them to the worship of the only living and true God. This remarkable tendency of the Hebrew nation was caused, in all likelihood, by their sojourning for the long period of four hundred years among the Egyptians, whose system of religion was a mass of idolatrous observances. They had a number of ideal gods, to whom they erected temples of prodigious size and architectural splendour, Their principal deities were Osiris and Isis, whom they considered typical of the sun and moon. But they had a great variety of other deities, such as animals of all kinds—the ox, the bull (hence the golden calf of the Hebrews), the dog, the wolf, the hawk, the stork, the cat, and several other creatures. They also adored their great river, the Nile, personifying in it the crocodile, to which they erected temples and appointed priests to serve at their altars. The Egyptians also believed in dreams, lucky and unlucky days, charms, omens, and magic—in short, they were grossly superstitious!

The absurdities of Egyptian superstition formed the basis of what followed in Greece and Rome. The Grecian states were colonised about fifteen hundred years before the birth of our blessed Saviour, and much about the period when Moses led forth the tribes of Israel from the land of the Pharaohs. *Then* itwas when Egypt was at the height of its civilisation, but *then*, too, it was at the height of its superstition. If space permitted, the mythology and superstitious observances of the Greeks deserve

to be noticed at some length, both as a matter of amusement and instruction, but we can, in the meantime, hint at but few particulars. They had no idea of the only living and true God. Their notions of Divinity were grovelling and contemptible. Their gods were, as they believed, at one time heroes and rulers on earth, but still having their habitation somewhere within the boundaries of the Grecian territories. We are made acquainted with the character of these imaginary deities by the numerous allusions made to them in the works of the Greek and Roman poets, as well as by the various sculptured figures which have been brought to light in modern times. Jupiter, the son of Saturn, was the chief God. But even the great Jupiter himself did not enjoy unmolested his supreme dignity, for the offspring of Titan, a race of terrible giants, set Jupiter at defiance. They piled the mountains of Pelion and Ossa on the top of each other, and endeavoured to ascend into heaven, and to pull Jupiter down from his throne. The gods, in great alarm, fled from Mount Olympus into Egypt, where they concealed their true character by assuming the form of various animals; but Jupiter, assisted by Hercules, succeeded in destroying the giants, and in re-asserting his sovereign sway. And hence he is always represented on a throne, with a thunderbolt in his right hand and an eagle by his side. Jupiter's brothers and children were the gods and goddesses of a great variety of distinct things—in fact, under the complicated mythology of Greece, every imaginable thing had its god or goddess. For example, Jupiter's brother Neptune was god of the ocean, and is painted as a majestic figure, with a crown on his head, and a trident in his hand, and drawn in a car over the sea by powerful water-horses. Neptune has often appeared in his stately chariot on the decks of ships when crossing the Equator. Then all on board who had never crossed the line before were brought into his presence, laid hold of, and plunged into a bath of water, where they received a smart shave, with tar for soap, and a rusty hoop for a razor. Only the ladies on board were exempted from this unpleasant treatment, *not* because they had no beards, but by the powerful talismanic effect of slipping a few sovereigns into the hands of the seamen for grog.

Jupiter's brother Pluto was god of the infernal regions—is seated on a throne, with his wife Proserpine by his side, and his three-headed dog Cerberus before him. Nine of the principal deities were the children of Jupiter. Apollo, the god of music, poetry, and painting; Mars, the god of war; Bacchus, the god of wine; Mercury, the god of oratory; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; Venus, of beauty and love; Diana, of hunting and chastity; and Hebe, the goddess of youth. One of the most powerful of the children of Jupiter was Vulcan, a being of robust and ungainly form, and was no favourite with his father, who cruelly thrust him out of heaven. He fell with violence on the Isle of Lesbos, and broke his limb. Vulcan was an artificer of iron, and hence the god of blacksmiths. He made his father Jupiter's thunderbolts, had his chief workshop underneath the burning mount Etna in Sicily, and hence the name of volcano is given for the outbursts of fire and lava from that interesting mountain. Apollo, who was sometimes called Phœbus, was, with all his other attributes, the god of the sun, and his sister Diana the deity of the moon. Phœbus had a son called Phæton, who rashly took charge of the chariot

of the sun for one day, but he had not travelled far up the heavens when the fiery steeds became unmanageable, and dashing down towards the earth, set it on fire. Jupiter became alarmed for the safety of the whole universe, struck Phæton dead with a thunderbolt, extinguished the wide-spread conflagration, and set the sun once more on his flaming chariot. Although Apollo had the chief care of the sun, yet that luminary on its rising was under the charge of Aurora, the goddess of the morning. That name is expressive of its Celtic origin, for Aurora is plainly in Gaelic, "*Uair-oir*," or "golden hour."

Besides these, there was a number of divinities of minor importance, such as Hymen, the god of marriage; Æolus, the god of the wind; Pan, the god of shepherds; Ceres, the goddess of agriculture; Astraea, the goddess of justice; and Themis, of law, and many others.

There were three sisters called "Fates," who commanded the destinies of all things past, present, and future. There were also three "Furies," who were fierce and wild, with their heads covered with serpents, and having *Grief*, *Terror*, and *Madness* painted on their faces. As a contrast to these there were three Graces, whose aspect and attributes corresponded with their names. There were likewise nine Muses, who resided on Mount Purnassus, and were the patronesses of the fine arts. The Greeks had likewise a class of demi-gods, who filled imaginary places both of earth and sea. There were the Dryads, the wood-nymphs, the Naiads, the water-nymphs, the Satyrs, and many others. In short, whatever sound or sight in Nature charmed the fancy, the Greeks ascribed the pleasure to the agency of unseen but beautiful and immortal beings.

The Greeks believed in the foretelling of future events. They had their oracles for this purpose, and of these the most celebrated was that of Apollo, at Delphi, a city built on the shores of Parnassus. The fame of the Delphic Oracle became very extensive, and no enterprise was undertaken without consulting the Pythoness, the priestess of Delphi. In short, the superstitious beliefs of the Greeks and Romans were very numerous and complicated. Bees, ants, various reptiles and beasts, were imagined to have the power of giving omens of good or bad fortune. Before Pompey's defeat, a swarm of bees settled upon the altar. This was a dreadful omen. Yet bees were not unlucky in all circumstances. When Plato was an infant in the cradle, a number of bees rested on his lips, which augured that he would be famous for purity of eloquence. Ants, toads, and snakes were ominous. Homer mentions a serpent that devoured a brood of nine sparrows, which was interpreted to signify that the siege of Troy would last for nine years. The Greeks and Romans had, in a sense, a beautiful mythology, although never was there such a laboured and heterogeneous mass of superstitious rites—never such a complex bewilderment of the human faculties, as that which latterly existed in Rome! In those days of mental hallucination, the human being was handed over from deity to deity, from the moment of his birth until at last consigned to the funeral pile. Any perturbation of mind, any sudden dread or fear, was ominous of evil. When such was the case, the fears were ascribed to the wicked influence of the god Pan, and hence the common phrase, "panic," or "panic fears."

The superstitions of the European Northmen, or Scandinavians (the

early inhabitants of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Iceland), were of a kind remarkably accordant with the cold and stern character of the regions which they occupied. Like the ancient Greeks and Romans, the Scandinavians had seats for their gods, and for the blest. Odin, the supreme deity of the Scandinavians, and the ruler of heaven and earth, appears, like the Hellenic Jupiter, to have been a distinguished warrior of early times. Their deities were so numerous and various that I cannot just now enlarge upon them. Thor was the god of thunder, and was the strongest of beings, earthly or heavenly. He was the son of Oddin and Frigga, that is of the sun and of the moon. When he moved the earth trembled. He held in his hand a powerful hammer, called "the Crusher," with which he annihilated all who opposed him. This instrument was formed by a dwarf named Sindri, the prototype of the deformed blacksmith deities of the Greeks—Vulcan and Cyclops. The mythology of the Scandinavians survived till a much later date than any other system of heathen worship in Europe. It was not abolished till the eleventh century. St Olaf, king of Norway, and a zealous supporter of Christianity, usually receives the credit of having overturned this most barbarous form of religion. He ordered the statue of Thor to be broken to pieces. This superstition gradually disappeared from the continent of Europe, and only lingered in a traditional existence in the islands of Orkney and Shetland. The dread names of Odin, Thor, and other deities of the north, are now only perpetuated in the names given to some of the days of the week. Thus, our term "Wednesday" is derived from 'Oden's" or "Woden's" day—the day of the week on which the northern Jupiter was specially worshipped. Our Thursday is from Thor, the second dignity among the fabulous gods. As this day was called "Dies Jovis" by the Romans, we have a confirmation that Thor, the thunderer, was equivalent to the thundering Jove of the Grecian mythology. Friday takes its name from Freya, the beautiful daughter of Niord, and corresponds with the "Dies Venevis," or "Venus-day" of the Greeks and Romans. Saturday is derived in the same manner from the god "Saeter" of the Scandinavians, or Saturn of the Greeks. Tuesday, or anciently "Tiesday" (a pronouuciation still preserved in many parts of Scotland), is from "Tisa," the wife of Thor. Sunday and Monday were named from the sun and moon, both by the northern and southern nations of Europe, from a remote period.

Interesting as are these ancient superstitions of Greece, Rome, and the northern regions of Europe, we cannot but feel a greater interest in the history of Druidism, the great superstition which flourished peculiarly among our own forefathers, the aborigines of these British Islands. Druidism was the religion of the ancient Celts or Gauls, and prevailed in France, and everywhere, indeed, wherever that ancient race had formed settlements. Several learned inquirers into the native Druidism have cavilled much about the etymology of the word. Some writers, as Pliny, derive "Druidh" from the Greek "*Drus*," an oak; but we humbly think that the proper etymon is the ancient Celtic vocable "Drù," an oak tree, from which no doubt "*Drus*" was taken. The Druids, we believe, had their name before the Greek language was in existence, and it is well known that the Greek itself is partly at least of Celtic origin. As far as

can be gathered from the statements of Cæsar, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, and others, the Druids not only formed the priesthood of the Celts, but appointed to themselves all the offices now usually discharged by the several learned professions. There appears to have been three orders among their priests—the Druids proper, the Vates, and the Bards—who severally performed different functions. The Bards sung, in heroic verse, the brave actions of eminent men; the Vates studied the productions of nature and the laws; while the Druids directed the education of youth, and officiated in the affairs of religion and justice. In their hands they commonly carried a long wand, and their arms and necks were decorated with golden chains and bracelets. But the most notable of their ornaments was an artificial egg set in gold, and of miraculous virtues. They asserted that every one of these eggs, which they sold at enormous prices, was formed by a number of serpents, mysteriously conjoining for its production. When made, it was raised up in the air by the hissing of these reptiles, and was to be caught in a clean white cloth when falling to the ground. The person who was fortunate enough to catch it had instantly to mount a swift horse, and escape from the angry serpents. Procured in this way, the egg possessed the property of making the owner successful in all his undertakings. The open sky was the canopy under which they worshipped. A wood, or grove fenced in by large stones, constituted the scenes where their rites were performed. In the centre of these groves was an open area, encompassed by large, erect stones closely set together. Here there were circles within circles, and in the centre of the inner one there was a stone of prodigious size, on which the victims were slain, and offered up to the supreme Being. The fruit of the oak, and especially the mistletoe bough, were thought to possess a divine virtue. The mistletoe is perhaps one of the most remarkable parasitic plants in the world, hence it became an object of superstitious regard. It grows generally on the tops of trees, shooting out from the branches, and binding them together. It grows chiefly on the oak and chesnut. It is an evergreen, and appears strange in winter with its brilliant green leaves on an otherwise leafless tree. It is thought that the mistletoe springs from a seed which is carried by birds from tree to tree, is landed in a crevice of the bark, where it sprouts, and derives its nourishment from the living wood like a graft in a fruit tree. The mistletoe bough grows sometimes as large as a bushel basket—sometimes four or five feet in diameter—of a roundish form, and covered with leaves of the brightest green. Two white bulls were brought and fastened to a tree by the horns, then the arch-Druid ascended the tree, cropped the misletoe with his golden knife, and received it in his robe, amid the shouts of the people. Then the bulls were sacrificed on the large stone, and the deity was invoked to bless the gift. The Druids had an idol of gigantic size, formed of wickerwork in the rude likeness of a human being. They filled it with human victims, men and women. Straw and wood were piled around it, and the unfortunate creatures within perished in the flames by a slow but horrible death. It is said by some historians that women were more frequently the victims of these superstitious cruelties than the men. Young, innocent, beautiful maidens were dragged to the altar, and sacrificed to the powers above.

Many Druidical relics still exist. By far the most extraordinary

of these remains are those at Stonehenge, or Salisbury plain, in Wiltshire. The walls of this remarkable place are composed of huge, unconnected stones, standing upright, and computed, some of them, to weigh upwards of seventy tons! The Druids must have been possessed of great knowledge of the mechanical powers. Druidical relics are found in all quarters of our Kingdom. They are numerous in the Western Isles, and some are near Inverness, such as the relics at Clava, on Nairnside, the circles at Strathnairn and at Culduthel, and the upright stones that are here and there seen. Mona, or Anglesea, as it is now called, was their chief settlement; but it is in North Britain that the Druidical monuments are most abundant. They appear either in the form of circles of upright stones or in the shape of cairns, for sepulchral or other purposes. As a specimen of a Druidical cairn, we may mention that on the Moor of Strathardle, in Perthshire, a stony mound, ninety yards in circumference and twenty-five feet high. Such monuments are numerous along the Grampian range. There are also curious stones, called rocking-stones, supposed to be of Druidical origin. In the parish of Kells, in the Stewartry of Kircudbright, there is a rocking-stone called the "Logan-Stone," about ten tons in weight, and it is so nicely balanced upon another stone that the pressure of a child's hand can set it in motion. A similar stone many be seen on the glebe of the parish of Strath, in Skye. The artifices of the Druids to deceive the ignorant were numerous. For example, among the ancient Britons a meteor was supposed to be a vehicle for carrying to paradise the soul of some departed Druid. So well did they engraft their absurd ideas on the minds of the ignorant, that, even at this distant day, the appearance of a ball of fire, meteor, or of what are called "falling stars," creates, among the more credulous Highlanders, a belief that some illustrious spirit has taken its flight to eternity. From this circumstance we may infer, with Dr Smith, that "*Dreug*," the Gaelic for a meteor, is a contraction of "*Druidh-eug*"—a Druid's death. This ingenious antiquarian thinks that this Druidical fantasy had its origin in a tradition of Enoch's fiery chariot. While Druidical superstitions were at one time prevalent over the continent of Europe and the adjacent Isles, their extinction is enveloped in the mystery of the dark ages. Up to a late period, however, some traces of Druidical customs were perceivable among the Scottish Celts. Dr Jamieson mentions that an old Highlander, so lately as the end of the eighteenth century, was in the habit of addressing the Deity by the title of Arch-Druid.

Dr Smith says that the British Druids owed their decline to the following circumstance:—Trathal, the grandfather of Fingal, being chosen generalissimo of the Caledonian army sent against the Romans, did not feel disposed, on his return, to resign his authority, even at the command of the Druids. Hence arose a civil war, in which the army of the church was defeated in several battles. These overthrows were fatal to the Druids. They made several attempts to regain their dominions, but all were ineffectual. They retired to the I-thonn (the isle of waves), that is Iona, where their order was not quite extinct on the arrival of St Columba at that island, in the sixth century.

The invasion of the Romans, shortly before the commencement of the Christian era, had, doubtless. some influence in effacing the mythological system of the Druids, and in establishing a new order of things in the

Island. By the Romans the country was not, properly speaking, colonised. They merely occupied it as a military station. Very different was the case with respect to their successors in the dominion of the South of Britain. These new invaders were the Anglo-Saxons, a race whose blood, language, and institutions became so intermixed with the former population as almost to blot out all traces of the original Celtic peculiarities, and to create a new people, with new characters, customs, and laws. The settlement of the Anglo-Saxons introduced a new order of superstitions into Britain. Like the Scandinavians of the North, they deduced their descent from Odin, whom they worshipped along with Thor, Frigga, and the other imaginary deities of the Gothic race. This savage mythology they brought with them to England, where it dispossessed the barbarous religion of the Druids, and existed until it gradually disappeared before the advances of Christianity. They sacrificed particularly to one goddess called "Eostre," in the month of April, and her name still expresses the festival of "Easter" in the Christian Church. They solemnised a festival to the sun, when the days began to lengthen in December, when a log of wood was burnt on the occasion, as an emblem of returning light and heat. From this ancient practice may be traced the custom of burning the Yule-log, which is still continued in some parts of England.

We learn from legendary poems, almost the only literature of the Anglo Saxons, that among their superstitions was included a belief in giants, dwarfs, elves, and ideal fairy-tribes, all of a spiritual order. They also believed in the darker and more dangerous doctrines of witchcraft, wizardry, magic, divination, preparation of charms, and other mystic follies, and these continued to flourish, although opposed by the most intelligent clergy and kings. Alfred, Canute, and other monarchs, passed statutes for the prevention of magical practices, and threatened heavy penalties against all those who worshipped fire or floods, wells or stones, or any sort of tree, or who used death-spells, or incantations to let loose tempests, to raise storms, or to control the visible operations of nature. They had rules for discovering the future fortune of a child from the day of his birth to that of his death. We may mention one or two of their superstitious statements. On the first day of the moon, go to the King, and ask what you please, it will be granted. If it thunder in the evening some great person is born. If New-Year's Day fall on a Monday it will be a wild and disastrous winter. When you see a bee fast in a briar, wish what you please and you shall have it. Whatever you dream on the first night of the waning moon will become joyful to you. If you dream that you have a burning candle in your hand, you will be a prosperous person. The Venerable Bede, who was born in 673, tells us that the people, in time of distress, resorted to the "erring medicaments of idolatry, as if to restrain God's chastisements by the incantations, philacteries, or any other secret of the demoniacal arts." We accordingly find that from the seventh to the sixteenth century the belief in demons, wizards, elves, witches, and spirits of every shade and character, prevailed without intermission. It is lamentable to think how such vain imaginations should have so long weighed upon the understandings of the people, and engrafted a habitual dread of the supernatural, which, until this day, exerts a certain influence over the untutored mind.

(To be Continued.)

THE DOOM OF DUNOLLY.

By William Allan.

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I.

The night clouds are falling,
The curlew is calling,
Maid of Dunolly I come unto thee!
The grey mists are sleeping
On Cruachan Ben,
The red deer are keeping
Their watch in the glen—
Light of my darkness, come! come unto me:
Come gentle spirit! we part and for ever,
Come my lone star, see! my skiff's in the bay;
Sunbeam of morning, alas! we must sever,
Maid of Dunolly! we part, and for aye.

The past I shall cherish,
My love cannot perish,
Maid of Dunolly, oh! why did we love?
The wrath of thy father,
Is winter's cold breath,
Around me fast gather
Weird visions of death,
Soul of my dreamings, thy home is above.
Come drooping flow'ret, I've dared thy brave kinsmen;
Come lonely dove to thy warrior true;
Shadow of heaven! and pride of thy clansmen,
My heart goes to thee in my ling'ring adieu!

Ere died the echoes of the lay,
An oar-song swept across the bay;
Ere turned the youth his skiff to reach,
Swift footsteps ran along the beach:
Before him came Macdougalls dread,
Returning from an island raid;
Behind him came Macdougalls wild,
Aroused to guard their chieftain's child.
Their startling yells of rage were flung,
And back from grey Dunolly rung.
The oarsmen heard the well-known cry,
And fiercer far pealed their reply;
Their stalwart arms out sternward went,
Their lithe backs forward lowly bent,
With simultaneous motion prone
Their oars arose and fell as one.

Impelled with danger's vigour new,
Swift o'er the bay each galley flew
Like arrows shot from full-drawn bows,
On sped the billow-cleaving prows,
Till driven on the shingle nigh,
The oaken keels arose on high.
With sudden bound unto the shore,
Each clansman leapt with drawn claymore;
Bare-armed, unbonneted they ran,
To join the members of their clan
Ranged round a stalwart youth who stood
Bold-fronted 'mid the savage brood.
At every point the thirsty brands
Around him flashed in angry hands.
With eagle eye, and undismayed,
The stranger drew his trusty blade,
And tighter grasped his studded shield,
And firmer stood upon the field.
And watchful as a wolf at bay
His lightning eye did them survey;
Nor quailed, nor flinched, tho' well he saw
The gathering horde still closer draw.
No coward heart within him beat,
Nor sought he safety in retreat;
Unequal tho' the contest seemed,
Defiance on his features gleamed.
One hurried glance he flung above,
Where dwelt the maiden of his love—
A pale face from a window peered,
A sigh upon the wind careered,
A whisper trembled in the air,
As if an angel breathed a prayer.
Undaunted all, and scorning death,
He faced his foes and held his breath—
His back against King Fingal's rock,
He boldly met their onset shock,
And flung his haughty looks of scorn
Upon Macdougall, Chief of Lorn.

II.

O! Isles of the West, lovely Isles of the West,
As emeralds set in the blue ocean's breast,
The birth-place of clansmen war-nurtured and brave,
The home where the tempest King rides on the wave,
Where thunders roll on in their terrible might,
And keen lightnings dance on each peak with delight;
Where Morning's dawn rays o'er the mountain crests run,
And gloaming descends as a sigh from the sun;
Where pale ghosts career on the mist-shrouded hills,
And heard are their wails in the songs of the rills;

Where beauty is shrined in each lone grassy vale,
And wee flow'rets laugh to the voice of the gale ;
Where unfettered peace as a heaven presides,
And Nature's sweet loveliness ever abides ;
Where maidens and youths, round their dim cottage fires,
Exultingly tell of the deeds of their sires ;
Or sing with emotion the grand battle lays
Of heroes who fought in the far away days
For King and for Chieftain, for honour and love,
For aught that would valour or dignity prove.
O ! Isles of the West, ever bosomed in song,
My Highland harp whispers—the sound I'll prolong :
Speak on ! my dear harp ; list ! it trembles again,
Its theme—The Macdougall and dauntless Maclean !

The sun-rays had fled from the mountains of Lorn,
And kissed the cloud peaks looming jagged and riv'n,
That westward were trailing as wand'rers forlorn
Upon the broad heaths of the night-tinted heav'n.
Peace clothed the green valleys, the hills, and the isles,
The strange sounds of silence seemed wondrously clear ;
Unbroken, save when, with his chase-laden spoils,
Arose the loud shout of a brave mountaineer,
That woke the weird echoes of corrie and cave,
And startled the lord of the clouds in his dreams,
Who raised his proud head and defiantly gave
His fierce challenge back in his shrill-sounding screams.
The distant bell notes slowly rung from Lismore,
And fluttered with joy o'er the fast-ebbing tide
Which bore them with love unto Morven's far shore,
Where 'mid its blue mountains they whispered and died.
Sweet o'er the dark waters the vesper hymn stole
In cadences kissed by the gloaming's soft breath ;
Monks poured their orisons, with joy-dwelling soul,
And hied to their cells in the fulness of faith.
Who kneels with the Abbot ? Who lists to his pray'r ?
Whose voice in devotion falls soft as a sigh ?
Macdougall's fair daughter is worshipping there !
Macdougall's fair daughter is heard in reply.
Why lingers she thus when the sun-rays depart ?
Dunolly is far ! and the sea is her path ;
What recks she ! she bears in her bosom a heart
That fears not the swift-rushing tide in its wrath.
A Child of the forest, a Child of the chase,
Accustomed to danger, to hardship inured ;
Descended from chiefs of a warrior race,
Whose titles and acres were held by the sword.
The blood of the valiant flowed pure in her veins,
She loved to behold the brave clansmen in arms—

The bright flashing steel, and the pibroch's wild strains,
Gave light to her dark eyes and grace to her charms.
Tho' nurtured 'mid war's stirring clangour and din,
Her heart was a woman's in all which endears;
The fountain of tenderness welling within
For children had smiles, for the dying had tears.
Her dark-flowing locks hung unfettered and free,
And waved in the wind as a banner love-driv'n;
Her brow, gently kissed by the sun in his glee,
Reflected the beauty of summer-fraught heav'n;
Her eye-brows as fringes of darkness arose
In soft, glossy silkiness tap'ring to nought,
While 'neath their love shadows in tender repose,
Her dreamy eyes rippled in soul light of thought,
Which brightly illumined her features, and lent
Ineffable witchery to the sweet smiles
Oft throned on her lips with a gracefulness meant
To beautify Nature's pure innocent wiles.
In symmetry faultless, in tartan arrayed,
She moved as a sylph in her artless attire:
When heard were the songs of Dunolly's fair maid,
The clansmen wept tears of emotion's love-fire.
The grey-headed Abbot stalked down to the shore,
And blessed the young maiden, and bade her adieu;
She launched her light skiff, waved her hand, seized the oar,
Then off with the tide for Dunolly she flew.

(To be Continued.)

THE *GLASGOW HERALD* ON THE *CELTIC MAGAZINE*. —"The present number (24) closes the second volume of this excellent and altogether special magazine, and a good opportunity is thus afforded those who have not yet become regular subscribers to invest in the ensuing numbers. No Scotchman, and certainly no Highlander, should let the chance slip. Every issue hitherto has been replete with what, in a large sense, we may term local interest, and the attractive programme announced for the coming year shows that the regions of Celtic lore are not only not exhausted, but have as yet been merely skirted. The special feature of next volume will be a fully detailed "History of the Clan Kenneth or Mackenzie," and if only every bearer of that historic name has sufficient of the old sept spirit left to buy his family records, the *Celtic* will at once be in a splendidly flourishing financial condition. The contents of the October number are of the usual first-rate quality, the most striking among them being 'The Poetry and Prose of a Highland Croft,' No. V. of the 'Highland Battles—Culloden,' and another instalment, which will be gratifying to readers of the vernacular of Ossian, of the 'Highland Ceilidh.'"

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By Alastair Og.

—o—

[Continued.]

"Well done, *Alastair Sealgair*, a capital story, and true, too. I often heard it before," said a young woman—a relative of *Alastair Eachainn Duibh*—who was on a visit in the bard's house, "I dont care if I tell you a story I heard on a recent visit to Skye, about

GILLESPIE, THE GAUGER, AND EACHAINN CEANN-DEARG.

About one hundred and fifty years ago, there lived in Dumfries a worthy man of the name of Gillespie, who followed the honest, though highly unpopular, occupation of Excise officer or Gauger. At the time my story begins, he had just been appointed to a new district in the Highlands, and it is while on his journey there that I first make his acquaintance. Behold him then, a tall, thin, ungainly figure, with a consequential, self-important air, dressed in a coat of bottle green cloth with large silver-gilt buttons, a striped yellow waistcoat, corduroy breeches, and top boots. A tall peaked hat, with narrow brim, a large drab overcoat, and a sword-stick, completed his costume. He was mounted on a small shaggy pony, or *gearran*, with neither shoes, bit, nor saddle; his head was secured by the *taod*, or Highland bridle, made of horse hair, and in lieu of a saddle was a housing of straw mat, on which was placed a wooden pack-saddle, called a *strathair*, having two projections like horns on which was hung the luggage of the rider. This *strathair* was kept in position by girths of straw rope, and was prevented from going too far forward by an antique kind of crupper, consisting of a stick passing under the animal's tail, and braced at each end to the *strathair*. Having jogged along for some considerable time through a lonely moor, without meeting any sign of human habitations, it occurred to Mr Gillespie that he had lost his way. While staring about for something to guide him, he was nearly dismounted by the sudden starting of the pony, and on pulling up, he discovered that he had almost ridden over a young red-headed Highlander, who was lying among the heather, indolently supporting his head on one hand, while with the other he leisurely picked the blaeberries that grew so plentifully around him. On seeing what he considered a *Duine-uasal*, the lad started to his feet, and grasping a forelock of his curly hair, made a profound bow.

The equestrian stared a moment at the bare-legged, bare-footed, bare-headed figure who had so suddenly appeared, and after stiffly returning his curtsy, enquired how far it was to Dunvegan? The other, shaking his head, replied, "*Chan 'eil Beurla agam*" (I have no English).

Now this was certainly very awkward, as the stranger did not know Gaelic, but it is surprising what people will do in desperate circumstances, so with the aid of nods and signs, and a little English that Eachainn had managed to pick up while at school, they made shift to understand one another.

"Is it to Dunvegan, then, you'll want to be going, sir?" enquired Eachainn.

"Yes, and I am afraid I shall not be able to find my way there without your assistance," responded Gillespie.

"And may be you'll be stopping there for some time?" proposed the lad, scratching one bare knee with his sharp, uncut nails, as he spoke.

"What does it matter to you, my lad, whether my stay there will be long or short? All I want just now is to get there."

"Is it far you'll be coming the day, sir?" enquired the other, with an air of respectful deference, strangely inconsistent with the apparent bluntness of the question.

"What business is that of yours? Is it necessary for your showing me the road that I should tell you all my history?"

"May be you'll be coming from the change-house of Loch-Easkin?" pursued Eachainn, without appearing to notice the rebuke of the stranger's reply.

"May be I did," rejoined the gauger dryly, giving a hard blow to the poor *gearran*.

"*Beannachd-leibh*" (Good-bye to you), said the young man, pulling his forelock and bowing as before.

"Why are you in such a hurry to be off all at once, before you have shown me the way?"

"I'm no in a hurry, sir; I just be doing my work, minding my mother's cow and calf," answered the lad, lying down again, and commencing to pick more blaeberries. "But," he added, "it was no to offend you I was meaning."

"Offend me, man! for what? I am sure I have taken no offence."

"Haven't you, sir," exclaimed the other, jumping up; "I thocht you had, for you did'nt seem pleased when I was asking what could I be doing for you."

"My good lad," answered Gillespie, "I see customs differ, and what may be considered ill manners on the streets of Dumfries is perhaps a different thing on a Highland moor, and I shall be very glad of your company and assistance."

"Then you must tell me where is it you'll be wanting to go to."

"Man alive! Have I not told you already I want to reach Dunvegan?"

"But I'm no sure if you're fit to do it before night, if you don't tell me where you came from the day."

"There is some reason in that," said the gauger; "and yet," he muttered, "it is a sly way of demonstrating the necessity of his endless questions."

After going some distance in silence, Eachainn, thinking himself bound to say something, began with, "You'll be a stranger to this country, sir?"

"You may say that, man; but what sort of a place is this Dunvegan?"

"It's a bonny place eneuch, and no want of what's right, and the Uisge-beatha is plenty, and she's rail goot; but I doubt it'll no be so goot and so plenty now, for they say that a *sgimilear* of a gauger is coming to live among us; I hope he may break his neck on the way."

Here Mr Gillespie suddenly saw something amiss with the bridle, which necessitated his bending down for a moment or two, and no doubt this accounted for his face being slightly flushed when he raised his head, and giving the unconscious Eachainn an indignant look, said, "Hem-a-hem! what right has a mere lad like you to speak so disrespectfully of one you never saw, and who never harmed you."

"May his gallows be high and his halter tight!" was the laconic but emphatic reply.

"You young heathen, how dare you say so of a stranger, and without any reason either?"

"Reason in plenty. Is he not coming to stop us from making our whusky? and there is my uncle Donald has a still in *Craig-bheatha*, and my mother helps him to make the malt, and gets a piggie (jar) for herself at the New Year; and there's *Somhairle Dubh*, at the change house, has a still in his barn-yard near the——"

"Hush friend!" interrupted Gillespie, clapping his hand on the Highlander's mouth, "Dinna betray secrets so." He then added with great dignity, "Young man, you have abused me, and called me vile names to my face, but for that I forgive you, as it was done in ignorance, but you should be more respectful in referring to His Majesty's revenue service, for I am that very excise officer, or gauger, as you call me, who am appointed by my king and country to watch over the interests of the revenue in this most outlandish corner of his dominions. Heaven help me withal! Now, friend, understand me, I will do my duty without fear, favour, or affection; yes," he continued, rising into energy as he spoke, and, to Eachainn's consternation, drawing his sword and flourishing it over his head, "yes, I will do so even unto death; but," he added after a pause, "I am no hunter after unguarded information, and God forbid the poor should want their New Year whisky because I am in the parish. But be more discreet in future, for assuredly I must do my duty, and grasp, seize, capture, and retain unlawful liquor and implements of its manufacture, whenever I find them, for I am sworn to do this; but," he concluded, with a bow to his pack-saddle, "I will always strive to do my duty like a gentleman."

Eachainn's emotions during this oration were of a mingled character. At first pure shame was uppermost, for having, as he unwittingly discovered he had done, insulted a *Duine-uasal*. Accordingly an honest blush spread over his sun-freckled face, and he hung down his head. Then came concern for having, as he apprehended, betrayed the private affairs of his uncle, and *Somhairle Dubh*, to the hands of the spoiler. When the gauger flourished his sword, Eachainn thought it was all over with him; but when he heard the conclusion of the speech, which he tried hard to comprehend, it was with a feeling of great respect that he replied, repeating his bow, "I thocht you was a *Duine-uasal* from the first, sir; and I beg your pardon a thousand times for foolish words spoke without thinkin', and I could cut my tongue off for having spoke."

"Friend, that would not be right; no man has a right to maim himself," said the gauger, as he pulled out of an enormous pocket of his greatcoat a box that looked like a large flute case, which he opened, and

to the admiration of Eachainn, took out of it, first the stock, and then the tube, of a short, single-barrelled fowling-piece, which, after duly joining together, he went through the process of priming and loading. These preparations were apparently caused by a curlew alighting at a little distance, but which, as if aware that evil was not far away, resumed its flight, and soon disappeared.

"She's a very pretty gun indeed, sir," began Eachainn, anxious to renew the conversation on a more agreeable topic than the last. "By your leave, may I ask where you got her."

"Got *her*," said the other, "why, I made *it* man. In my country we think nothing of making a gun before breakfast." As this was said with the utmost gravity, Eachainn was considerably staggered by it, for the Highlander, naturally credulous, intending none, he suspected no deception, but if a hoax was being played upon him, and he found it out, he was sure to repay it with interest, and the biter would be keenly bit.

"One before breakfast, sir! a gun like *her* made before breakfast!" he repeated, looking anxiously into the other's face, "surely the thing is just impossible?"

"No, friend," replied the other, internally chuckling at finding the youth so ductile, "I tell you, I frequently make one of a morning."

"Then," said the guide, "I suppose, sir, you'll be come to the Highlands to make a big pusness with them!"

"May be, may be, friend. I daresay there are not many such in this country; but what would still more surprise you, is to hear by whom I was taught the art of making them."

"Who she'll be, sir?"

"Why, Luno, the son of Leven, who made Fingal's famous sword, which went by his name, and every stroke of which was mortal."

"Och! yes, sir," exclaimed Eachainn, his eyes sparkling, "ye mean *Mac-an-Luinn*," and in his excitement he forgot the little English he had, and continued in his own expressive vernacular, "*that* was the sword of swords, and they say that the sound of his anvils is still heard in the silence of midnight by the wanderer of Lochlin; and his well-known giant form is at times seen crossing the heath, clad in its dark mantle of hide, with apron of the same, and the face of the apparition as dark as the mantle, and frowning fiercely, while with staff in hand, he bounds along on one leg, with the fleetness of a roe, his black mantle flap, flapping for an instant, and then vanishing, as, with a few bounds, black Luno enters his unapproachable cave."

"But are there any hereabouts who know how to use such a thing as this?" asked the gauger, putting the piece to his eye.

"Och! aye sir; there's Duncan Sealgair can hit a fox, an otter, or a *sealg*, at a hundred yards, easy."

"I am not speaking," said the gauger, with an air of sovereign contempt, "of otters, and foxes, and such low vermin; I ask you, man, as to shooting of game!"

"Aye, sir, a goot lot of that too. There's old Kenneth Matheson, she'll be very goot at killing a buck."

"Pshaw! man, cannot you get your ideas above course four-footed beasts, great sprawling objects that there is no merit in killing."

Eachainn scratched his head at a loss what to answer next; but at length, with the air of a man who thinks he has made a discovery, exclaimed, "You'll be meaning the wild goose, sir!"

"You're a wild goose yourself; I mean no such thing; I am asking ye, man, about grouse, red grouse."

The guide was as puzzled as if he had heard Hebrew; but just then, as if to relieve his embarrassment, there arose a "Ca, ca!" kind of sound among the heather. "She'll shust be the muir-hens, sir, perhaps you'll like to have a shoot at them."

"Moor-hens! what's that, lad?" but further explanation was unnecessary, for the eye of the traveller caught the very red grouse he had appeared so anxious to find. The sight seemed to have a very agitating effect upon him, for he instantly stopped, dismounted, and gave his nag to the keeping of his companion; he then crept forward a few paces, his heart beating with the greatness of the occasion. At length, when he had got closer to the birds than most sportsmen would deem quite necessary, he knelt on one knee, and took a most deliberate, riflemanlike aim. On placing his finger on the trigger, his face was turned a little to one side—perhaps to avoid the expected smoke. He at length pulled the trigger, but, instead of a report, there was merely a snap in the pan. At this, the eldest, apparently, of the birds gave a "Ca, ca!" and peered about to see what was the matter; and, to avoid being seen, the sportsman sunk down among the heather. Tying the *gearran* to a juniper root, the guide now cautiously crept up, and enquired in a whisper, "Has she refused, sir?"

"Hush!" said the other, shaking his hand for silence, "has *who* refused?"

"I mean, sir," again whispered the guide, "has the musket refused?"

"Which, I suppose," responded the other, "is as much as to say, has it missed fire? Yes, certainly it has; did you not hear the snap in the pan?"

"Yes, sir, but there was no fire; may be t'was the fault of the flint."

"Pish, no; there is not a better flint on this side of the Grampians."

"But the pooder, sir?"

"No better powder in the world, unless it has been damped by your horrid Highland mist."

"There's no a mist at all the day, sir," answered Eachainn, looking quietly down at the gun lock, and discovering, for the first time, that there was no flint at all. He smiled aside, and then turning to the would-be sportsman, who was kneeling for another attempt, pointed out the circumstance to him. The latter, on seeing it, stared, and then added, apparently recollecting himself, "Dash it, neither there is! I recollect now, here it is, I put it in my waistcoat pocket this morning, while cleaning my gun, and forgot to fix it again." So saying, he screwed it tight into its proper place, and kneeling as before, gave a second snap in the pan.

"The primin' fell out when she first refused, sir, and you forgot to put in another."

"And ye gouck, could'nt you tell me that before?" said the wrathful gauger, as he recovered his arms for another attempt. This time, however, he was successful, for his volley levelled the cock leader and two of his family, while the remainder took flight.

"I dare say, friend bare-legs, you do not often see such shots as that in these quarters?"

"'Deed, sir, I'll no say I do," returned the other with a look and manner somewhat equivocal.

"In sooth, I suppose no one hereabouts knows anything of grouse shooting; but for myself, as I have already said, give me but the birds within tolerable reach, and I am sure to hit them."

"Na doot, sir, especially if ye always make it a fashion to shoot them sittin'."

"And have ye any hereabouts that can shoot them any other gait, callant?"

"May be, sir, the young laird, and the minister's son, and the major, and——"

"Weel, sir, and pray how does the young laird find out the game? Has he any pointers?"

"Pinters, sir, what's that?" enquired his companion, affecting ignorance.

"You fool, and do you not know what a pointer is! Precious country I am come to, and perhaps to lay my bones in—not to know what a pointer is!"

"And d'ye ken, sir, what a *bochan* is?"

"Not I, friend bare-legs, nor do I care."

"My name, sir, is Eachainn, and you see there'll be some things that folks who are very clever don't know. A *bochan*, sir, is what you call in *Beurla* a hobgoblin."

"I see your drift, man, I see your drift, and care not what a *bochan* or a fiddlestick means; but a pointer is a dog of right Spanish breed, which has such instinct that he smells out the birds without seeing them, so that when he has got one in a covey within reach of his nose, he holds up his leg, and stands stock still, until his master comes up and bleezes away at them."

"Sitting, sir?" asked Eachainn, with a roguish look.

"Aye, man, sitting or standing, 'tis all the same."

"You'll may be be wanting such dogs in the low country, but they'll no be wanted in the Highlands. Here, sir," continued he, remembering the hoax about Luno and gunmaking, "Here, sir, the people can smell the game as good as your dogs."

"What's that ye say, man? D'ye think of clishmaclavering me with any of your big Hielan' lees?"

"Would you like me to smell out some muir-hens for you, sir?"

"You smell out game! smell out your grandmother! D'ye think to deceive me with such havers?"

"Do you s'pose you could hit the poor craters, sittin' to, if I had'nt smelt them out for you, sir?"

"Faith, friend, you're no blate—smell out indeed! and pray, callant, can you smell out any more of them?"

"I begin to think it's no a very thankful job."

"And do you often amuse yourself with nosing it in this way over these vile moors, through which I am so heartily tired of trudging."

"Whenever the laird, sir, goes out after the muir-hens, I go with him to smell them out."

"Weel man, convince me of the bare fact—smell out another covey, and then I'll no gainsay your gift."

The guide, shrugging up his shoulders and scratching his head, affecting to make some difficulty, said the wind had gone down, and that the scent was dull. The sly rascal, however, having an exceedingly acute ear, continued walking over bog and heather with long strides, until at length, at a considerable distance, and a little to one side of the track, he thought he heard the "ca-ca" of a bird. He then turned to his companion and said, "If I'll be smelling out a *prasgan* for ye sir, will you let me have a shoot at them?"

"Give you a shot! weel but that passes a'. I dinna ken what you might make with a claymore, as ye ca' a braidsword; but a gun is another sort of thing altogether. What! Donald, could you hit a peatstack, man?"

"My name's Eachainn, sir; and as to shooting a peatstack, I don't know, but if ye like I'll try."

"Weel Donald, or Eachainn, or whatever your name is, I don't care if I indulge you, so there's the gun—but mind, when you aim, you turn the barrel away, and the stock to yourself. Now you may bleeze awa' at any thing but me and the pony. The guide, having by this time a shrewd guess where the birds were to be found, went on several paces cautiously, and pretending to scent something. At length he made a stand, cocking up one leg, while he beckoned to the stranger, who was some little distance in the rear, to dismount and come up.

The latter accordingly did so, and there were the birds sure enough. The stranger, whose less practised eye and ear were not aware of the trick, now not doubting the truth of the Highlander's gift, uttered his admiration in whispers, "Weel, but yon's quite extraordinar'; all real birds too, and no glamour; I doot its nae canny."

The Gael, not being such a desperate pot hunter as his comrade, gave a "Hurrah!" which raised the birds at once, then taking a good aim, brought down two, and wounded one or two more, which flew quacking away.

The Highlander, anxious to secure the wounded birds, went bounding in the direction in which they had flown. As he hastily stepped forward he did not perceive that a viper was directly in his path, and before he was aware of its being near him, the reptile had bitten his bare foot. Striking it off with the point of the barrel, he uttered not a word, but giving one glance round, as if looking for something, he took to his heels with a swiftness not unworthy of Luno himself.

(To be Continued.)

OUR OWN LYRICAL POETRY.

By the Rev. George Gilfillan.

The subject of this paper is very wide, but on its first portion I shall be brief. Litanies or song prayers were first introduced in the fifth century in the Greek Church and transferred afterwards to the Romish. They are said to have originated in the following circumstances:—An earthquake, says the legend, having driven the people into the fields, a boy was suddenly taken up into the air in their presence, but was again let down unhurt, and the people crying "Carie Eleusa" (Lord have mercy). He related that he had heard the songs of the angels—"Holy God, holy and mighty, holy and immortal, have mercy upon us"—and this gave rise to litanies or supplications as the word means. Being inserted into prayer-books they gradually blossomed so to speak into poetry. Indeed, some will have it that a few of the Hebrew Psalms, such as the 136th—

Praise God, for he is kind,
His mercies last for aye,

were just litanies. Some of the litanies in the Roman Catholic service are very beautiful, such as that beginning

Stabat Mater Delovosa
Tureta crucem lachrymora
Oam pendchat Filius,

which may be thus Englished—

Stood the mother dolorous,
Near the cross in tears,
While the cruel tree beside
Her dear firstborn bears.

But the most remarkable one is that entitled "Dies Irae." There are various versions of this, but one of the best known is that of Earl Roscommon, and it I may quote as a quaint and curious rendering—

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say..
What horror will invade the mind
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find.
The last, loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.
Nature and death shall with surprise
Behold the pale offender rise.
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.
Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred, mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.
The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.
O then what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have come to quake.

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring.
Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear bought soul be lost
In storms of guilty terror tost.
Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end!
Well may they curse their Second Breath,
Who rose to a reviving death,
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find.

To those ages too belongs the groundwork of Ossian's poems, who, although he has been turned by Macpherson into an epic poet, was in reality nothing but a singer of songs and odes distinguished by their successful delineation of the passions, picturesque expressions, bold and beautiful images, and comparisons, their deep pathos and melancholy tone. Thus beautifully does Hazlitt speak of him—"Ossian's was feeling, and a name that can never be destroyed in the minds of his readers. As Homer is the first vigour and lustihood, Ossian is the decay and old age of the world. He lives only in the recollection and regret of the past. There is one impression which he conveys more entirely than all other poets, namely, the sense of privation, the loss of all things—of friends, of good name, of country; he is even without God in the world. He converses with the spirits of the departed, with the motionless and silent clouds. The cold moonlight sheds its faint lustre on his head. The fox peeps out of the ruined tower, the thistle waves its head to the wandering gale, and the strings of his harp seem as the hand of age as the tale of other times passes over them, to sigh and rustle like the dry reeds in the winter's wind. The feeling of cheerless desolation, of the loss of the pith and sap of existence, of the annihilation of the substance, and the clinging to the shadow of all things as in a mock embrace, is here perfect. If it were indeed possible to show that this writer was nothing, it would only be another instance of mutability, another blank made, another void left in the heart, another confirmation of that feeling which makes him so often complain. 'Roll on ye dark brown years, ye bring no joy on your wings to Ossian.'"

We now approach the poetry of the ballad, and we find ourselves beside the familiar themes of the Minstrel and Minstrelsy, and must regret that we have not as much scope as we have matter, as much time as we have inclination, for treating it fully and lovingly. Minstrelsy seems to have sprung up in Provence, a southern district in France, and the Provencal poetry is among the most famous in the history of literature. In Normandy, too, there was minstrelsy, but although it excelled the Provencal in power of imagination, it was inferior in tenderness, in grace, and in adaptation to music. Song, however, had meanwhile arisen in great force in Scandinavia, and was in matter superior to that of the South, although inferior in music, which is peculiarly the child of sunny climes. But the genius of the North travelled southward, and in France met and married the splendid melody of Italy, and produced between them the perfect form of our early minstrelsy.

What meaning and magic we connect with the words, "Ballad Poetry." Ballads, as Fletcher said long ago, have been the real laws of a country. They have prevailed in every rank of society, mingled, like currents of air, with men's loves, hatreds, enthusiasms, patriot-passions from the mouth of the minstrel himself to that of the ploughman in the field, the maid by the well, singing perchance as in that exquisite scene in Guy Mannering—

> Are here the links of Forth, she said,
> Or are they crooks of Dee,
> Or the bonnie woods of Warroch-head,
> That I sae fain wad see?

the reaper among the yellow sheaves; the herdsman in the noontide solitude of the hill, or in the snow-buried shieling; the child in the nursery or in her solitude, how strange and holy while wandering to school amid woods and wildernesses; and the soldier resting after the fatigue of a day of blood or returning to his mountain home when the wars are over, to the music of one of its own forgotten songs. And who remembers not the husbandman in "Don Quixote" who, as he goes forth to to his morning labour, is singing the ancient ballad of Roncesvalles? And add still more, as an illustration of the power and the charm of ballad poetry, not only that Homer, the earliest and all but the greatest of poets, was a ballad maker, and not only that Shakspere condescended to borrow songs, and plots, and hints from old English ballads, but that many of the modern productions—such as the most of Scott's verses, Coleridge's "Christobel and Rime of the Anciente Marinere," Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads," Southey's "Old Woman of Berkeley," Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and many more—are imitations in style, or in spirit, or in all three, of these, wild, simple, early immortal strains.

In Percy's Reliques, which I had the privilege of editing a good many years ago, in Nichol's Poets, you will find a number of admirable specimens of the old ballad such as the ancient ballad of Chevy Chase that was said to stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet, and a whole set of ballads alluded to in Shakspere, such as King Cophetua and the beggar maid, Gernutus, the Jew of Venice, King Lear and his three daughters; also, a little copy of verses, entitled "Take these lips away." Emerson, by the way, in his "Nature" quotes these lines as quite Shaksperean; and so they are, but they are certainly not Shakspere's—

> Take, oh, take these lips away,
> That so sweetly were forsworn,
> And those eyes the break of day—
> Lights that do mislead the morn;
> But my kisses bring again
> Seals of love, but sealed in vain.

There are many others, specially the "Nut Brown Maid," which was afterwards modernized by Prior in his "Henry and Emma;" the "Hardyknut," too long to quote, but a ballad which, we are told, when Scott repeated it to Lord Byron, a person at a distance in the room wondered what dreadful news he had been telling him, he looked so much agitated. Perhaps, however, you will read it with disappointment,

I certainly did. But who but must admire the "Grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens"—

The King sits in Dunfermline toune,
Drinkin' the bluid red weine,
"Oh, whaur will I get a guid sailor
To sail this schip o' mine."

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the King's right knee,
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That sails upon the sea."

The King has written a braid letter,
And signed it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red
A loud lauch lauched he,
The next line that Sir Patrick red
The tear blinded his e'e.

"Oh, wha is this that dae this deid,
This ill deid done to me,
To send me oot this time of the year
To sail upon the sea.

"Mak' haste, mak' haste, my merry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne."
"Oh, say na sae, my master dear,
For I fear a deadly storm.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new mune
Wi' the auld ane in her arms,
And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
That we will come to harme."

Oh laith, laith, were our Scots Nobles
To weit their cork-heiled shoon,
But long ere a' the play was played,
Their hats they swam aboone.

Oh, lang, lang may their ladies sit,
With their fans into their hand,
Or ere they see Sir Patrick Spens
Cam' sailing to the land.

Oh, lang, lang may the ladies stand
Wi' their gold kames in their hair,
Waiting for their ain dear lords,
For they'll see them never mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,
It's fifty fadom deep,
And their lies the gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

Besides "Percy's Reliques," you should read Sir Walter Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Border," to get a complete conception of the beauty, pathos, and power of the old ballad, with the "Flowers of the Forest" at its head, one of the most mournful and exquisitely beautiful of all ditties, which shall be sung and felt so long as Flodden Field has a niche in the memories of Scotland, when

The flowers of the forest were a' wede away.

Ere we leave ballad poetry, we must be permitted another glance at the minstrel himself. He might be considered a cross between the bard or Seald of the ancient Scandinavian world and the actors and public singers

of modern times. To something of the high, and, as it was then held, the Divine inspiration of the Scald, he added something of the mimetic power of the actor, and something of the musical power of the singer. How delightful to follow the minstrel through the land like a breeze or river, at his own sweet will, with a harp (which is his passion, pride, and passport) in his hand, now entering a cottage at eventide, and drawing the simple as in a net around him, while he sings

> Of old, unhappy, far off things,
> And battles long ago,

and now admitted, like Scott's famous hero, into some lordly hall, and there surrounded by bright-eyed maidens of high birth, and stimulated by the twofold flattery of sugared lips and generous wine, pouring out his high wrought, enthusiastic, yet measured and well-modulated strains; now meeting some brother bard by the lonely mountain wayside, or in some rude hostelrie, and exchanging their experience and their songs; now soothing some dying Roderick Dhu, or singing his dirge after death—

> Sad was thy lot in mortal stage,
> The captive thrush may brook the cage,
> The prisoned eagle dies for rage;
> Oh, woe for Alpine's honoured pire!

and now himself expiring, with the whole fire of the minstrel spirit mounting up to his eye, and with the Harp and the Cross meeting over his dying pillow as emblems of his joy on earth and of his hope in heaven.

Passing the large and lovely subject of the ballad, we find ourselves launched on a wide ocean of lyrical poetry—the poetry of the present, the past, and of the present age.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in Britain there were comparatively few first-rate lyrics, and yet there was some as good, or better, as any that have ever been produced since. Need I name Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity?" And yet methinks Apollo might have desired to stay, have lingered to the last moment to hear execrations so sublime. Like a belated member of the sages who came from the East to the manger at Bethlehem, does he spread out his treasures, and they are richer than frankincense, sweeter than myrrh, and more precious than gold. From that holy ground he repulses the Pagan Deities,—

> The oracles are dumb. No voice or hideous hum
> Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving
> Apollo from his shrine; can no man divine,
> With hollow shriek, the steep of Delphos leaving.
> No nightly trance or breathed spell
> Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell;
> He feels from Judah's land the dreadful Infant's hand;
> The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne.

Inferior certainly to this, but in its own kind matchless, we have "Alexander's Feast," by Dryden, who declared after writing it that it was the best ode that had been written or ever would be written; and so far as amazing spirit, and rapid changes of mood are concerned, he is quite right. But it has not the stamp of the highest imagination on it. It rises like the clang of a multitude of barbaric horns and drums proclaiming the praises of some idol god—not like a flute sounding on a summer

evening over a lake with spirit-like note of melodious pathos, nor like the outrolling of a grand solemn piece of organ music. I find the true spirit of the Ode more fully in another piece of Dryden's, entitled "Ode to the Memory of Mrs Anne Kelligrew," the first stanza of which Dr Johnston has so warmly and justly praised :—

Thou youngest virgin daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest,
Whose palms were plucked from Paradise,
Inspreading branches more sublimely rise
Rich with immortal green above the rest,
Whether adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou rollest above as in thy wandering race,
On in procession, fixed and regular.
Movest with the heavens' majestic pace,
Whichever happy region is thy place,
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine;
Hear, then a mortal muse thy praise rehearse
In no ignoble verse.

But such as thine own voice did practice here,
When thy first fruits were given,
To make thyself a welcome inmate there,
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate for heaven.

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence.

THE HIGHLAND CROFT SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I am much obliged to you for sending to me your article on the position and prospects of small crofters in the Highlands.

I have always opposed the delusion that an extension of the system of small crofts would be any remedy for the poverty and frequent distress which once prevailed over the greater part of the Highlands, and which still affects those portions of the country where that system has survived.

I understand your observations to apply not to crofts of a substantial size—say worth £20 of rent, and upwards—but to the very small possessions of four or five acres and less of arable land.

The question about the minimum amount of land which can support a family in comfort after payment of a moderate rent is, of course, a question not to be determined by any universal rule. All that I understand you to argue is that under the actual conditions of soil, of produce, and of markets which prevail in the West Highlands, small crofts can afford nothing but a miserable subsistence.

In this conclusion I entirely concur, and you will find it amply confirmed by the careful investigation and report made upon the causes and

extent of Highland destitution made by Sir John Macneill in the year 1851, when the effects of the potato failure called for that enquiry.

There is, in my opinion, no remedy for the poverty of a population increasing under this system, and accustomed to a very low standard of living, except the remedy of migration or emigration.

The State can never undertake the reclamation of "waste lands" where private enterprise will not do so. And when land is reclaimed it ought to be devoted, as it is now always devoted, to the establishment of more substantial farms, which the crofting population generally have not the means to stock and to cultivate.

I do not believe in any schemes for anticipating by short cuts results which can only be reached by time. The old crofting population *will* emigrate, or migrate when education and other influences make them see and feel the advantages of employing their labour elsewhere.

The reclamation of land is advancing rapidly under the operation of natural causes, wherever it will pay; and tenancies of various kinds and sizes are being, and will continue to be established. But there are large areas of the Highlands which nature indicates as pasture land and as fit for nothing else.

The gradual consolidation of very small crofts into possessions of a better size is a process which may be carried into effect with time and care, without the hardship involved in the removal of families who cling tenaciously to their traditional habits. I have pursued this method on my own estate with advantage, and I have many crofting tenants, who, I rejoice to believe, are comfortable and prosperous. By this method the most thrifty and industrious of the crofting population may and will become tenants of farms which, though small, are fit to take a permanent place in the agricultural system of the country.

I need not say that I look upon this as the most desirable of all consummations; for the crofting population of the Highlands, and the stock from which they came have personal qualities which must endear them to all who know them.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

INVERARAY, October 4, 1877. ARGYLL.

—o—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I have read your paper with interest and regret. I do not, however, find established in it that connection with the laws of the country and the practice of many of the owners of land which contributed important features in the case of Irish Land Tenures.—Your faithful Servant,

September 26, 1877. W. E. GLADSTONE.

[It would be quite easy to establish this "connection," but the object of the paper on the "Poetry and Prose of a Highland Croft" was to show "the actual *present* state and position of the Highland crofter," and *not its cause*.—ED. *C. M.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I have perused your article on the state of the Highland crofter with great interest. You cannot expect that it will be received with unanimity, but every one will admit that the article places in a very marked way the question before the public. Merely to exist is hardly what the greatest enthusiast points to. The peasant population ought to be able to do more than earn a bare subsistence, and it seems clear they cannot do so on small crofts solely. An extent of twenty acres seems a reasonable one, and below this size it may be a question whether a cottage, with garden and potato ground, is not the best position—the occupant in this case earning wages elsewhere.

The great mischief at present seems to have been, crowding poor people into townships near the sea, without giving them adequate land. To an able-bodied, enterprising man, who combines fishing and farming, there should be hardships and toil, but certainly no poverty. It is deplorable to hear of one man having great ranges of ground in the Western Isles and West Coast, and hundreds having next to nothing. Security of tenure—say thirty-one years for improving leases—is also indispensable. Positively, when we see huts wretched and dirty beyond description, and at once find fault with and condemn the unhappy occupants as alone to blame, it is forgotten that these occupants have no security or object in improving. At the same time, it must be admitted that the poor people themselves are undoubtedly very backward.

I must not enlarge, however, as the subject is a wide one, but content myself with thanking you for opening the question in so clear and practical a manner.—Yours faithfully,

THE BUGHT, 13th October 1877. C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

AT a meeting of electors in Inverness, on the 17th ult., the following question was put by A. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine* to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. :—"Keeping in view that the Government graciously considered the reputed scarcity of crabs and lobsters, and of herrings and garvies, on our Highland coasts, of sufficient importance to justify them in granting two separate Royal Commissions of Inquiry—will you, in your place in Parliament next session, move that a similar Commission be granted to inquire into the present impoverished and wretched condition, and, in some places, the scarcity of men and women in the Highlands; the cause of this state of things; and the most effectual remedy for ameliorating the condition of the Highland crofters generally?"

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, in reply, said that a Member of Parliament had a certain power, and only a certain power. Now, the question which was here raised was a very large one, and he did not think that he would have slightest chance of getting such a Commission as was referred to, unless the Government were prepared for the demand beforehand, and unless the request was strengthened by a general expression of feeling in its favour throughout the country. If Mr Mackenzie, who had written an able article on the subject which had attracted great attention, and others with him, could by petition, or by deputation to the Prime Minister, pave the way for a motion, he would be very glad to make it. His moving in the matter without adequate support would hamper and hurt the laudable object Mr Mackenzie had at heart.

We have received various other communications on this subject, from a few of which we make the following short quotations, being unable to find room for all the letters :—

"MAC IAIN" writes :—"I agree with every word of the article in the last number on the 'Poetry and Prose of a Highland Croft.' Neither the *Highlander* nor any other unprejudiced person can gainsay a single point of what the able writer of that article has adduced in support of his theory, for the simple reason that all the statements made are incontestable facts. That many of the West Highland crofters are living in a state of semi-starvation is beyond dispute. I myself have more than once seen a family of the class described making a meal of whelks and other shell-fish along with a very scanty allowance of bread."

Another correspondent "Who knows the Facts" says :—"I suspect you will be having Professor Blackie down on you again, for your sensible and truthful article on the *Prose* of a Highland croft. What had been written from time to time on the *Poetic* side of the question by humane theorists needed the practical information your article gives to put them right."

"A SON OF A CROFTER" writes :—"Your article upon "Highland Crofts" is the best you have ever written. It is A1, and true to the letter, as I have long known by experience."

The *Ross-shire Journal* says :—"It is refreshing to read so able and interesting an essay on this important topic. From personal observation, we might almost say experience, we can cordially homologate the graphic description of the difficulty that the smaller tenantry in the West Highlands, ay, and in the East too, have in making ends meet. It can never be otherwise while the crofter population continues to be so dense as it still is in some districts. . . . . We have perused this whole paper with profit, and so we feel confident, will all who have at heart the amelioration of the West Highland population."

—o—

"BONNIE DUNDEE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—There is no reason why my reply to "J. M. W. S.'s" letter should be otherwise than very brief, for I am glad to see that upon the whole he is content to agree with me as to the military talents and general high chivalrous character of Lord Viscount Dundee. It is amusing to find that "J. M. W. S." seems to think that no one has read the Memoirs of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel but himself. Let me assure him, however, that it is now well on to five-and-twenty years since I first read and *studied* that very interesting volume, by the courtesy of the late Cameron of Lochiel. More recently, by the kindness of the present Lochiel, the volume has been more than once in my possession for the express purpose of consulting it as to Dundee's movements from the day he rode down the "sanctified bends of the Bow," till his famous victory and death at Killiecrankie. Upon the whole, I do not think it at all likely that "J. M. W. S." has given the history of that time half the careful attention and study I have bestowed upon it.

"J. M. W. S." has probably read the very interesting note by the Editor of the *Inverness Courier* as to the two or three generally acknowledged to be authentic portraits of the famous royalist.* That he was dark, darkish, or swarthy, is certain. The Highlanders had a habit, as they still have, of bestowing a fitting *sobriquet*, founded on the personal characteristics, both of those whom they honoured and loved, and those whom they hated and despised; and depend upon it, when in Highland song and story we find Lord Dundee styled "*Ian Dubh nan Cath*" (Swarthy John of the battles), swarthy, be sure, he was, let the portraits be read in what light they may.

One of the Argyles, Archibald the 9th Earl, who was beheaded for high treason, a doom he richly merited, was styled by his Gaelic contemporaries *Gilleaspuig Gruamach*, Archibald the morose, the sullen, or more correctly, perhaps, the grim. The Anglo-Saxon *grim* or *grum* and the Gaelic *gruaim* being the same word; and when I find him so styled in Gaelic tradition and song, I shall continue to believe that he *was* grim, that, as a rule, he *was* sour, and sullen, and sulky of visage, although for all I know to the contrary, there may be half a dozen or more authentic portraits which give him a more amiable expression. One of the Macleans of Duart, chief of his name, is known in Gaelic tradition and song as *Eachainn Ruadh nan Cath*—Red (haired) Hector of the battles, Hector *Rufus* Bellicosus; and you will not easily persuade me, or any one else conversant with the manners and traditions of the Highlands, that the colour of his hair and beard was any other than *ruadh*, or red.

Sir Walter Scott's reading of the Abbotsford portrait differs from that given by "J. M. W. S.," and your correspondent need not be angry if I say that I believe Scott's reading to be the correct one. Here is Scott's description of Lord Dundee, as given in "Old Mortality":—

"Grahame of Claverhouse was in the prime of life, rather low of stature, and slightly, though elegantly, formed. His gesture, language, and manners were those of one whose life had been spent among the noble and the gay. His features exhibited even feminine regularity—an oval face, a straight and well-formed nose, *dark* hazel eyes, a complexion just tinged with *brown*, to save it from the charge of effeminacy; a short upper lip, curved upwards like that of a Grecian statue, and slightly shaded by a small moustache of light *brown*, joined to a profusion of long, curled locks, of the same colour, which fell down on each side of his face, contributed to form such a countenance as limners love to paint and ladies to look upon." That he was even darker or swarthier than Scott, reading probably from the portrait before him, describes him, I have no

* The following is the note referred to by "Nether-Lochaber":—"There are three reputed original portraits of Dundee. First, the Glamnis portrait, adopted by Scott as genuine. It is said to be by Lely, but this is doubtful. It is the representation of a handsome young cavalier elaborately dressed, with a profusion of darkish brown hair. Second, the Leven portrait, long in possession of the noble family of Leven and Melville. This was exhibited among the "National Portraits" at South Kensington in 1867; we remember it distinctly, the features delicate and finely cut, the hair long and dark. Third, the Airth portrait, in possession of Graham of Airth, which Napier says displays the type of the other portraits. All of them have been repeatedly engraved, and agree in general character—the countenance singularly handsome, yet with all its feminine beauty of outline and colour, the expression is not such as to inspire affection or confidence."—*Inverness Courier*, 30th *August*.

difficulty at all in affirming. The epithet *dubh*, applied to him by the Highlanders who knew him well, and loved him with all their heart, settles the question beyond all dispute, let the portraits be read and interpreted as they may.

Like William Edmonstoune Aytoun, I can very honestly say that "I am not ashamed to own that I have a deep regard for the memory of Lord Dundee, founded on a firm belief in his public and private virtues, his high and chivalrous honour, and his unshaken loyalty to his sovereign."

There are three Grahames or Graems prominent in Scottish song and story of whom we may all of us well be proud. James Grahame, the great Marquis of Montrose; John Grahame, Lord Viscount Dundee, and General Grahame, Lord Lyndoch. In his "Vision of Don Roderick," Scott has the following very fine stanza in honour of these worthies, and of an earlier Grahame still, Sir John the Graeme, the stedfast friend of "Wallace wight." Apostrophizing Lord Lyndoch, he exclaims :—

O! hero of a race renown'd of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
Since first distinguish'd in the onset bold,
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell!
By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,
Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber, owned its fame;
Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name
Than when wild Rouda learn'd the conquering shout of Graeme.

—I am, etc.,

"NETHER-LOCHABER."

September 1877.

A HYMN OF YOUTH.

—o—

I gazed upon the eastern sky
As the rosy morn was dawning,
And I felt a rapture in my eye,
For Hope was blushing bright on high,
Beneath the spacious awning.

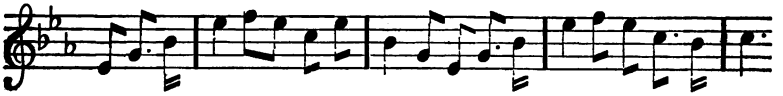
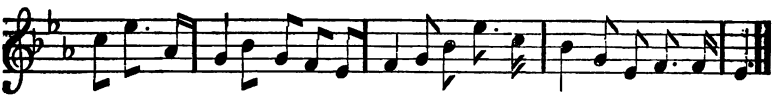
Oh! how the hoary mountains smiled,
As they wakened from their dreaming;
And sweet was the sight of their forms so wild,
And masses so high upon masses piled,
And all in the sunlight beaming.

But sweeter far was the mystic rite,
As the sunbeam kissed the flower,
While the floweret quivered with fine delight,
And oped its lips, and looked so bright
And happy in its bower.

I thought of the dawn of youthful years—
Of pleasure and love and beauty:
Ah! friend! not these can chase our fears,
Nor aught can dry the floweret's tears,
Till high in the radiant heaven appears
The glorious sun of Duty.

MACHAON

MO RUN GEAL DILEAS.

Slow and Plaintive.

Is truagh nach robh mi an riochd na faoilinn, A shnamh-as aotrom air bharr nan tonn,
Chorus—Mo run geol di - leas, di - leas, di - leas, Mo run geal di - leas nach till thu rium,

A's bheirinn sgriobag do'n Eilean Il - each Far bheil an ri bhinn dh' fhag m'inntinn trom.
Cha till mi fein riut a ghaoil cha'n fhaod mi, Or tha ma ghaol-sa na laidhe tinn.

KEY E FLAT.

. d : m .,s | d' : r' .d' : l .d' | s : m .d : m .,s | d' : r' .d' : l .,s | l :-.

. l : d' .,f | m : s .m : r .d | r : m .s : d' .,l | s : m .d : r .,r | d :-.‖

Is truagh nach robh mi 's mo rogha ceile,
Air mullach shleibhte nam beanntaibh mor,
'S gun bhi ga 'r n-eisdeachd ach eoin an t-sleibhe,
'S gu'n tugainn fhein di na ceudan pog.

Thug mi corr agus naoi miosan,
Anns na h-Innsean a b' fhaide thall ;
'S bean boidhchead d' aodainn cha robh ri fhaotainn :
'Sged gheibhinn saor iad cha'n fhanainn ann.

Thug mi mios ann am fiabhrus claoidhte,
Gun duil rium oidhche gu'm bithinn beo ;
B'e fath mo smaointean a la 's a dh-oidhche.
Gu 'm faighinn feochadh a's tu bhi 'm choir.

Tha d' anail chubhraidh mar fhaile ubhlan,
A's tha do shuilean gu meallach, gorm ;
Is tu bean-uasal is grinne dh' fhuaigheas ;
'S an ris a fhuair thu do thogail og.

Cha bhi mi 'strith ris a' chraoibh nach lub leam
Ged bhiodh ubhlan air bharr garb geig ;
Mo shoraidh slan leat ma rinn thu 'm fhagail—
Cha d' thainig traigh gun mhuir-lan na deigh.

NOTE.—The above is one of the most popular of our Highland Melodies. It is undoubtedly very old, and, so far as I know, its author is quite unknown. There is nothing particularly worthy of remark about the words, which appear to have suffered in their transmission to us.—W. M'K.

THE following note has been received from Her Majesty the Queen:—

LOCH MAREE, September 14th, 1877.

Major-General Ponsonby is commanded by the Queen to thank Mr Mackenzie for the copies of the *Celtic Magazine* which he has forwarded to Her Majesty.

MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE OF "THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."

—o—

THE time has now arrived, we think, when active steps should be taken to carry into effect the proposal, originated by the *Celtic Magazine*, to erect a monument to this excellent, though hitherto almost forgotten Celt. He has, in his "Beauties," raised a monument to the Highlands and to Geltic genius which shall not perish as long as the language remains a spoken or written speech. Keeping this in view, and the fact that there is not the slightest mark of any description at present to indicate the grave of such a man, we are disappointed to find—at a time, too, when such a noise is made by so many Celtic Societies throughout the country—such a poor response to the appeal made to our Highland countrymen for erecting a *Carn Cuimhne* to one who so pre-eminently deserves it.

The amount of subscriptions received and promised will be found below to amount to £41 13s 6d. True, this will enable us to erect a fairly respectable monument, but certainly not such as the memory of John Mackenzie deserves. An appeal has been made to several of the leading Gaelic, Highland, and Celtic Societies in London, Glasgow, and Inverness, but, much to our surprise, not a single penny has been subscribed by any of them, nor are we aware of any steps taken by either of them to raise funds among their members, or other Highlanders in their respective districts, except the Gaelic Society of Inverness, which has appointed a committee to collect subscriptions.

As the promoters of this monument, we now propose that all subscribers of £1 sterling and upwards be formed into a committee to carry the proposal into effect, with Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, as chairman; and that the local members of committee be appointed an acting sub-committee, to arrange the details, to prepare a suitable inscription in Gaelic and English, and to complete, and erect, the monument by July of next year.

There is one remarkable and gratifying peculiarity about the subscription list, which is creditable to Mackenzie's native parish, and which is a marked exception to the old saw, that "a prophet has no honour in his own country"—more than two-thirds of the whole amount is subscribed by natives of Gairloch, or their descendants.

The following sums have been received and paid into the "Monument Account," opened with the Caledonian Bank, Inverness:—

Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch							£2	2 0
Cluny Macpherson of Cluny							2	2 0
Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.							2	2 0
Donald Macgregor, Newington Butts, London							2	2 0
Per John Mackenzie, Auchinstewart, Wishaw—								
John Mackenzie, Auchinstewart				£2	2	0		
H. Munro Mackenzie, Whithaven				2	2	0		
Mrs R. Robertson Walker, do.				1	1	0		
Daniel Mackinlay, London				2	2	0		
George Mackenzie, do.				0	10	0		
Angus Nicolson, Skipton				0	10	6		
							8	7 6
Per Alexander Burgess, banker, Gairloch—								
Alex. Burgess, Gairloch				£1	0	0		
Donald Mackenzie, manager, do.				0	10	0		
Donald Macdonald, farmer, Flowerdale, do. ...				0	7	6		
Hector Fraser, boat builder, Gairloch				0	7	6		
George Ross, gamekeeper, do.				0	5	0		
Simon Chisholm, gardener, do.				0	5	0		
John Maclean, manager, Shieldag, do.				0	5	0		
John Macleod, teacher, Openham, do.				0	5	0		
Carried over				£3	5	0	£16	15 6

Brought over	£3 5 0	£16 15 6
Malcolm Lamont, teacher, do.	0 5 0	
John Stewart, the Hotel, Tongue	0 5 0	
John Mackenzie, carpenter, Porthenderson ...	0 3 0	
George Fraser, carpenter, Gairloch	0 2 6	
Roderick Macintyre, Strath, do.	0 2 6	
Kenneth Mackenzie, Isle, Horisdale	0 2 6	
John Taylor, Badachro	0 2 6	
Alex. Macpherson, blacksmith, Strath	0 2 6	
Donald Clarke, teacher, Sand	0 2 6	
Roderick Forbes, miller, Strath	0 2 6	
James Packman, salmon fisher, Poolewe ...	0 2 6	
Murdo Mackenzie, farmer, Little Sand	0 2 6	
John Ross, Lonmore	0 2 6	
Alex. Ross, tailor, do.	0 2 6	
John Macintyre, Wishaw Distillery	0 2 6	
John Kemp, Shieldag	0 2 0	
Alex. Macaulay, Openham	0 2 0	
Robert Gunn, Isle Horisdale	0 2 0	
		5 14 0
Per John Mackenzie, Boor, Poolewe—		
James Mackenzie, Poolewe	£0 2 6	
Kenneth Mackenzie, do, ...	0 1 0	
Kenneth Maclean, jun., merchant, do.	0 3 6	
Kenneth Maclean, sen., do., do.	0 2 6	
John Maclean, do.	0 1 0	
Alexander Mackenzie, do.	0 1 0	
James Mackintosh, do.	0 2 6	
Alexander Macrae, Kernsary	0 2 0	
Donald Grant, Londubh	0 2 0	
Kenneth Cameron, do.	0 1 6	
Kenneth Mackenzie, do.	0 1 0	
Hector Maciver, do.	0 2 0	
Peter Urquhart, clothier, Poolewe	0 2 6	
John Mackenzie, Boor	0 2 6	
Alexander Mackenzie, Inverasdale	0 2 6	
Roderick Mackenzie, Stornoway	0 2 6	
Donald Cameron, Poolewe	0 2 6	
John Henry Dickson, Inveran Lodge	1 1 0	
Johanna Mackenzie, do.	0 2 6	
John Matheson, Inverewe House	0 2 6	
		3 0 6
Per A. Morrison, Ullapool—		
A. Morrison, Ullapool	£0 5 0	
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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

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[Continued.]

Having in our last introduced the reader to *Coinneach*, or Kenneth, the first of the line of Mackenneth, it seems a pity to controvert and reject the elaborate system by which the origin of the Clan has been traced back through Ireland and Wales to a Norman and Florentine source—illustrious and flattering as this origin is to the successors of Kenneth, who, like most of the Highland Clans, since the beginning of the seventeenth century, exhibit an unpatriotic preference for alien progenitors. Writing of the Clans who claim this foreign origin, Skene says :—"As the identity of the false aspect which the true tradition assumes in all of these cases implies that the case was the same in all, we may assume that wherever these two circumstances are to be found combined, of a Clan claiming a foreign origin, and asserting a marriage with the heiress of a Highland family, whose estates they possessed and whose followers they led, they must invariably have been the oldest cadet of that family, who by usurpation or otherwise had become *de facto* chief of the Clan, and who covered their defect by right of blood by denying their descent from the Clan, and asserting that the founder had married the heiress of its chief." He then goes on to maintain that the general deduction from all our MS. genealogies is, that the Clans were divided into several great tribes descended from a common ancestor, while he draws a marked distinction between the different tribes which, by indications traceable in each, can be indentified with the Earldoms or Maormorships into which the North of Scotland was anciently divided. By the aid of the old genealogies he divides the Clans into five different tribes as follows :—(1) The Descendants of Conn of the Hundred Battles, (2) Descendants of Ferchar Fata Mac Feradaig, (3) Descendants of Cormaig Mac Oirbertaig, (4) Descendants of Fergus Leith Dearg, and (5) Descendants of Krycul. Under the third heading he includes the *Old Earls of Ross*, the Mackenzies, the Mathiesons, and several others.

There is now no doubt that the Earls of Ross were descended from the ancient Maormors of that district; and the same authority informs

us that the district of Ross is very often mentioned in the Norse Sagas along with the other districts which were governed by Maormors or Iarls; that it was only on the downfall of those of Moray that the Chiefs of Ross appear prominent in historical records, the Maormors of Moray being in such close proximity, and so great in power and influence that the less powerful Maormor of Ross was in a subordinate position, and his name was in consequence seldom or never associated with any of the great events in Highland history. It was only after the downfall of those local potentates that the chiefs appear under the appellation of Comites or Earls. That they were, however, the descendants of the ancient Maormors there can be little doubt, and the natural presumption is in this instance strengthened by the fact that the oldest authorities concur in asserting that the Gaelic name of the Earls of Ross was O'Beolan, or the descendants of Beolan; "and we actually find," says Skene, "from the oldest Norse Saga connected with Scotland that a powerful chief in the North of Scotland, named Beolan, married the daughter of Ganga Rolfe, or Rolló, the celebrated pirate, who became afterwards the celebrated Earl of Normandy." From this account it appears that the ancestor of the Earls of Ross was Chief of Kintail in the beginning of the tenth century.

The first known Earl of Ross is Malcolm, to whom a precept was directed from Malcolm IV., desiring him to protect and defend the Monks of Dunfermline in their lawful privileges and possessions. This document is not dated, but from the names of the witnesses it must have been granted before 1162. The next Earl of Ross whom we find recorded in history is Ferchard, or *Ferchair Mac an t-Sagairt*, Son of the priest, who seems to have risen rapidly to power on the ruins of the once powerful Earl of Moray, Kenneth MacHeth, who was the last of his line.

Skene is of opinion that this *Mac an t-Sagairt* (from his being called "the son of the priest") was not the son of the former Earl, but was of a new line that came into possession on the extinction of the older family. "Of what family this Earl was, history does not say, but that omission may in some degree be supplied by the assistance of the MS. of 1450." *

* To this ancient document, which is the oldest Gaelic genealogical account on record, and which is given in the original, with a literal English translation, in the Transactions of the Iona Club, Mr Skene adds the following note:—"From the peculiar condition of society among the Highlanders the investigation of family history becomes an important instrument in ascertaining and illustrating the leading facts of their origin and history. The attention of the Club will, consequently, be in a considerable degree directed to this object, and it is proposed to include in the Collectanea a series of genealogies of Highland Clans which are still to be found in ancient MSS. In the present number the series commences with the contents of the most ancient MS. now known to exist. It was discovered accidentally in the Advocates' Library last year, and consists of eight parchment leaves, the last of which is covered with genealogies, written in the old Irish character, but so very faded with time as to be read with difficulty, and in many instances to be altogether illegible. Of the authenticity of the MS. there can be no doubt, and a strict comparison of all the genealogies contained in it has satisfied the editor of its general accuracy. The same careful examination shows that it must have been written about the year 1450, and this conclusion, with respect to its date, was afterwards corroborated by the discovering the date 1467 written upon one of the leaves. The author of the MS. appears to have been a person of the name of Maclachlan, as the genealogy of the Clanlachlan is given with much greater minuteness than any of the other Clans, and the various intermarriages of that Clan alone are given. From this it

It is well known that the surname of Ross has always been rendered in Gaelic *Clan Anrias*, or *Clan Gilleanrias*, and the Rosses appear under the form of these appellations in all the early Acts of Parliament. There is also an unvarying tradition in the Highlands that on the death of William, the last Earl of Ross of this family, a certain Paul MacTire was for some time chief of the Clan, and this tradition is corroborated by the fact that there is a charter by the same William, Earl of Ross, in favour of this very Paul MacTire, in which he styles him his cousin. There appears, however, among the numerous Clans contained in the MS. of 1450, one termed Clan Gilleanrias, which commences with Paul MacTire, so that there can be little doubt of that Clan being the same as that of the Rosses, and in this MS. of 1450 they are traced upwards in a direct line to a certain "Gilleon na h' Airde," or Colin of the Aird, who lived in the tenth century, and who was, as we shall see in the sequel, also the remote progenitor of the Mackenzies. In this ancient Gaelic genealogy occurs the name of Gilleanrias, exactly contemporary with the generation preceding that of Ferchad, Earl of Ross.

The name Gilleanrias is the Gaelic for "servant of Andrew," or of St Andrew, and this would indicate that he was a priest. When we consider that the dates exactly correspond, and that the Earls of Ross were, as we have seen, an offshoot of the Clan Anrias—must indeed have descended from Anrias—and that among the Earls who besieged Malcolm IV. in Perth in the year 1160 is to be found the name of Gilleanrias, it appears to us beyond question that *Ferchard Mac an t-Sagairt* (the son of the priest) was the son of Gilleanrias, the founder of Clan Anrias, and that consequently he succeeded to the Earldom of Ross on the failure of the former family. *Ferchard Mac an t-Sagairt* rendered great assistance to Alexander II. in his conquest of Argyll in 1222, leading most of the western tribes to support their King, and as a reward for his services he received from that monarch a grant of North Argyll, a district known to be that which is now called Wester Ross. In an old manuscript in our possession, and in which the writer supports the Irish origin of the Clan, we find the following :—"It cannot be disputed that the Earl of Ross was the lord paramount under Alexander II., by whom *Farquhard Mac an t-Sagairt* was recognised in the hereditary dignity of his predecessors, *and who, by another tradition, was a real progenitor of the noble family of Kintail.*"

We quote the following from "Gordon's History of the Earldom of Sutherland," p. 36 :—"From the second son of the Earl of Ross the lairds of Balnagown are descended, and had by inheritance the lands of

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seems probable that it once formed a part of the well-known Kilbride collection, which was long preserved by the family of MacLachlan of Kilbride. . . . . Of the very important effects which this MS. must produce upon the question of the origin of the Highland Clans, it will be sufficient to state that it seems to establish these three very remarkable facts—1st, The existence at a very early period of a tradition in the Highlands of the common origin of all the Highland Clans ; 2d, The comparatively late invention of many of the traditionary origins of the different Clans at present believed ; and 3d, The mutual relationship of various Clans which have hitherto been supposed to be altogether unconnected." In another note, the editor informs us that he "has been enabled by means of a chemical process to restore the writing which was so much decayed as to be in many parts illegible," and has now been able to give the MS. in full.

Rariechies and Coulleigh, where you may observe that the Laird of Balnagown's surname should not be Ross, seeing there was never any Earl of Ross of that surname; but the Earls of Ross were first of the surname of Beolan, then they were Leslies, and last of all that Earldom fell by inheritance to the Lords of the Isles, who resigned the same unto King James the Third's hands, in the year of God 1477. So I do think that the lairds of Balnagown. perceiving the Earls of Ross decayed, and that Earldom, fallen into the Lords of the Isles' hands, they called themselves Rosses, thereby to testify their descent from the Earls of Ross. Besides, all the Rosses in that province are unto this day called in the Irish (Gaelic) language Clan-Leandreis, which race, by their own tradition, is sprung from another stock." From the same authority, p. 46, we find that the Earls of Ross were O'Beolans as late as 1333, for Sir Robert Gordon informs us, writing of the Battle of Hallidon Hill, that "in this field was Hugh Beolan, Earl of Ross, slain."

It seems thus established that the O'Beolans were the ancient and original Earls of Ross, and it is quite clear from the MS. of 1450 that they continued to be represented by the old Rosses of Balnagown down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the last of that family finding that the entail ended with himself, sold the estate to General Ross, brother of Lord Ross of Hawkhead, and who was, although of the same name, of quite a different origin.

It appears equally clear that the Rosses and the Mackenzies had a common origin, descended from the same ancestor—"Gilleon na h' Airde," so called from having his seat in the Aird, now the property of Lord Lovat. Some maintain that the Macleans and Macraes are from the same stock as the Mackenzies, and there appears to be little doubt that these tribes had occupied lands and held strongholds in the district of the Aird.* The genealogy of the Macraes is not preserved in the MS. of 1450, but reference to the name will be found in the genealogy of the Macleans, thus supporting the view of those who maintain that the Mackenzies, the Macleans, and the Macraes are descended from the same ancestor. It will also be seen by the following extract that Gilleoin, or Gilleain, was the common ancestor of the three.

These genealogies are from the MS. of 1450 :—

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.	SKENE'S TRANSLATION.
Genelach Clann Anrias.	*Genealogy of the Clan Andres.*
Pal ic Tire, ic Eogan, ic Muiredaigh, ic Poil, ic Gilleanrias, ic Martain, ic Poil, ic Cainig, ic Cranin, ic Eogan, ic Cainic, ic Cranin, Mc Gilleoin na hairde, ic Eirc, ic Loirn, ic Fearchar, Mc Cermac, ic Abertaig, ic Feradaig.	Paul son of Tire, son of Ewen, son of Murdoch, son of Paul, son of Gilleanrias, son of Martin, son of Paul, son of Kenneth, son of Crinan, son of Ewen, son of Kenneth, son of Crinan, son of Gilleoin of Aird, son of Erc, son of Lorn, son of Ferchar, son of Cermac, son of Oirbeirtaigh, son of Feradach.

* They, "as vassals of the Bysets, inhabited the Clunes, Achryvaich, Obriachan, Kilfinnand, and Urquhart."—*Wardlaw Manuscripts.*

Do Genelach Clann Gilleain.

Lachlan ic Eon, ic . . . . mc Maelsig, mc Gilleain, mc Icrait, ic Suan, ic Neill, ic Domlig, i'Ablesanid Sanobi, mc Ruingr, mc Sean Dubgall Airlir, mc Fearchair Abr. mc Feradach, ic . . . . mc Neachtain, mc Colman, mc Buadan, &c.

Genelach Clann Cainig.

Muiread ic Cainig, mc Eoin, ic Cainig, ic Aengusa, ic Cristin, ic Agam, mc Gillaeon Oig, ic Gilleon na haird.

Genealogy of the Macleans.

Lachlan son of John, son of . . . . son of Maelsig, son of Gillesin, son of Icrath, son of Suan, son of Neill, son of Domlig, son of Ruingr, son of Old Dougall, son of Ferchard, son of Feradach, son of . . . . son of Neachtan, son of Colman, son of Buadan, &c.

The Genealogy of the Clan Kenneth.

Murdoch son of Kenneth, son of John, son of Kenneth, son of Angus, son of Christian, son of Adam, son of Gilleoin Og, son of Gilleoin of the Aird.

It may be considered strange that we should devote so much space to the origin of the Clan Andreas, or Rosses, in a history of the Clan Kenneth, or Mackenzie; but on consideration the importance of this will be admitted, for in tracing the genealogy of this Clan from the Earls of Ross, and from "Gilleoin na h' Airde," this Gilleoin being—as will be seen by the above extract from the MS. of 1450—also the ancestor of the Mackenzies, we are at the same time establishing the Gaelic descent and origin of the Clan Kenneth.

If it be admitted that the MS. of 1450 is authentic—and this has not been seriously disputed by any respectable authority, while we have the high authority of Skene and others in support of its authenticity and general accuracy—it should now appear doubtful, notwithstanding all the laboured and learned attempts made in the past to foist a successful Irish adventurer upon this great Clan as their ancestor, whether, although hitherto accepted without much question, this Irish origin can be ultimately maintained and finally accepted by the impartial student of history, or by the Clan themselves.

It is true that we have the reputed charter of the lands of Kintail, said to have been granted by King Alexander III. to Colin Fitzgerald, and extensively quoted by all writers on the question of the origin of the Clan Kenneth, to controvert and dispose of. This, in consequence of the great strides made in recent years in independent historical research, and the results obtained, is much easier than will at first sight appear. Mr Skene unhesitatingly asserts that no trace of any traditions assigning a foreign origin to any of the Highland Clans can be found in any writings prior to the seventeenth century, and it is superfluous to state that, had any existed, no one was more likely to discover them than this laborious Celtic scholar and eminent antiquarian. The first notice we find of such a charter is in the work of Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat, first Earl of Cromarty, on the Clan Mackenzie, written in the seventeenth century. All the later genealogists seem to have taken its authenticity for granted, and quoted it accordingly. Dr George Mackenzie accepted and believed in its genuineness, as did also the "Gentleman of Quality"—the laird of Applecross, who wrote the MS. history of the Mackenzies already quoted, in 1669, for he not only copies the charter from the Earl of Cromarty, but quotes pages of his MS. *verbatim et literatim.* Skene gives it as his decided opinion that the charter is a forgery, and perfectly worthless as evidence in favour of the Fitzgerald origin of

the Clan. He is supported in this view by another high authority. The editor of the "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," pp. 392-3, vol. ii., says: "The lands of Kintail are said to have been granted by King Alexander III. to Colin, an Irishman of the family of Fitzgerald, for service done at the battle of Largs. *The charter is not extant*, and its genuineness has been doubted." In a footnote he gives the text of the charter in exactly the same terms as already given in these pages from another source, and which, he says, is from a copy of the seventeenth century, "*in the handwriting of the Earl of Cromarty.*" "If the charter be genuine," he continues, "it is not of Alexander III., or connected with the battle of Largs (1263). Two of the witnesses, Andrew, Bishop of Moray, and Henry de Baliol, chamberlain, *would correspond with the sixteenth year of Alexander II.* The writers of the history of the Mackenzies assert also charters of David II. (1360) and of Robert II. (1380) to 'Murdo filius Kennethi de Kintail,' but without furnishing any description or means of testing their authenticity. *No such charters are recorded.*"

Alexander II. began to reign in 1214, so that the charter, according to this excellent authority, must have been signed and witnessed in 1230 —*thirty-three years before the battle of Largs was fought, and thirty-six years earlier than the actual date of the charter itself.* This, in the opinion of all reasonable men, will finally settle the question of the genuineness of a charter, which has been the main, indeed the only, support of any weight ever adduced in favour of the Irish origin of the Clan Mackenzie. We shall, however, quote the same authority still further, and show pretty conclusively, not only that at that early period no Fitzgerald, nor even a Mackenzie, was *the actual proprietor* of, although no doubt even then the latter was a very powerful chief in Kintail. "In 1292 the Sheriffdom of Skey, erected by King John Baliol, included the lands of the Earl of Ros in North Argail, a district which comprehended Kintail and several other large parishes in Ros.[1] Between 1306 and 1329, King Robert Bruce confirmed to the Earl of Ross all his lands, including North Argyll (Borealis Ergadia).[2] In 1342, William Earl of Ross, the son and heir of the deceased Hugh Earl of Ross, granted to Reginald, the son of Roderic (Ranald Rorisoune, or *MacRuairidh*) of the Isles, the ten davachs (or ten pennylands) of Kintail in North Argyle.[3] The grant was afterwards confirmed by King David II.[4] About the year 1346 Ranald was succeeded by his sister Amie, the wife of John of Isla.[5] Between the years 1362 and 1372 William Earl of Ross, the son and heir of the deceased Hugh Earl of Ross, exchanged with his brother Hugh of Rosse, lord of Fylorth, and his heirs, his lands of all Ergile, *with the Castle of Elandonan*, for Hugh's lands in Buchan.[6] In 1463 the lands of Kintail were held by Alexander Mackenzie."[7]

We are thus irresistibly driven to the conclusion that, if this charter be genuine, it must have been written when the witnesses whose names are upon it were in existence, about thirty years before Colin Fitzgerald

1. Acta. Parl. Scot., vol. i., p. 91.
2. Rob. Index, p. 16, No. 7; Register Moraviense, p. 342.
3. Rob. Index, p. 48, No. 1; p. 99; p. 100; No. 1.
4. Ibid. 5. Gregory, p. 27.
6. Balnagown Charters. 7. Gregory, p. 83.

crossed the Irish Channel, and, probably, several years before he was born. We have no doubt that the Mackenzies were in Kintail before 1463, although this appears to be the first authentic record of them in the district; but we are quite satisfied that they were there only as an important branch of the native and Gaelic Earls of Ross, closely related to them, and rapidly increasing in numbers, power, and influence. Even Dr George Mackenzie, who strongly maintains the Fitzgerald origin of the Clan, informs us that the Earl of Ross, in 1296, "sent a messenger to the Kintail men to send their young chieftain to him *as being his nearest kinsman by his marriage with his aunt.*" Before, however, beginning the general history of the Clan, we shall, in further support of the view here adopted, and we venture to assert now pretty well established, place Skene's conclusions before the reader.

In his "Highlands of Scotland" (pp. 223-5) he says:—"The Mackenzies have long boasted of their descent from the great Norman family of Fitzgerald in Ireland, and in support of this origin they produce a fragment of the records of Icolmkill, and a charter by Alexander III. to Colin Fitzgerald, the supposed progenitor of the family, of the lands of Kintail. At first sight these documents might appear conclusive, but, independently of the somewhat suspicious circumstance, that while these papers have been most freely and generally quoted, no one has ever yet seen the originals, the fragment of the Icolmkill record merely says that among the actors in the battle of Largs, fought in 1262, was 'Peregrinus et Hibernus nobilis ex familia geraldinorum qui proximo anno ab Hibernia pulsus apud regem benigne acceptus hinc usque in curta permansit et in praefacto proelio strenue pugnavit,' giving not a hint of his having settled in the Highlands, or of his having become the progenitor of any Scottish family whatever; while as to the supposed charter of Alexander III., it is equally inconclusive, as it merely grants the lands of Kintail to 'Colino Hiberno,' the word 'Hibernus' having at the time come into general use as denoting the Highlanders, in the same manner as the word 'Erse' is now frequently used to express their language: but inconclusive as it is, this charter cannot be admitted at all, as it bears the most palpable marks of having been a forgery of a later time, and one by no means happy in its execution.

"How such a tradition of the origin of the Mackenzies ever could have arisen it is difficult to say; but the fact of their native origin and Gaelic descent is completely set at rest by the Manuscript of 1450, which has already so often been the means of detecting the falsehood of the foreign origins of other Clans. In that MS., the antiquity of which is perhaps as great, and its authenticity certainly much greater than the fragments of the Icolmkill records, the Mackenzies are brought from a certain Gilleon Og, or Colin the younger, a son of 'Gilleon na h' Airde,' the ancestor of the Rosses."

The descendants of Gilleon na h' Airde have already been fully identified as the ancestors of the old Earls of Ross, and it therefore follows that the Mackenzies, whose descent from the same ancestor is also, we submit, incontestably established, must always have formed an integral part of the ancient and powerful native Gaelic tribe of Ross. All

historical records show that, until the forfeiture of the Lords of the Isles, the Mackenzies held their lands from the Earls of Ross, and invariably followed their banner in the field.

The first Chief of the Clan Kenneth who is known with any degree of certainty in history is Murdoch, son of Kenneth of Kintail, the "Murdo filius Kennethi de Kintail" already referred to as having obtained a charter from David II. as early as the year 1362, and that he lived about this time is confirmed by the MS. of 1450; for the last two generations named in it are found to be "Muiread ic Cainig," or Murdoch the son of Kenneth, after which it proceeds, as we have already seen—"Kenneth son of John, son of Kenneth, son of *Angus*, &c.; whereas the genealogy given in all our Peerages and by all our family historians would read—"Murdoch son of Kenneth, son of *Kenneth*, son of Kenneth, son of *Colin*." The only difference will be found in those names printed in *italics*.

In Skene's genealogy, from the MS. of 1450, we find *Angus* representing *Colin* Fitzgerald in the other; and *John*, a very common name among the Mackenzies, doing duty for *Kenneth* in the family genealogy. It would certainly appear strange (at any rate it is not of common occurrence) to have three Kenneths in immediate succession in the family; and the probabilities are in favour of the Gaelic genealogy, which gives us a John between two of the Kenneths; and as for Colin we think he has been already pretty satisfactorily disposed of as having had no connection with the family.

When mere tradition was the only authority to be depended upon, one Kenneth, more or less, could make no serious difference to those who, from time to time, recited the traditional family genealogy, so, on the whole, and considering all the *pros* and *cons*, we prefer the written authority, which gives a Kenneth and a John alternately, to the mere traditional record, which is so lavish with that from which the family name is derived as to supply us with three in immediate succession.

The craze for a foreign origin, which all the best authorities admit to have been almost universal among the Highland genealogists during the seventeenth century—which was indeed the creation of that period—and with which the Earl of Cromarty, the Laird of Applecross, and Dr George Mackenzie have been so strongly saturated, would not affect, in any material degree, their records of the general history of the Clan, beyond what was necessary to make it fit in with the Irish origin which they first brought into being, and stoutly maintained all along; and we shall, therefore, in giving the history of the various chiefs of Clan Kenneth, in addition to the information and different views which are founded on the results of modern historical research, draw upon a copy of the Laird of Applecross's MS., and others in our possession, in which the above-named genealogists and family historians are largely quoted.

We shall proceed with the History and Genealogies of the Chiefs of Kintail and Seaforth in their order, beginning with the first *Kenneth*, he being the one from whom the Clan name is derived; after which the various offshoots, beginning with the oldest cadet, will be treated, in the same manner, in their order of seniority.

It may be well to explain, at the outset, how the Clan name came to

be pronounced and written as we now have it. Mackenzie was originally *MacChoinnich*, and the second chief of the family would be designated, according to the manuscript of 1450, *Eoin*, or *Iain MacChoinnich—John*, the son of Kenneth. The Gaelic patronymic would, in that form, be unpronouncable to a non-Gaelic speaker, and the nearest that he could get to it would be *MacCoinni*, or MacKenny. In those days the letter "Z" possessed no sound or value different from the letter "Y." Indeed, in our own day we find it in many names simply doing duty in place of that accommodating letter, for we still find it quiescent in such names as Menzies, MacFadzean, and others—pronounced exactly, at anyrate by Scotsmen, as if the names were written with the letter "Y." The two, being of the same value, came to be used indiscriminately in the word Kenny or Kenzie; and the letter "Z" having, in later times, acquired a different and independent value, we now pronounce the name as if it were written Mackenzie.

(To be Continued.)

A VOICE FROM THE GLENS.

O! heard ye the wailing ascend from yon valley,
And float on the wind over mountain and glen?
'Tis the cry of a homeless and heart-broken people,
Who ne'er shall return to their country again.

For forth from their dwelling a tyrant has cast them,
And, heedless alike of their tears and their prayers,
He has left them to wander far over the billow,
Or sink in their struggles 'mid sorrows and cares.

In yonder dark valley their fathers, for ages,
Have lived and have died by the chiefs of their clan;
They have fought by their side in the wars of their country,
And loved them as only a Highlander can.

O! dark was the day when their gallant young chieftain
Was laid with the bones of his father to rest;
But darker and drearer, alas! was the dawning
Which snatched from the mother his babe at her breast.

His heritage passed to the hand of the stranger,
Who came from the south to the land of the brave,
And forth from their homes and their valleys he drove them
Far over the ocean to find them a grave.

Ah! this is the courteous and liberal Saxon,
Who ever in times of affliction is near!
Yet he drives from the dwellings and graves of their fathers
The noble and free to make room for his deer!

But woe to the land that thus casts from her bosom
Her bravest and best, in her prosperous hour;
The sons of the heroes that fought for her glory
She'll seek for in vain when her night sky doth low'r.

J. H. M.

ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY AND MODERN SUPERSTITIONS.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.

—o—

[Continued.]

Among the various spiritual beings to whom the credulity of mankind has given an imaginary existence, the Fairies occupy a prominent place, and are specially worthy of notice. The fairy is distinguished by one peculiarity, from every other being of a similar order. Other spirits, such as dwarfs, brownies, elves, and such like, are represented as deformed creatures, whereas the fairy is a beautiful miniature of "the human form divine." It is perfect in face, delightful in figure, and more of angelic than human appearance. These points of distinction, with generally a dress of bright green, mark the personal individuality of the fairy. The origin of the fairy superstition is ascribed to the Celtic race, hence in Ireland, the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and Wales, the fairies are even to this day believed by some to exist. They were usually called "good neighbours," "*Daoine-sithe*," men of peace, and yet, if offended, they became very inveterate in their spite. They readily kidnapped unbaptised children, and even adult men and women, particularly young married females to become nurses to the fairy children. They lived under ground, or in little green hills, where the royal fairies held their courts. In their palaces all was beauty and splendour. Their pageants and processions were far more magnificent than any that Eastern sovereigns could get up or poets devise. They rode upon milk-white steeds. Their dresses were brilliant beyond conception, and when they mingled in the dance, their music was more sublime by far than mortal lips or hands could ever produce. The fairy legends are so numerous and various that space will not allow us to enlarge on them, however interesting. From an early period every fairy annalist concurred in giving to the king and queen of the fairies the name of Oberon and Titania. Titania, though not under this name, figures in the tale of Thomas Lermont, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, one of the earliest traditions relative to the fairy tribe. Thomas was a distinguished poet and prophet, who lived near Melrose, and was proprietor of Erceldoune. The year of his birth is uncertain, but he was an old man when Edward I. was carrying on war in Scotland. His predictions long excited interest in his native country. The following adventure, handed down in the words of an ancient ballad, befell this individual on the Eildon hills, in Roxburghshire :—

True Thomas lay on Huntly bank,
A ferlie spied he with his e'e;
For there he saw a ladye bright
Come riding down by Eildon tree.

Her shirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka telt o' her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

The saddle of this visionary beauty's steed was of ivory, inlaid with gold.

She had a quiver of arrows at her back, with a bow in one hand, and the other led led three beautiful hounds in a leash.

True Thomas he pull'd off his cap,
And louted low down to his knee;
"All hail! thou mighty queen of heaven,
For thy peer on earth I ne'er did see!"

"O no! O no! Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belang to me;
I am but the queen of fair Elfland,
That am hither come to visit thee."

By some spell this fair queen made Thomas her slave. She became changed into a hideous hag, yet he was compelled to follow her. They entered a cavern, and after wading through pools of blood, in pitchy darkness for three days, they reached a beautiful orchard, where the lady resumed her former dignity and stateliness. She took him to a gorgeous castle, where he joined with lords, and knights, and ladies in dancing to the most exquisite music. At the end of what he thought a short time, the queen told him that he had been seven years in the castle, and that he might return home. On parting, she gifted him "with a tongue that could never lie." There are numberless such fairy legends, but one is enough for a specimen. Some of the poor creatures arraigned in Scotland for witchcraft admitted having had correspondence with the fairies. The trials of Bessie Dunlop in 1576, and of Alison Pearson in 1588, illustrate this statement. Bessie Dunlop avowed that the ghost of one Thomas Reid appeared to her—a soldier slain at Pinkie in 1547—that he took her to fairy-land, and introduced her to the queen. Alison Pearson also admitted her familiarity with the fairies, from whom she had received herbs for the cure of diseases. It is remarkable that Patrick Adamson, an able scholar and divine, who was created Archbishop of St Andrews by James VI., actually took the medicines prescribed by this poor woman, in the hope that they would transfer an illness with which he was seized to the body of one of his horses. These poor women were both convicted, and both were put to death at the stake. No doubt there are some in the Highlands and Islands who still believe in the existence of the fairy race. The "sithiche," or fairy, is the most active sprite in Highland mythology. It is a dexterous child-stealer, and must be carefully guarded against. At birth many covert and cunning ceremonies are still used to baffle the fairy's power, otherwise the new-born child would be taken off to Fairyland, and a withered, little, living skeleton of a child laid in its stead. If offended they are wantonly mischievous, and hurt severely, and perhaps kill with their arrows, such as annoy them. These arrows are of stone, like a yellow flint, and shaped like a barbed arrow-head. They are called "*saighdean-sithe*," or fairy arrows. These arrow-heads must have been extensively used in their warfares by the aboriginal people of these Isles (and not, of course, by the fairies), as they are still picked up here and there in the fields, and are all much of the same size and shape. In Skye, and in the Hebrides in general, the fairies dwelt in green knolls or hillocks, called "*Sitheanan*," and there is hardly a parish or district which has not its "*Sithean*," or fairy-hill. I knew an old man in Skye who died about thirty years ago, at the age of about 100, whose name

was Farquhar Beaton. He so firmly believed in fairies and other superstitions that in his "grace before meat" he prayed thus :—

O Thi bheannuichte, cum ruinn, agus cuidich leinn, agus na tuiteadh do ghras oirnn mar an t-uisge air druim a' gheoidh. An uair a bhios fear 'na eigin air gob rutha, cuidich fein leis; agus bi mu'n cuairt duinn air tir, agus maille ruinn. Gleidh an t-aosda agus an t-oga, ar mnathan agus ar paisdean, ar spreidh agus ar feudal, o chumhachd agus o cheannas nan sithichean, agus o mhi-run gach droch-shula. Bitheadh slighe reidh romhainn, agus crioch shona aig ar turas.

Which may be translated thus :—

O Blessed One, provide for us and help us, and let not thy grace fall on us like the rain-drops on the back of a goose. When a man is in danger on the point of a promontory at sea, do thou succour him; and be about us and with us on dry land. Preserve the aged and the young, our wives and our children, our sheep and our cattle, from the power and dominion of the fairies, and from the malicious effects of an evil eye. Let a straight path be before us, and a happy end to our journey.

I come now to say a little about the gross superstition of witchcraft, but merely give it a cursory glance, with a few examples, by way of illustration.

This superstition took its rise in the East, and at an early period of the world's history. It was regarded as the power of magical incantation through the agency of evil spirits. From an early era, it was pursued as a trade by crafty wretches, who played upon the weakness of their fellow-creatures. In ancient Rome there were many practitioners of this order, who took the character of conjurers and fortune-tellers, although, according to the Roman civil code, such practices were heinous crimes. This superstition seems to have approached its height about the end of the fifteenth century. In 1484, Pope Innocent issued a bull, in which he charged inquisitors to discover and destroy all such as were guilty of witchcraft. A commission was put into the hands of a wretch called *Sprenger* to punish all witches with death. He instituted a form of process called "*Malleus Maleficarum*," that is "A hammer for witches." The results of this process were dreadful. A panic fear of witchcraft took possession of society. Every one was at the mercy of his neighbour. Every misfortune or disaster, every sudden ailment or accident were attributed to witchcraft. Armed with his huge "*Malleus Maleficarum*," the judge had no difficulty in finding reasons for putting hundreds to death. The wretches were tortured in order to confess, and, to avoid these preliminary horrors, hundreds confessed all that they were accused of, and were forthwith led to execution. It has been calculated that, from the date of Pope Innocent's bull to the final extinction of these persecutions, no fewer than 100,000 were put to death in Germany alone. Witchcraft was first denounced in England in 1541, in the reign of Henry VIII. Previous to that time, however, many witch trials had taken place, and severe punishments were inflicted. Shakspere has made some cases of this nature familiar to us, and in particular that of the Duchess of Gloucester, who, for conspiring with witches against the life of Henry VI., was imprisoned for life. We are all familiar with the fearful account of the witches near Forres, in the tragedy of Macbeth. Queen Elizabeth, in 1562, directed a statute exclusively against witchcraft. Many sad instances are on record of the effects of this statute. In one remarkable case, three poor persons, an old man named Samuel, with his wife and daughter, were tried at Huntingdon

for having bewitched the children of a Mr Throgmorton. They were condemned on the 4th April 1593, and soon after executed. James I. of England, in the first year of his reign, published an Act making witchcraft a capital crime. The effects of this statute were fearful. In 1612, twenty persons were put to death at once at Lancaster; in 1622, six were executed as witches at York; in 1634, seventeen at Lancashire; in 1644, sixteen at Yarmouth, and fifteen at Chelmsford; and in 1645-6, sixty persons perished in Suffolk, and as many in Huntingdon. These are but a few selected cases. The era of the Long Parliament witnessed an immense number of executions for witchcraft. Three thousand persons are said to have perished during the sittings of that body for this alleged crime. One noted case occurred in 1664, when the enlightened and just Sir Matthew Hale tried and condemned two women, Amy Dunny and Rose Callender, at Bury St Edmonds, for bewitching the children of a carter there. This renowned judge committed these two women to the tender mercies of the hangman! The mania respecting witchcraft spread in time to Scotland, and acquired strong possession of the public mind in the reign of Queen Mary. An Act was passed by the Scottish Parliament for the punishment of witchcraft, but it tended more to confirm the people in their credulity than to extinguish the general delusion. In terms of this ill-judged Act, great numbers of persons, male and female, were charged with having intercourse with the wicked one, were convicted and burned on the Castlehill of Edinburgh, and elsewhere. I shall state a remarkable case of this kind, as recorded in the old Statistical Account of Scotland—the trial of two, William Coke and Alison Dick, at the village of Kirkcaldy in 1636. Evidence of course was produced, and they were burnt for witchcraft. The expenses for the burning of these miserable creatures fell half and half upon the town and on the kirk-session of the parish, and they are severally recorded in their minutes as follows:—"In primis.—To Mr James Miller, when he went to Prestowne for a man to try them, £2 7s (Scots money). Item.—To the man from Culross, the executioner, 12s. Item.—For coals for burning the witches, £1 4s. Item.—For purchasing the commission, £9 3s. Item.—For one to go to Finmouth for the Laird to sit upon their assize as Judge, 6s. Item.—For harden to be jumps to them, £3 10s. Item.—For making of the jumps, 8s. In all, £17 10s Scots, being the summa for the kirk-session's part. Next comes 'the town's part of expences deburst extraordinarily upon William Coke and Alison Dick.' Imprimis.—For ten loads of coals to burn them, 5 merks (£3 6s 8d). Item.—For a tar barrel, 14s. Item.—For towes, 6s. Item.—To him that brought the executioner, £2 18s. Item.—To the executioner for his pains, £8 14s. Item.—For his expenses here, 16s 4d. Item.—For one to go to Finmouth for the Laird, 6s. In all for the town, £17 1s; for both town and kirk-session, £34 11s Scots," which comes to £2 17s 7d sterling.

The mind of King James VI. was deeply impressed with the flagrant nature of the crime of witchcraft. Soon after his arrival from Denmark in 1590, to conduct his bride home, the Princess Anne, a tremendous witch conspiracy was formed against his Majesty's prosperity. One Mrs Agnes Sampson, commonly called "the wise wife of Keith" (a village of East-Lothian), was the principal agent in this horrible work. She was

summoned before the King, and in the words of her trial it is recorded: —"The said Agnes Sampson was after brought again before the King's Majestie and his council, and being examined of the meetings and detestable dealings of these witches, she confessed that upon the night of All Hallowe'en she was accompanied with a great many other witches, to the number of two hundred, and that all they together went to the sea, each one in a riddle or sieve, and went in the same very substantially with flaggons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way in the same riddles or sieves, to the Kirk of North Berwick, in Lothian, and that after they had landed, took hands on the land, and danced this reil, or short dance, singing all with one voice—

Cummer, goe ye before, Cummer, goe ye;
Giff ye will no go before, Cummer let me.

One Geillis Duncan did go before them, playing this reill upon a small trump until they entered the Kirk of North Berwick. These made the King in a wonderful admiration, and he sent for the said Geillis Duncan, who upon the like trump did play the said reill before the King's Majestie. Agnes Sampson declared that one great object with Satan and his agents was to destroy the King by raising a storm at sea when James came across from Denmark." Agnes said that "the witches demanded of the Divell, why he beare sic hatred to the King? who answered, by reason the King is the greatest enemie hee hath in the world." Such an eulogy, from such a quarter, could not but pamper the conceit of the easily flattered Scottish monarch!

But we had some cases in the north, which showed that witchcraft was not confined to the lower classes. Catherine Ross, or Lady Fowlis, was indicted by the King's advocate for the practice of witchcraft. She was anxious to make young Lady Fowlis possessor of the property of Fowlis, and to have her married to the Laird of Balnagown. Before this could be effected, Lady Fowlis had to cut off her sons-in-law, Robert and Hector Munro, and also the young wife of Balnagown. She proceeded to her deadly work by consulting with witches, making effigies of her intended victims in clay, and shooting at them with arrows, shod with elf-arrow-heads. I may explain the nature of these effigies of clay. Such parties as were intended to be doomed, or destroyed, were formed of clay into hideous figures, or rude statues larger than life-size. These were called "*cuirp-creadha*," or "bodies of clay." Once formed, incantations and spells were uttered over every "*corp-creadha*." Pins, nails, and feathers were pierced into them, and fairy arrows darted against them, with fearful oaths and imprecations. Such things Lady Fowlis resorted to for destroying the parties mentioned, but when all failed, this really abandoned woman had recourse to the poisoning of ales and certain dishes, by which she put several persons to death, though not the intended victims. By the confession of some of the assistant hags, the purposes of Lady Fowlis were disclosed, and she was brought to trial, but was acquitted by a local jury.

These disgraceful proceedings were not without their parallel in other distinguishied families of the day. Euphemia Macalzean, daughter of an eminent judge, Lord Cliftonhall, was burnt at the stake for witchcraft in

1591. This abandoned woman was found guilty by a jury for murdering her own godfather, as also her husband's nephew, and others. For all which Euphemia Maculzean is recorded to have been "burnt in assis, quick, to the death."

About the same time, the following were tried and condemned, viz. :—Bessie Roy, James Reid, Patrick Currie, Isabella Grierson, and Grizel Gardiner. The charges against them were, laying diseases on men and cattle, meetings with the wicked one in various shapes and places, raising dead bodies for enchantments, destroying crops, appearing to honest persons in the shape of cats, dogs, hares, and such like things. In the latter part of the reign of Charles I., the General Assembly of the Church took up the subject, and passed condemnatory Acts in 1640, '43, '44, 45, and '49, and with every successive Act the cases and convictions increased. At the beginning of the reign of Charles II., Morayshire became the scene of a violent fit of the great moral frenzy, and some of the most remarkable trials in the course of Scottish witchcraft took place in that county. The last justiciary trial for witchcraft in Scotland was the case of Elspeth Rule, who was convicted in 1708, and banished. The last regular execution for this crime took place in Dornoch in 1722, when an old woman was condemned to death by David Ross, Sheriff of Caithness. It is difficult to compute the number of the victims of witchcraft in Scotland, but attentive inquirers make out that the black list would include upwards of four thousand persons! And by what a fate did they perish? Cruelly tortured while living, and dismissed from life by a living death amidst the flames! And what for? For an impossible crime. And who were the victims, and who were the executioners? The victims, in most cases, were the aged, the weak, the deformed, the lame, and the blind—those, indeed, whom years and infirmities had doomed to poverty and wretchedness; yes, exactly that class of miserable beings for whom Acts of Parliament have now made comfortable provision—those unfortunate creatures for whose benefit our more enlightened rulers now provide houses of refuge, erect poorhouses like palaces, build large asylums, and endow charitable institutions of every kind. But who are the executioners? The wisest, the greatest, and the most learned of their time—men distinguished above their fellows for knowledge and intelligence—ministers of religion and of the law, kings, princes, and nobles. These, and such as these, judged of the crime, pronounced the doom, and sent the poor victims of delusion to the torture, the stake, and the scaffold!

It is rather remarkable that, as late as January 1871, a trial in regard to witchcraft took place at Newtonwards Quarter Sessions, in County Down, which is reported in the *Scotsman* newspaper of the 14th January of that year. The extract, cut from that paper, is as follows:—

SUPERSTITION IN COUNTY DOWN.—At the Newtonwards Quarter Sessions last week, Hugh Kennedy sued his brother John for payment of a sum alleged to be due to him for wages and other "services." What these services were is explained in the plaintiff's examination. He stated that his brother's house and land were frequented by witches, and that he had been employed to banish them. The witches did not belong to the "good people," and were maliciously inclined towards his brother—the consequence of which was that his land got into a bad condition, and his cows into a state of settled melancholy. There was a certain charm of great repute in the neighbourhood for putting to flight these unwelcome visitors; but it was only useful when properly applied

and performed, and no other person but plaintiff could be got to undertake the task. The method pursued was this: The plaintiff locked himself in the house alone; he stopped up the keyholes, closed up the windows, stuffed up the chimney, and, in fact, left no mode of egress to the unfortunate witches whom he was to summon into his presence. He then lit a fire and put a pot of milk on it, and into the pot he put three rows of pins and needles, which had never been sullied or contaminated by use. These he boiled together for half-an-hour, during which time the witches were supposed to be suffering the most excruciating tortures, and had at last to take to flight. They had never been seen or heard of since. The cows resumed their former healthy condition, and the land its wonted fertility. The case being of a rather "complicated" nature, it was left to arbitration. Subsequently, it was announced in court that the sum of 10s had been awarded to the plaintiff.

A belief in ghosts, spectres, and apparitions is a very ancient superstition, but in the meantime I must treat it briefly. A belief that the dead at times revisit the living has prevailed among most nations, especially in the rudest stages of society. It was a common belief among the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans, and the aboriginal inhabitants of the British Isles, as we know from the Scriptures, from the poems of Homer, Virgil, and Ossian. On innumerable occasions the gods are said to have discovered themselves to the eyes of mortals. When Æneas was fleeing from the destruction of Troy, he lost his wife, and returned in search of her. Her shade appeared to him (for she herself had been slain) with the same aspect as before, but her figure was larger. He attempted to clasp her in his arms, but the phantom immediately vanished into air. The ancients supposed every man to be possessed of three different ghosts, which were distinguished by the names of "Manes," "Spiritus," and "Umbra." The "Manes" went down into the infernal regions, the "Spiritus" ascended to the skies, and the "Umbra" hovered about the grave. Thus Dido (virg. Æn. IV., 386) threatened Æneas, after death, that she would haunt him with her "Umbra," whilst her "Manes" rejoiced in his torments below. Ghosts, or spirits, are said to appear only at night. The Jews believed that hurtful spirits walked at night. We have a proof of this in the conduct of the disciples on the Sea of Galilee. When the blessed Saviour approached them, walking on the tempestuous waves, they saw a figure in the dim distance, they became troubled and terrified, and cried "It is a spirit"—believing, no doubt, that what they had seen was some apparition foreboding evil, or perhaps some apostate spirit to do them injury. Many Highlanders still entertain a sort of superstitious fear that if they go forth alone at night, a "*taibhse,*" or ghost may meet them. They firmly believe that ghosts utter unearthly cries before some death. It is quite common to hear them say, "*Chual mi eigheach taibhse an nochd*" (I heard a ghost-cry to-night). Ossian, in his poems, frequently mentions the ghosts. In his Fingal he speaks of "*Taibhsean an t-sleibh*" (The ghosts of the moor). In his description of a night of dread storm he says—

Tha'n oidhche doilleir, duaichnidh,
Torman speur mar chreag troimh sgairnich,
Uillt a' beucadh, taibhsean a' screadail,
Is boisge teine tre 'n adhar bholg-dhubh.

Which may be translated—

The night is dark and dismal,—
The rumbling of the firmament like a rock through the debris,
Cataracts roaring, ghosts shrieking,
And flashes of fire through the dark hollow atmosphere.

Somewhat analogous to this is the very remarkable subject of "Second Sight," to which I shall now shortly allude.

Second Sight is called in Gaelic, *Taibhseireachd* (belonging to ghosts), which is the faculty of seeing otherwise invisible objects. This gift or faculty, which is neither voluntary nor constant, is considered rather annoying than agreeable to the possessors of it, who are chiefly found among the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, the Isle of Man, and Ireland. The gift was possessed by individuals of both sexes, and its fits came on within doors and without, sitting and standing, at night and by day, and at whatever employment the votary might chance to be engaged. The visions were usually about funerals, shrouds, the appearance of friends who were at the time in distant countries, the arrival of strangers, falls from horses, the upsetting of vehicles, bridal ceremonies, funeral processions, corpses, swamping of boats, drowning at sea, dropping suddenly dead, and numberless other subjects. This faculty had a striking resemblance to the Clairvoyance of the animal magnetists. Very astonishing cases might be mentioned of second sight, cases wherein it would appear impossible that either fraud or deception could exist. Martin, in his book on the Western Isles, alludes to many who were undoubtedly, in his belief, *Taibhsears*, or Seers; and even to this day this faculty is believed by many to exist. Dr Beattie ascribes it to the influence of physical causes on superstitious and unenlightened minds, such as the effects which wild scenery, interspersed with valleys, mountains, and lakes, have upon the imagination of the natives. Others maintain that it arose from optical illusions, and others from ignorance, the great mother of all superstitions. It is remarkable when Dr Samuel Johnson visited Skye in 1773, and had heard much about the second sight, that he gave credit to it, and expressed his surprise that it was disbelieved by the clergy, while many others were of a different opinion. If space permitted, many wonderful cases of second sight might be given, but one or two must suffice. It is traditionally stated that the execution of the unfortunate Queen Mary had been foreseen by many Highland seers, and had been previously described by them with extraordinary minuteness. King James alludes to it in his Demonology, and it was brought as a charge against various Shetland witches in that monarch's reign. Mackenzie of Tarbat, afterwards Earl of Cromarty, a talented statesman in the reign of Charles II., wrote some account of this strange faculty for the use of the celebrated Boyle. He gives one instance as follows :—One day as he was riding in a field among his tenants, who were manuring barley, a stranger came up to the party and observed that they need not be so busy about their crop, as he saw the Englishmen's horses tethered among them already. The event proved as the man had foretold, for the horses of Cromwell's army in 1650 ate up the whole field. A few years after this incident, before Argyll went on his fatal journey to congratulate King Charles on his restoration, he was playing at bowls with some gentlemen near his castle at Inveraray, when one of them grew pale and fainted as the Marquis stooped for his bowl. On recovering, he cried, "Bless me, what do I see? My lord with his head off, and all his shoulders full of blood." The late General Stewart of Garth, in his sketches of the Highlanders, relates a very remarkable

instance of second sight which happened in his own family. His words are these:—"Late on an autumnal evening in the year 1773, the son of a neighbouring gentleman came to my father's house. He and my mother were from home, but several friends were in the house. The young gentleman spoke little, and seemed absorbed in deep thought. Soon after he arrived, he inquired for a boy of the family, then about three years of age. When shown into the nursery, the nurse was trying on a pair of new shoes, and complained that they did not fit the child. 'They will fit him before he will have occasion for them,' said the young gentleman. This called forth the chidings of the nurse for predicting evil to the child, who was stout and healthy. When he returned to the party he had left in the sitting-room, who had heard of his observation on the shoes, they cautioned him to take care that the nurse did not derange his new talent of the second sight, with some ironical congratulations on his pretended acquirement. This brought on an explanation, when he told them that as he had approached the end of a wooden bridge near the house, he was astonished to see a crowd of people passing the bridge. Coming nearer, he observed a person carrying a small coffin, followed by about twenty gentlemen all of his acquaintance, his own father and mine being of the number, with a concourse of the country people He did not attempt to join, but saw them turn off to the right, in the direction of the churchyard, which they entered. He then proceeded on his intended visit, much impressed with what he had seen, with a feeling of awe, and believing it to have been a representation of the death and funeral of a child of the family. The whole received perfect confirmation in his mind, by the sudden death of the boy the following night, and the consequent funeral, which was exactly as he had seen. This gentleman was not a professed Seer. This was his first and his last vision, and, as he told me," says General Stewart, "it was sufficient." Just two other examples on this subject.

A very remarkable instance of supernatural vision happened a good many years ago, in a landed proprietor's house in Skye. On a certain evening, probably that of New-Year's Day, a large party of neighbouring ladies and gentlemen, with the youngsters of their families, had been invited to enjoy certain harmless festivities at this proprietor's house, the lady of which had been absent at the time in the south, but her sons and daughters were at home to entertain the happy guests. After dinner, the junior members of the party retired to the drawing-room to amuse themselves. A quadrille was set agoing, but before it had commenced, the figure of a lady glided along the side-wall of the room, from end to end, and was seen by several of those opposite to it. "My mother! My mother!" screamed one of the young ladies of the family, and fainted. The vision put a sudden termination to the hilarities of the evening; but the most snrprising fact was, that at the very time of the vision's appearance, the lady of the house had died in a city in the south.

In the lately published life of Lord Brougham, mention is made of a remarkable vision which his Lordship had in the bathroom of some hotel at which he resided on the Continent. His Lordship distinctly saw the appearance or figure of a young friend and class-fellow of his own, who had been for many years in the East Indies, and who died there at the very time when his Lordship saw the vision.

(To be Continued.)

THE DOOM OF DUNOLLY.

By William Allan.

III.

Away, and away! with the speed of the wind,
Each headland, each creek, and each cranny she knew;
Lismore's verdant island was left far behind,
And distant Dunolly loomed darkly in view.
Away shot her skiff, but away to the west
Kerrera's dark rocks she was driving upon;
Yet boldly thro' Etive's wild tide-rush she pressed,
But 'mid its strong eddies her course was unknown.
Undaunted and tireless she pulled at the oars,
Undaunted and fearless the breakers' deep lay
She heard 'mid Kerrera's wild treacherous shores,
And watchful and wary she kept on her way.
A vague terror seized her, Dunolly she passed,
And marked she its tow'r slowly moving astern;
The gloaming gave place to night's darkness at last,
And landmarks, erst known, she could dimly discern.
The lone herald star of the evening appeared,
In pale silvern modesty's beauty serene;
While down in the east o'er the cloud edges peered
The halo that ushered Night's full-beaming Queen,
Then leapt every star from its holy repose,
As choristers sweet in the heavens above
Their bright, joyous anthems of glory arose
In soft trembling beauty, in homage of love.
On, on! and still on! to the westward she sped,
And cold dawning fear filled her bosom with awe—
That awe which unnerves us, and fills us with dread,
And makes us a slave to its pitiless law.
The night mists descended from lofty Ben More,
And rolled as a cloud on the breast of the deep;
Weird sounds rose anon—now behind, now before,
And floating sea-gulls wildly screamed in their sleep.
The conflict of currents hissed loud to the skies,
And heightened the waves that in anger arose,
Around her frail skiff their wan, death-gleaming eyes
Oft peered at the maiden and laughed at her woes.
The terror of death filled her soul with despair,
She shivered and wept as a motherless child;
She gazed to the heavens, she shrieked a heart pray'r
In accents of agony fearfully wild.
Hark! hark! o'er the deep came a sound; can it be
Her prayer is answered? that succour is nigh?
The harsh creak of oars on the mist-laden sea
Came nearer! came clearer! and filled her with joy.

A voice from the darkness was heard! she replied—
The moments seemed hours that would ne'er have an end;
She marked through the mist a boat's faint shadow glide,
And heard the "Halloo!" of a fast-nearing friend.
Invisible hands flung unerring a rope,
Its swift-gliding folds seemed the answer she craved,
'Twas clutched with the frenzy of fast-dying hope,
And consciousness fled as the maiden was saved!
Macdougall's grim chieftain was restless this night,
He stood on his ramparts, he watched, and he mourned;
His henchman and clansmen, with fleet-footed might,
Had sought her afar, but despairing returned:
They sought her in chamber, they sought her in cot,
They searched Etive's shore, they scoured valley and heath;
Their slogan pealed far, but an answer came not,
And filled was each breast with forebodings of death.
Macdougall's grim chieftain stalked thro' his lone halls,
Despair's moody silence o'ershadowed his face,
The voice of the night wind in ominous calls,
Seemed chanting a dirge for the doom of his race.
He started, he wept, then he laughed and he scowled,
Then motionless stood gazing down on the floor;
He quivered with terror as dismally howled
The stag hound that kept his night-watch at the door.
Mysterious footsteps he heard as they moved,
Strange beings appeared but to vanish again;
Ah! little he knew that the daughter he loved
Was safe in the halls of his foe, The Maclean!

IV.

There was a time, a long, long time ago,
When Duart's halls resounded to the flow
Of minstrel harmony, of dance, and song,
Of mirth, and glee, from clansmen old and young;
When Duart's chief could muster at his word
A thousand doughty champions of the sword—
A thousand plaided men whose only faith
Was—Love the Chief, and fear no foe or death.
No other aspirations filled them then,
Save to be reckoned as heroic men;
Their hearts were fraught with burning warlike zeal,
Their frames were iron, and their sinews steel.
On scanty fare as hardy men they grew,
Nor Luxury's effeminacy knew;
Their cots and fields were theirs to reap and sow,
They felt not want—ah! *now* it is not so.
They loved their chief for honour and for name,
And freely shed their blood to guard his fame.
The chief loved them with patriarchal care,
Knew all their sorrows, heard each plaint or pray'r,

And, as a father 'mid his children dear,
He lived beloved, and honoured without fear.
Untainted thus, with no Ambition's pride,
In Nature's happiness they lived and died.
See Duart now! a shapeless ruin lies,
Its crumbling, moss-grown stones around arise;
Time's silent chisels have fell havoc spread,
The wreck is here, cold, desolate, and dead.
The moaning sea around the headland sweeps,
And o'er the rocks in fretful surges leaps,
Or wanders tim'rously around the bay,
Where oft the black-prowed oaken galleys lay;
The eerie wind within the ruin raves,
And shrilly whistles o'er the warriors' graves;
The grasses bend 'neath the uncertain blast,
As Nature's mourners for a glorious past.
No sound is heard, no wand'ring footstep seen,
Decay's weird silence lords it o'er the scene;
The night bats dart from out the chinky walls,
And ghostly owlets own the roofless halls;
The gloomy spirits of a valiant race
Seem stalking ever round the lonely place,
And 'neath the full moon's wan, unearthly light
Seem must'ring as of yore for raid or fight,
Unto the mournful pibroch of the wind
That dies, and leaves a deeper hush behind.
Ah me! 'twas here the Hector of my tale
Drew his first breath, and poured his infant wail;
Here his young lips drew with a lover's zest
His future valour from his mother's breast;
Here his young eyes beheld with fond delight
The shining, steely panoply of fight.
His chubby hands oft vigorously essayed
To lift, with shouts, the old paternal blade;
A dirk and shield were his infantile toys,
Their rattling din the source of childish joys.
The ancient dame, endowed with second-sight,
Foretold his future as a chief of might;
The hoary bards would on him wond'ring gaze,
And croon to him their stirring battle lays;
The smiling clansmen would with loving scan
Applaud the antics that bespoke the man,
And gath'ring round their fair-haired future lord,
They taught him early how to wield a sword,
And bend a bow with steady hand and eye,
Until the shafts would all unerring fly;
And scale the rugged heights devoid of fear,
Or track with wary steps the watchful deer;
To pull an oar, or tend a shortened sail,
When burst the fury of a sudden gale.

Beneath tuition such as this he grew—
Skilled in the various arts the clansmen knew,
Till daring Hector stood unmatched at length
For feats of arms, agility, and strength.
The wolf that roamed the shores of Golla Dhu
He tracked unto his lair and singly slew.
He fought the eagle on the giddy crest,
And conqu'ring, bore the eaglets from their nest;
The prowling foe, on sudden, nightly raid,
Were vanquished oft beneath his foremost blade;
In skirmishes upon the mainland shore,
His skilful prowess oft the victory bore;
His doughty deeds were whispered far and wide,
And bards and maidens sang of them with pride,
Till 'mid the Isles his warlike name was spread,
And foemen feared the men by Hector led.
Proud was the father of his chief-like boy,
The gentle mother's only hope and joy;
His well-knit frame of perfect, manly mould,
At once the leader and the warrior told.
A calm determination lit his face,
And gave his mien an awe-commanding grace;
In judgment cool, in wary caution skilled,
His looks and gestures confidence instilled;
His eye, in peace, beamed with a kindly glow,
But fiercely flashed when told a tale of woe—
The heart that beat within his tartaned breast
Was swift to help the weak or the oppressed.
Untouched as yet by Love's absorbing flame,
It felt not aught save the parental claim,
As 'mid his clansmen's homes he freely roved,
The maidens gazed, and as they gazed they loved.
Thus Hector lived, and spent his youthful years,
A lordly prince amid his mountaineers;
By all who knew him loved, adored, revered,
By every foeman in encounter feared.—
Not so his fierce hereditary foe
Macdougall's chief, who longed his hate to show;
Incensed to hear of Hector's rising fame,
His breast was filled with jealousy and shame.
Long in the west as Lorn's unconquered lord,
He awed the chieftains by his cruel sword:
In raid or foray, or in deeds of blood,
His wild and lawless clan the foremost stood;
Nor could he brook to know some chiefs had sued
Alliance with the clan he had subdued.
To guard his pow'r, which seemed upon the wane,
His dark heart planned a conflict with Maclean.

(To be Continued.)

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By Alastair Og.

—o—

[Continued.]

The gauger, seeing his fowling-piece in Eachainn's possession, who was running as if a lion were at his heels, naturally concluded that he had run off with it.

"Stop, thief!" shouted he, at the top of his voice, "stop, ye confounded Hielan' cateran! how fast the vagabond runs; gude's me, he is already out of sight. Haud there, ye scamp, ye traitorous reever ye!"

Out of breath with his own indignant exertions, Gillespie turned to mount his *gearran*. That sagacious beast, however, considered the whole thing as an arrangement for his own especial benefit, and whenever his would-be rider approached to mount, would edge off, and trot to a little distance, and then quietly graze, until poor Gillespie would again get close to him, when the same little performance would be repeated. All this was naturally very provoking, and added intense bitterness to the gauger's other reflections.

He now eagerly followed Eachainn on foot, but in such a chase he was no match for the fleet-footed Highlander.

The day was hot, the moor boggy, and his great-coat, which he still clung to, as if it were a part of his nature, was very heavy. "The scoundrel!" he muttered, as he plodded wearily along, "the bare-legged rascal, to rob me of my gun in open day on the King's highway; but I'll have him by the heels for it, as sure as there's letters of horning and caption to be had in Scotland; aye, he shall hang as high as Haman, if there's a tree in all the island—but I doot there's nane. It's ower vile for even a tree to make a gallows of to grow in it. Then I doot after a' if the law can make much of the case, seeing that this canna be said to be the highway. The rascal has not absolutely put me in bodily fear either, except fear of losing my gun. No, I doot I canna hang him, and to transport him from such a slough of despond, would only be conferring an acceptable obligation on the young thief."

Thus he hurried on, lamenting his loss, until his further progress was interrupted by a stream, or burn, that ran gurgling between mossy banks fringed with junipers and dwarf rowans. There the worthy man stood panting and blowing for about a minute, when some yards below him, at a shallower part of the burn, kneeling at the water's edge, and gulping in the pure element, he beheld the runaway Highlander.

The gauger's anger was, however, considerably mollified on seeing no effort on the part of Eachainn to continue his flight, and also by seeing his gun lying safely on a dried part of the bank. "Ye villain," he exclaimed, clutching his fowling-piece, "and have I caught you at last!"

The Highlander, without answering, took another copious draught of the limpid stream, then washed his wounded foot, on which was distinctly visible, the marks of the viper's fangs.

Gillespie, too, observed that notwithstanding his warm race, the lad looked deadly pale. The latter, now slowly rising, expressed with rueful tone and looks his hope "that he had got to the water before her."

"Before me! faith, that ye did; and you deserve to be hanged for it too, ye thieving loon. Why did you run awa' that gait!"

"Och, sir!" groaned the other, "can you be telling me where the baiste is?"

"Beast? what beast, ye idiot? I ken only one on the moor besides yon brute that is now feeding up there. I should'nt wonder if he took it into his head to run off with the rest of my property."

"No, no, sir; the *nathair!* the *nathair!* we'll shust be going back to be look for her."

"Gude's me, but I begin to think after a' that the puir chiel's demented," observed the other, with a look of pity.

At length, with an appearance of great anxiety, the lad, accompanied by the exciseman, returned to the spot from which they had started, where, writhing in the agonies of death, from the blow the former had instinctively, but almost unconsciously, given it, lay the snake or *nathair*. It was only now that the gauger began to comprehend what had happened to his guide. When Eachainn saw the snake on the spot where he had left it, now quite dead, his joy became as great as previously had been his dejection.

"Ah, sir!" he said, turning to the other, "its all right, and I'm shust quite safe."

"Pray how is that?" returned the stranger, "I should like to know by what process of reasoning ye make that out?"

"I'll shust be telling you, sir. You see if a body will be stung by a *nathair*, and if they'll be clever to the water, and drink of it before the *nathair* (and she'll be very clever at running herself too), the mans will be quite better, and the *nathair* will die and burst; but if the *nathair* will be get to the water first, then the mans will die and burst."

"And do you believe all this nonsense?"

"It's shust quite true, sir; and I'll be always believing it; and may be I'll be forgiven, I hope t'was not for joking you about my smelling oot the birds, that this judgment was coming on me; but as you was mocking me about making the guns, I thocht it was no harm to mock you too."

"And so that was all a sham, about your pointing at the birds, was it?"

"Yes, sir," said Eachainn, with an abashed look.

"But ye dinna think I was such a fule as to believe you, eh?"

"I cannot tell that, sir," replied the other, a smile stealing over his lips, though he tried to prevent it.

"Hout, man!" said the gauger, but not without a *leetle* twinge of conscience, "I saw through the trick the whole time, but I had a mind to humour you, just to see how far you would go. But, friend, was it your belief in havers about vipers bursting, and a' that sort of stuff, that sent you scouring awa' to the burn's side in sic' haste?"

"Surely, sir; I'll be running for my life when the baiste will stung me."

"Hoot, toot, man, but you need not have taken my gun with you; *that* hadna been stung, and wouldna have bursted had the beast, as you call it, drank all the water in Coruisg."

"Och! sir, I was shust forgot the gun, I'll be so frightened, but the running saved my life, for the *nathair* is shust quite dead."

"Yes, man, but it is not bursted."

"But she'll burst by and bye, and she'll be making a noise as big as your gun, so peoples say, but I'll never was hearing her myself."

"Weel, weel, friend, I'll believe a' the rest of your story when the reptile bursts, but not till then. As for the creature's death, I daur to say you gave it a good clout over the head with the gun, which you had in your hand, for it does not take much, I believe, to kill them."

"I'll not be doing that at all, that I know of," said Eachainn, "and may be if I had, it'll be the worst for me and for you as well."

"How so, man?"

"'Cause I might shust struck her on the tail instead of her head, and then she'd jump up ever so high, and then she'll be come down, more deadly than she'll be before. Ye need not be shaking your head, sir; its shust quite true; but we must be clever, for we'll be having a long way to go before we'll come to Dunvegan. I must do shust one thing first, if you please."

So saying, Eachainn pulled out his clasp knife, and proceeded with great deliberation to cut off the head of the viper, and then he divided the body into five equal parts.

"I doot," muttered the gauger, with a look of disgust, "I doot he is going to cook it! Ugh, it's quite awfu'."

The honest man's apprehensions were, however, somewhat premature, for after hewing the reptile to pieces, as described, Eachainn cut with his knife six holes in the turf, into each of which he put a bit of the snake, and filling up the hole again, stamped down these viperine graves with his heel.

"Indeed, friend, I think you have taken a good deal of unnecessary trouble in giving that reptile Christian burial."

"No, no," answered Eachainn, "I'll be thinking of the lives of other peoples, and their hells too."

"And what can your hacking away at yon reptile have to do with the health or lives of others, friend Donald?"

"I tell you again, sir, my name is Eachainn, and no Donald, and I'll no be wondering that you don't know about this, for the southeron *Duine-uasal*, she'll often not be knowing the things that the poor Highlander herself'll be knowing all aboot."

"And prythee what good is there in your wasting twenty minutes in cutting up aud burying a snake?"

"As you'll be a stranger, sir," said Eachainn, after he had succeeded in catching the traveller's nag for him, which the other mounted, and

trotted on in the path pointed out to him, "as you'll be a stranger, sir, I must be of good manners, and shust be telling you the things you'll not know yourself. I may tell you that if you'll not be cutting a *nathair* in five pieces, besides her head, she'll be sure to come alive again, and bigger and more stronger than she'll was before, and if you'll be leaving the pieces on the ground, they'll shust be creeping together again and join. Sometimes her head will join where her tail was before, and her tail in the place her head was before, and then she'll be shust awful, worst than she'll be before twenty times. But that'll not be all we'll be burying them for. If the bits of the *nathair* will be left on the ground, in the sun and in the moonlight, they'll turn into awful bad and great big flies, dark green and yellow, with spots like the *nathair* herself, and they'll be so poison that when they touch a mans or a baiste, there will come a cancer, which no doctor can cure."

While thus speaking, Eachainn began to grow very pale, his voice trembled, and at last, sitting down on the heather, he groaned aloud.

"Why, my poor fellow, what's the matter with you?" kindly enquired the exciseman.

"I doot, sir," said Eachainn in a feeble tone, "I doot, sir, the sting of the *nathair* has been stronger on me than I'll be thinking, I'm shust crippled, sir, and my leg is stiff and sore like, and I'm sick, sick at my heart." Poor Eachainn, in finishing these words, attempted to rise, but immediately staggered, and fell down insensible.

The gauger, greatly disconcerted, threw himself from his steed with such alacrity that he almost overturned the *gearran*, as well as himself. "What!" he exclaimed. "Hoot, toot, man, never give way; 'tis but a dwam, puir fellow, puir fellow! His jaw drops just like Fraser, the supervisor, when Red Chisholm, the smuggler, stuck his dirk into his doup. If the lad should die here, and no one but me with him, why what would folk say? Gude save us! how swelled his leg is, and all black and green; 'tis fearsome; would to heaven I were weel out o' the scrape, or had never entered the vile country!" Here, however, a bright idea struck the alarmed traveller, and hastily going to the bundle suspended from the right horn of the *strathair*, he hurridly turned over its miscellaneous contents, until he found his whisky flask, which he uncorked, and poured with a trembling hand, for fear of the remedy being too late, a good portion of the liquor down the throat of the unconscious Highlander. The stimulus was powerful. The fainting man, in spite of himself, gave a desperate gulp, which caused some of the spirit to enter his windpipe, consequently the first symptoms of returning animation on the part of Eachainn was a succession of hideous gasping. For fully two minutes he chocked and coughed, until the bewildered gauger feared he had done for him in earnest. At length, to his unspeakable relief, Eachainn opened his eyes, and getting the use of his tongue once more, he most zealously and piously recommended the Southron to the good offices of his Majesty, *Domhnull Dubh*. As he, however, spoke in his native tongue, Gillespie could not appreciate the extent of the kindness intended for him. The first use Eachainn made of his hands was, with the left he gently scratched the bitten foot, and with the right he took the flask

from the still confused gauger, and taking a good pull at the contents, again attempted to rise, but found he was unable to walk. On perceiving this, the gauger insisted on his mounting behind him. The *gearran*, however, apparently resenting that *his* consent had not been asked to the new arrangement, gave a sharp smarting neigh, and commenced to back. These hostile demonstrations on the part of the pony were not at all displeasing to Eachainn, who thought that if the *gearran* continued restive, he might have him all to himself. He accordingly kept giving sly kicks with his uninjured foot in the animal's groin. The consequence was that every moment the pony became more indignant and unmanageable; but the gauger, recollecting that he was in his Majesty's service, strove to maintain his position with the becoming dignity due to that office. He pulled hard at the *taod*, but finding that of no use, he followed the example of honest John Gilpin, and grasped the animal's mane with both hands, receiving, through every kick-up of the pony, sore thumps from the *strathair*, which caused him much uneasiness. Eachainn, holding on "like grim death," continued teasing the *gearran*, at the same time pretending to coax him by saying "Sheo! sheo!" The pony heeded neither that, nor the "Huish! huish!" of the exciseman, but kept kicking, prancing, and rearing with a zeal and energy worthy of a better cause. The commotion at length ended by the gauger tumbling over the animal's head.

Eachainn, beginning to think that he had carried the joke too far, dismounted, and seeing the discomfited Southeron lying at full length without moving, in his turn became frightened. At this trying moment he bethought him of the specific, which had proved so useful in his own case. He had no difficulty in finding the flask, and was about to administer a dose, when the gauger, who had been only a little confused at his sudden fall, got on his feet, but nothing would induce him to remount, so Eachainn rode at his ease, while the annoyed gauger stalked along with long strides, cordially abusing the country, its moors, its *gearrans*, and its whisky. The shades of evening began to lengthen, and the scene gradually changed, our travellers began to leave the heathery moor behind, and enter on arable land, with patches here and there under cultivation, chiefly oats and potatoes, while an occasional cow grazing, or horse tethered, showed them that they were approaching their journey's end.

All at once they heard the peculiar note of the corn-crake, or, as it is called in Gaelic, *trian-ri-trian*. The gauger, always anxious to show off his skill as a marksman, began to handle his fowling-piece. Eachainn looked on with evident uneasiness, and at last said "Surely, surely, sir, you'll not be going to shoot *her?*"

"And why not, my friend?"

"What, sir! shot a *trian-ri-trian!* it's shust awful to think on."

"And what is the great harm of shooting such a blethering, craiking thing as that?"

"The harm, sir! why, she'll be a sacred bird; I'd as soon think of shooting a cuckoo herself, as to be doing the *trian-ri-trian* any hurt! She'll be different to any other bird, and when she'll cry, she'll be lying on her back, with her feets lifted up to the sky, and the sky would fall down if she'll not be doing that."

"Well, I must have a shot at him, even if the firmament were to come about our ears in consequence," and so saying, our sportsman took his usual kneeling shot, and getting a good and near level, fired, when a handful of flying feathers evinced the success of the shot.

The gauger ran to the spot, and Eachainn on the pony trotted after him, but on coming up they could see no bird, or no evidence of the shot having taken effect. Eachainn looked suddenly aghast.

"What can the gommeril be staring at now?" exclaimed the disappointed gauger.

"Och! sir," groaned Eachainn, in great agitation, "the *Tàsg!* the *Tàsg!*"

"The what? you dumb-founded idiot!"

"I'll tell you, sir," replied the Highlander, with great solemnity, "the *Tàsg*, she'll shust be a death bird, and the warning 'll never fail to come true—'tis awful, 'tis shust awful!"

"Weel, confound me," said Gillespie, who was now tired and heated, and panting with his exercise, "confound me if I can make out the creature. He's no wanting in gumption either, but what havers are these he has got in his noddle?" Then addressing his companion, he said, "Weel, now, I have listened to all your nonsense, and now you must tell me in plain words what you mean by all this blether and talk about your *trian-ri-trian*, and your *Tàsg*."

To this appeal Eachainn did not reply for some minutes, but dismounting, he hobbled up the best way he could to the very spot where the bird had stood when shot at, and picking up the few feathers that had been started, stood looking at them with an anxious expression, amounting almost to horror. Then turning to the gauger, he replied, in a voice broken with agitation:—"I thocht, sir, that everybody know that the *Tàsg* is a spirit bird, and she'll always be coming to the mans when they'll be going to die. She'll come different to peoples. Old Murdo Urquhart, the fisherman, saw her shust like a grey gull, and that very night he took ill, and died in two or three days. And Barabal N'ic Ivor, she'll be the bonniest lassie in the place, saw the *Tàsg* shust like a beautiful white dove, and surely poor Barabal she'll knew she'll be going to die, so she made her death shift, and indeed it was very soon she was wearing it. The *Tàsg* 'll always be coming in the gloamin', she'll fly low and slow like, and she'll no make any noise with her wings, but if you'll shoot at her, you'll shust get nothing but a small handful of feathers." Here the guide paused a moment, and looking first at the feathers he held in his hand, and then in the face of the gauger, he continued, "I'll be thinking, sir, that you'll no be living very long. I am shust afraid the *Tàsg* will be coming to you like a *Trian-ri-trian*. Oh, sir! indeed I'll be very sorry for you, surely, surely."

"Look to yourself, man. You say it is my *Tàsg*, but I don't see how you make that out; why should'nt it be your *Tàsg* as well as mine?"

"Mine, sir!" exclaimed Eachainn, "No, no; I did not shoot her. If you'll shoot her, she'll be your own *Tàsg* surely, and nobody's else, and she'll be shust like a *Duine-uasal's Tàsg*, a long-legged bird, and she'll

shust come like the Southeron, at certain times, and then she'll shust speak a *craik, craik* kind of talk, and that'll no be Gaelic; it'll be the Gaelic that the mavis and the blackbird will be speaking. A lad like me will no get a gran' *Tàsg* like her. Oh! no, a crow, or a duck, or a *sgarbh*, is more like what I'll be getting."

The gauger, seeing the anxiety of Eachainn to decline the honour of the *Tàsg*, was commencing to rally him about it, but in the earnestness of their conversation, they had not observed the change in the appearance of the weather which had been gradually taking place; their attention was now, however, called to it by feeling some heavy drops of rain, and they soon saw that a severe storm was looming. They ceased talking, and used their breath and energies to better purpose by hurrying forward as fast as they could. In spite of their utmost exertions, the storm soon overtook them, and in half an hour they were both drenched to the skin. Eachainn took it very philosophically, for to the well-developed, hardy "son of the mist," an occasional shower-bath was no hardship. He was too well acquainted with nature in all her changing moods to care much when she frowned. But the poor, town-bred gauger was in a pitiable plight, as he plodded along in a most unenviable state of body and mind, vowing he should catch his death of cold. In about an hour and a half, they arrived, to the intense relief of Gillespie, at the hamlet of Dunvegan, and gladly availed themselves of the hospitality of *Somhairle Dubh*, at the hostelrie, or change house of the village.

(To be Continued.)

CELTIC LITERATURE—Logan's Scottish Gael *for Half Price.*—A few copies of this learned and well-known work, published a few months ago, by Hugh Mackenzie, Inverness, in two vols., 8vo, cloth, at 28s, can now be supplied new from the *Celtic Magazine* Office at 14s, or *half price;* by post, 15s. No library is complete without this work, which we cannot describe better than in Logan's own words, from the title page:—"The Scottish Gael; or Celtic manners, as preserved among the Highlanders; being an historical and descriptive account of the inhabitants, antiquities, and national peculiarities of Scotland, more particularly of the northern, or Gaelic, parts of the country, where the singular habits of the aboriginal Celts are most tenaciously retained. By James Logan, F.S.A.S." Edited with Memoir and Notes, by the Rev. Alex. Stewart of Ballachullish—the "Nether-Lochaber" correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*. This is a rare opportunity for Celtic students and others whe take an interest in Highland customs and peculiarities. Application should be made at once to secure copies.

Books Received.—Part III. of Mr Sinclair's "Oranaiche," or Gaelic Songster, and "Eolas agus Seoladh air son Luchd Euslainte," by Dr Black, Poolewe.

THE BONNIE EARL OF MORAY.

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THE *Monadh-liath* mountains are an elongated group of lofty and rugged heights, running in a line parallel to the *Gleann Mor Na h-Albainn*, in the centre of the southern division of Inverness-shire.

They rest on a dreary, heathy moor, are comparatively flowing in their outlines, unbroken in their declivities, and free from very rugged and jagged precipices. They embosom extensive glens, the feeding places of shaggy cattle; there are great slopes on which flocks of sheep pasture, and they contain dreary solitudes where only the grouse and the ptarmigan, the roe and the red deer, are to be found.

Far, far and high upon those mountains, on the side of one of its vast slopes, in a hollow more green than brown, a little burnie commences its existence in a spongy bit of brown ground, covered over with plants bearing white flowers—the Cannach of similar scenes. At first, says one of the best of word painters of his day, you can see nothing of a rill—it is only a slyke. But a little way onward the slyke begins to assume the form and movements of a rill, and you may see it stealing along under the covering grass, in a thread so slender that the fairies might step over it at night and never know it was there.

It is indeed a wild solitude, and few signs of living things are to be seen therein, save perhaps a hoody crow or two that come here now and then to have a little quiet conversation with their neighbours on the subject-matter of braxy, dead lambs, and suchlike windfalls. A very infant is the burnie as yet, and very much more like a sleeping than a waking infant; you might lay your ear down to it without hearing sounds greater than the murmurings through the roots of the grass, like the breathings of a baby in the cradle, and like the baby also giving an occasional flashing glance at the sun-ray which steals down to see how it is getting on.

By and bye, however, it begins to grow, and first crows in audible murmurs, then becomes more noisy and more active, and leaps over the little pebbles that lie in its way, as if it had acquired a taste for fun, and were determined to indulge it.

As it increases in strength, it increases it antics, but all this time it is enjoying itself its "leefie lane," like many another baby born and brought up in the wee cot house of its shepherd parents, under the shadow of some great mountain, or on the banks of some lonely lake—far, far away from human ken. There is not a soul at hand to witness its pranks; the very rushes that grow by the little stream get leave to grow as long as they will, nor are they tortured and plaited into rashen whips, and caps, and buckies—there is not a bairn within ten miles to pull them.

Our burnie flows on in solitude till it has formed its little stream path and has reached the base of a knoll on which was once a herd's house—a green and sheltered spot. People lived in it for years, and were well acquainted with our burnie at this stage of its course; but they have long since left the place, some of them and their descendants crossed the ocean,

and have made a home for themselves in other lands, and the seniors lie in the green graveyard far down the valley.

Regardless of these changes, the burnie goes on in many windings and turnings among the hills, quite happy in its companionless journey, hopping and jumping as it goes, and occasionally breaking out into a little song, though there is not a single bird to reply by an answering carrol—for we are yet far above the regions of birds and bushes—shining bright in the sunshine; there is not a single speck to dim its purity—the very pebbles are purely clean along its margin. How well happiness and purity go together. Such is the infancy of our burnie.

But infancy is but a passing stage with burnies as well as bairns, and our burnie must leave these Alpine solitudes and come into society, although at the expense of its purity and innocence. Bushes begin to appear along its banks, and one of the first is an old thorn, with the earth worn away from its roots by the sheep rubbing themselves against its bark. The ferns grow more luxuriantly round the little green haughs, and when the braes are rather steep for the sheep to feed and lie upon, the primroses star the spots with bright bunches, and the little green meadows are spangled with gowans.

Turning the corner, behold a herd's house. It is the eldest hope of the family who is laving the waters of the burnie upon the clothes that are bleaching on the grass, and thus putting a portion of its watery treasure to their first economic use; two younger children, a little further down, have cut a side channel through which flows a tiny rill, on which they are busy erecting a toy mill wheel.

The house—a wee, wee cot house—has one little window in the end directed to the burn, and therein sits a cat, winking with listless satisfaction under the glow of the summer scene. There, too, sits a curched grandame working her stocking, rejoicing in the genial warmth which seldom comes so far up the glen, thinking, it may be, of the days when she was full of young life, or of the trials she has undergone since then, or the sad memories of family years which she has since then laid in the auld kirk-yard.

Whisking blithely past this outpost of civilisation, the burnie suddenly falls into a deep ravine, where it gets into a dreadful passion at finding itself confined between steep banks. It kicks, and flings, and fumes, and splutters, and gets into a dreadful fury, first dashing up one side with a splash, and then on the other with a whish, then hits some big stone with a hiss and then another, jumps madly over the heads of some, and goes poking under the ribs of others that are too big to be so dealt with. In fact, it is like many another scene of youthful violence, while it lasts, which fortunately is not very long; for, by and bye, it steals calmly out in an open rivulet between green banks, as gently as if nothing had happened, and were rather ashamed of its pranks. It has now come to the place where farm steadings and plantations begin looking onward in its course. Thatched roofs are seen at different points in the surrounding landscape; old-fashioned country wives begin to put it to use in bleaching their clothes on its banks, and there are some nice haughs on which, dotting them, are numerous cocks of meadow hay, and now and then, skipping the stream,

a follower of Isaac Walton, when our burnie is now not merely a burn, but is known as the "Findhorn" river, with a very bad character for rising in great floods occasionally, carrying off haycocks, bleachings, and whatever other trifle it can lay hold of. It has begun to show symptoms of earning for itself, by capricious changes of its channel, the character, which it afterwards fully bears out, of being a river not to be trusted to, and being a great friend to the lawyers, by shifting the boundaries of litigious lairds—lairds who have more mouey than brains, or at least not as many brains as would make them understand to give and take peacefully.

In its journey to the lower country, it runs to a considerable extent parallel with the river and strath of Nairn. Struggling on through many opposing barriers of granite rock, it rushes through narrow gorges with boiling and tumultuous currents, now reposing its still waters in some round sweeping dark pool, and anon patiently, but assiduously, wearing its way through the dark red sandstone cliffs which jut out from its channel, or rauge in layer above layer, forming high barriers on its banks, while plants and shrubs, and lofty trees, crown and encompass the steep heights, and finely contrast their variegated green with the deep red of the cliffs on which they grow. Here, in some overshadowed dells, the sun with difficulty penetrates and finds the solitary eyries of the eagle or the falcon, with the dwellings of the congregated heron, thickly perched among the trees, while the ascending salmon rest by dozens during the summer's noon-day heat in the deep dark pools beneath. As the stream winds towards the sea, its course becomes less interrupted and boisterous. It now sweeps along fertile meadows and wooded copses, till at last, all opposition giving way, it flows out into a broad, still, placid sheet of water, meeting the tides of the ocean half way up the smooth and sandy bay of "Findhorn."

On its romantic banks are situated a succession of gentlemen's seats, among many others, Altyre, Logie, Relugas, Dunphail, Kincorth, Tannachy, and Darnaway, or Tarnaway, the ancient sylvan retreat and hunting hall of the famous Randolph, Earl of Moray, and now the northern seat of his noble descendants. South of the Brodie station on the Highland Railway, in the lower fringe of the Darnaway oak and pine forest, which extends for many miles inland, and is the remains of the old Caledonian forest, concealed from view, though not two miles distant, is the Castle of Darnaway, famous in the history of the country and in the traditions of the neighbourhood as the home of a family, almost the kings of the district of Moray, and occupying at one time a most important position in the historical records of the country. Had it fortuned to an Englishman, twenty-five or thirty years ago, to visit the county of Elgin, he could not have failed to hear of the Earl of Moray's forest of Tarnaway, which then stretched for miles along the banks of this grand Highland stream—the Findhorn—in all the untrimmed luxuriance which he could have expected in going to wait on the Duke of Arden. He would have been further surprised to hear of two brothers entirely realising the old ballad ideas of gallant young huntsmen—superb figures attired in the ancient dress of the country, and full of chivalric feeling—who, giving up the common pursuits of the world, spent most of their days in following

the deer through this pathless wild. Men of an old time they seemed to be; of frames more robust than what belong to men now-a-days, and with a hardihood which appeared to make them superior to all personal exposure and fatigue. At the same time they possessed cultivated minds, and no small skill in many of the most elegant accomplishments. This is their description of the locality:—

"Few knew what Tarnaway was in those days—almost untrodden, except by the deer, the roe, the fox, and the pine-martin. Its green dells filled with lilies of the valley, its banks covered with wild hyacinths, primroses, and pyrolas, and its deep thickets clothed with every species of woodland luxuriance, in blossoms, grass, moss, and timber of every kind, growing with the magnificence and solitude of an aboriginal wilderness, a world of unknown beauty and silent loneliness, broken only by the sough of the pines, the hum of the water, the hoarse bell of the buck, the long wild cry of the fox, the shriek of the heron, or the strange, mysterious tap of the northern wood-pecker. For ten years we knew every dell, and bank, and thicket, and, excepting the foresters and keepers, during the early part of that time, we can only remember to have met two or three old wives, who came to crack sticks or shear grass, and one old man to cut hazels for making baskets. If a new forester ventured in to the deep bosom of the wood alone, it was a chance that, like one of King Arthur's errant-knights, he took a tree to his host for that night, unless he might hear the roar of the Findhorn, and, on reaching the banks, could follow its course out of the woods before the fail of light. One old wife, who had wandered for a day and night, we discovered at the foot of a tree, where at last she had sat down in despair, like poor old Jenny Mackintosh, who, venturing into the forest of Rothiemurchas to gather pine cones, never came out again. Three years afterwards she was found sitting at the foot of a great pine, on the skirt of the Braeriach, her wasted hands resting on her knees, and her head bent down on her withered fingers. The tatters of her dress still clung to the dry bones, like the lichen upon the old trees, except some shreds of her plaid, which were in the raven's nest on Craig-dhubh, and a lock of her grey hair that was under the young eagles in the eyrie of Loch-an-Eilean."

The grounds themselves are well worthy of examination, but the castle hall, 90 feet in length, and 35 feet broad, is inferior to none in Scotland, and resembles much the Parliament house of Edinburgh; the walls rise to a height of 35 feet, and a carved roof of solid black oak, divided by compartments, forms the arched ceiling; a suitable fire-place, that would roast a stalled ox; an enormous table, and some carved chairs, still garnish this hall, though the modern apartments in front of it ill correspond with its Gothic character. Here Mary, Queen of Scots, held her court in 1564. Among the pictures is one of the Bonnie Earl of Moray, and also a portrait of Queen Mary, disguised, by way of a frolic, in boy's clothes, in long scarlet stockings, black velvet coat, black kilt, white sleeves, and a high ruff. The present hall was preceded by a hunting lodge, erected in the fourteenth century, by Randolph, first Earl of Moray, the nephew, friend, and companion of Robert the Bruce, and Regent of Scotland, during the minority of David II., but it was not

the Earl's chief country residence, as in the charter of erection of the earldom, the Castle of Elgin, "Manerium de Elgyn," is appointed "pro capitali mansione comitatus Moraviæ." It appears also, from the charter of Robert III. to Thomas le Graunt, son of Jno. le Graunt, dated 1390 (Regist. No. 22, p, 473), that there was an older royal Castle of Tarnaway, which was previously in the keeping of the Cummings, and afterwards of the Grants, and, in fact, the Cumming family—Earls of March seem to have been introduced from Forfarshire as the great instrument for exterminating, or at least suppressing the early insurrections of the Clan Chattan, who were thus in all probability the aboriginal inhabitants of Moray. The lately published work on the "Name of Cawdor" shows likewise that the present magnificent hall was erected under the auspices, if not at the cost, of King James II. of Scotland. After the suppression of the Douglas rebellion, the King turned his attention to establishing order and authority in the North, especially in the Earldom of Moray. He took up his residence sometimes at Inverness, sometime at Elgin, held Justice Courts, and transacted state business. He felt also the fascination of the country, and took means to enjoy it. Mr Innes, the editor of the *Cawdor Annual*, says "The Castle of Lochindorbh, a formidable Norman fortress, in a woodland loch which had been fortified against his authority by Douglas, King James doomed to destruction, and employed the Thane of Cawdor to demolish it. But he chose Darnaway for his own hunting seat, as old Thomas Randolph had done a century before, and completed the extensive repairs and new erections which the Earl had begun. The massive beams of oak and solid structure of the roof described in those accounts are still in part recognisable in the great hall of Darnaway, which popular tradition, ever leaning towards a fabulous antiquity, ascribes to Earl Randolph, but which is certainly of this period. Here, for two years the King enjoyed the sports of the chase; great territories, on both sides of the river, were thrown out of cultivation for the sport, and tenants sat free of rent while their lands were waste. What was the manner of the hunting, we are not informed. The sport of hawking, indeed, might well be enjoyed on the river bank at Darnaway, but hawking could not require a whole district to be laid waste. The fox was not of old esteemed a beast of chase in Scotland, nor perhaps, so early, in England. There is no doubt the King's chief game was the red-deer, the natives of those hills, and it is probable that the hart was shot with arrows, and hunted down with the old rough grey-hound, still known among us as the deer-hound, and until lately in Ireland as the wolf dog, with such help of slower dogs of surer scent, as the country could afford, for the English "hound" was hardly known in old Scotland. But riding up to hounds, or riding at all, must have been very partially used among the peat mosses, and rocks of the upper valley of the Findhorn."

The Earldom of Moray was conferred by King Robert the Bruce upon Sir Thomas Randolph, son of Lady Isabel Bruce, the eldest daughter of Robert, Earl of Carrick, by Thomas Randolph, Lord of Strathnith. This Earldom, along with many goodly heritages, lands, and baronies, was the guerdon of the services so gallantly performed by Randolph in the service of his uncle, King Robert the Bruce, and it remained in the Randolph family until 1455, when the then Earl of Moray was attainted "for

fortifying the Castles of Lochindore and Tarnau (Lochindorbh and Tarnaway) against the King, and for other acts of treason, by which attainder the Earldom of Moray became vested in the Crown."

The next possessor of the Earldom was James Stewart, natural son of King James IV., by Janet, daughter of John, Lord Kennedy. It was conferred upon him when he was but two years old, by charter dated the 15th June 1501, and his son dying without issue male, 14th June 1544, the Earldom reverted to the Crown, and was conferred on George, the fourth Earl of Huntly, 15th February 1549, but the grant was recalled in 1554. The Earldom was next bestowed in 1562 by Queen Mary upon her half-brother, Lord James Stuart, natural son of King James V., and afterwards Regent of Scotland. From real or imaginary contradictions in his titles, great perplexity was occasioned respecting their inheritance, and several charters were granted to the Regent more or less confusing each other. He married Lady Anne Keith, daughter of the fourth Earl Marshall, afterwards Countess of Argyle, and by her he had two daughters —Elizabeth, Countess of Moray, and Margaret, afterwards Countess of Errol. In 1580, the youngest son of Lord Doune James Stuart (as the name was generally spelt after Queen Mary's return) received from James VI. the ward and marriage of the two daughters of the Regent Moray, and a few days thereafter he married the elder, Lady Elizabeth, and assumed the title of the Earl of Moray. As this claim to the Earldom was doubtful, a charter was given to him in 1592 by James VI., and the Scottish estates ratifying to him and to his son all that had been granted to the Regent and the Lady Elizabeth, and since then the Earldom has remained in the uninterrupted possession of his descendants.

The Earl of Moray, whose personal appearance and high accomplishments in the learning and manners of the day acquired for him the title of the "Bonnie Earl;" and as son-in-law of the good Regent Moray, and the inheritor of his estates, he naturally possessed a high degree of consideration in the State, particularly with the Presbyterian party, of which the Regent had been so long one of the chief supporters and the acknowledged leader. The Earl's character, independent of his possessions, was such as to win him universal esteem. To the attractive beauty of his countenance and form he added a most amiable disposition, and perfect skill in all the chivalric accomplishments of the age. It is, therefore, scarcely to be wondered at that he should have been one of the most popular noblemen of the day, especially as the nation in general had by that time attached itself to the religious party of which he was a leading member. To this party also King James VI. belonged, though he was under the necessity of holding the balance equally between the Presbyterians and that still numerous party of Catholics, to which many of his most powerful noblemen belonged, and were active adherents. Among the Catholic peers, the Earl of Huntly was the chief—a man of determination, and at heart ambitious and vindictive, and who for years had nursed a feud between his own family and that of the Earl of Moray. The real grounds of the feud consisted in the claims of the Gordon family to the possessions and Earldom of Moray, of which they had been deprived when it was bestowed by Queen Mary upon her illegitimate brother the Regent. This

deep-seated cause of animosity had been long gathering strength from many and various disagreements arising out of it, and was particularly aggravated by an act of the Earl of Moray against the legal power of Huntly. In his capacity as the King's Justiciary, the Earl of Huntly endeavoured to bring to justice persons against whom he had obtained a Royal Commission, and who having fled to the Earl of Moray, were protected by him against the Earl of Huntly on some grounds or for some reason not known. Huntly thus defied, was highly displeased against Moray, and proceeded with a large party, principally of his clansmen, to Darnaway Castle for the purpose of getting possession of the felons' persons. This expedition unfortunately terminated in widening the breach between the noblemen, for in the attempt to enter the castle, John Gordon, a brother of Gordon of Cluny, who was in the expedition in attendance on the Earl of Huntly, was killed by a shot from the castle. Whether the shot was fired by the Earl of Moray or not was not known, but from that hour the hostility between the families became of a more decided character, was participated in by almost every member of the Gordon Clan, and revenge became a study in Huntly's mind. This event took place a short time previous to the year 1591, but it was not immediately followed by any decided act of retaliation.

In the meantime, Campbell of Cawdor, a friend of Moray, became an object of hostility to many of the principal men of the Clan Campbell because he had been appointed tutor to the young Earl of Argyll.

Uniting with these men, Huntly formed a concerted scheme, in which, strange to say, the Chancellor of the Kingdom, Lord Thirlstan, concurred, for taking off Moray and Campbell by one act of vengeance. In order to give a colour to their deeds, they persuaded the King that Moray had been concerned in the conspiracy of the turbulent Earl of Bothwell, his cousin, and Huntly obtained a commission to apprehend Moray, and bring him to Edinburgh for trial.

On the afternoon of the 8th of February 1592, Huntly, attended by a strong body of horse, set out from the house of the Provost of Edinburgh where the King then lodged for security. The object of his journey Huntly gave out to be to attend a horse-race at Leith, instead of which he directed his course across the Queen's Ferry to Donibristle House, where the Earl of Moray had taken up his residence for a time with his mother. About midnight, Huntly reached his destination, surrounded the house with his men, and summoned Moray to surrender. Even if this had been complied with immediately, the same consequences, it is clear, would have ensued, Huntly's determination being fixed. Moray's enemies and that of his house knocking at his gates at the dead of night, encompassing the walls with vindictive retainers, was not an event from which the young Earl would expect moderation or justice to follow. He therefore resolved to defend the house to the death. A gun fired from within severely wounded one of the Gordons, and excited the passions of the assailants and their leaders to the highest pitch. To force an entrance they set fire to the doors, and the house seemed on the point of being enveloped in flames. In this emergency Moray took council with his friend Dunbar, Sheriff of the county, who chanced to be with him

that night. "Let us not stay," said Dunbar, "to be buried in the flaming house. I will go out first, and the Gordons taking me for your Lordship will kill me, while you will escape in the confusion." After giving utterance to this noble offer, the generous Dunbar did not hesitate an instant, but threw himself among the assailants, and fell immediately, as he had anticipated, beneath their swords. At first this act of heroic devotion seemed as if it would have accomplished its purpose. The young Earl had passed out immediately after his friend, and had the fortune to escape through the ranks of the Gordons. He directed his flight to the rocks of the neighbouring beach, and most probably would have got off in the darkness had not his path been pointed out to his foes by the silken tassels of his helmet, which had caught fire as he passed through the flames of the house. A revengeful cadet of the Huntly family, Gordon of Buckie, was the first who overtook the flying Earl, and wounded him mortally. While Moray lay in the throes of death at the feet of his ruthless murderer, Huntly himself came up to the spot, when Buckie exclaiming, "By Heaven, my Lord, you shall be as deep as I," forced his chief to strike the dying man. Huntly, with a wavering hand, struck the expiring Earl in the face, who, mindful of his superior beauty even at that moment of parting life, stammered out the dying words, "You have spoiled a better face than your own."

The perpetrators of this barbarous act hurried from the scene, leaving the corpse of the Earl lying on the beach, and the House of Donibristle in flames. Huntly did not choose to go to Edinburgh, and so be the narrator of what had occurred, but he chose, strange to say, as the messenger for this purpose the most guilty of the assassins, Gordon of Buckie. This bold man hesitated not to fulfil his Chief's commands. He rode post to the King's presence, and informed his Majesty of all that had occurred. Finding, however, that the night work was not likely to acquire for its doers any great credit, he hurriedly left the city. By some it is supposed that he never saw the King, for James, apparently unconscious of what had occurred, followed his sport for several hours in the early part of the day. On his return to the city, his Majesty found the streets filled with lamentations for the murder of Moray, and strong suspicious entertained that he himself had authorised Huntly to perpetrate the deed. Donibristle House being visible from the grounds of Inverleith and Wardie, where the King was hunting, it was alleged he must have seen the smoking ruins, nay, that he had chosen that quarter on that day for his sport in order to gratify his eye with the spectacle. The popularity of the late Earl, on account of his personal qualities and as a leading Presbyterian, rendered the people very severe against James, although they had but little known cause for supposing him accessory to the guilt of the Gordons. There is, however, one circumstance narrated in traditionary ballad lore which says that "Moray was the Queen's luve." A traditionary anecdote is the only support which the ballad receives for a circumstance utterly discredited by history. James, says the story, found the Earl of Moray sleeping in an arbour one day with a ribbon about his neck which his Majesty had given to the Queen. On seeking her Majesty's presence, the King found the ribbon round her neck, and was convinced he had mistaken one ribbon for another; but, continues the story, the ribbon

worn by Moray was indeed the Queen's, and had only been restored to her in time to blind his Majesty by the agency of a friend of the Queen's who had witnessed the King's jealous observation of Moray asleep.

To return. however, from tradition to history, the ferment caused in Edinburgh by the news of Moray's death was aggravated ten-fold when on the same day Lady Doune, mother of the ill-fated nobleman, arrived at Leith, in a boat carrying with her the bodies of her son and his devoted friend Dunbar—the mournful lady took this step in order to stimulate the vengeance of the laws against the murderers. When the news reached the King that Lady Doune was about to expose the mangled bodies to the public gaze, he forbade them to be brought into the city, conceiving justly that the spectacle was an unseemly one, and that the populace were excited enough already. Defeated in her first wish, Lady Doune caused a picture to be drawn of her son's remains, and enclosing it in a lawn cloth, brought it to the King, uncovered it before him, and with vehement lamentations cried for justice on the slayers. She then took out three bullets, found in Moray's body while being prepared for embalming, one of which she gave to the King, another to one of his nobles, and the third she reserved to herself "to be bestowed on him who should hinder justice" (Annals, p. 232, vol. 1, Captain John Gordon, one of the King's friends). The Earl himself had fled to the north, where he was much more powerful than James, King of Scotland though he was. After some time, however, to recover the royal favour, which James withheld until some atonement was made, Huntly surrendered himself, and was confined for a time in Blackness Castle. He was never brought to trial, and was liberated on bail. Gordon of Buckie, the true murderer, lived for nearly fifty years after Moray's death, and in his latter days expressed great contrition for the act of which he had been guilty. From punishment at the hands of man, the power of his family, the unsettled state of society, and the laws succeeded in screening him. The melancholy fate of the Earl of Moray, which we have just been relating, has been embalmed in his country's verse in a ballad deeply affecting in its pathos :—

Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands,
Oh, where have ye been?
They hae slain the Earl of Moray,
And laid him on the green.

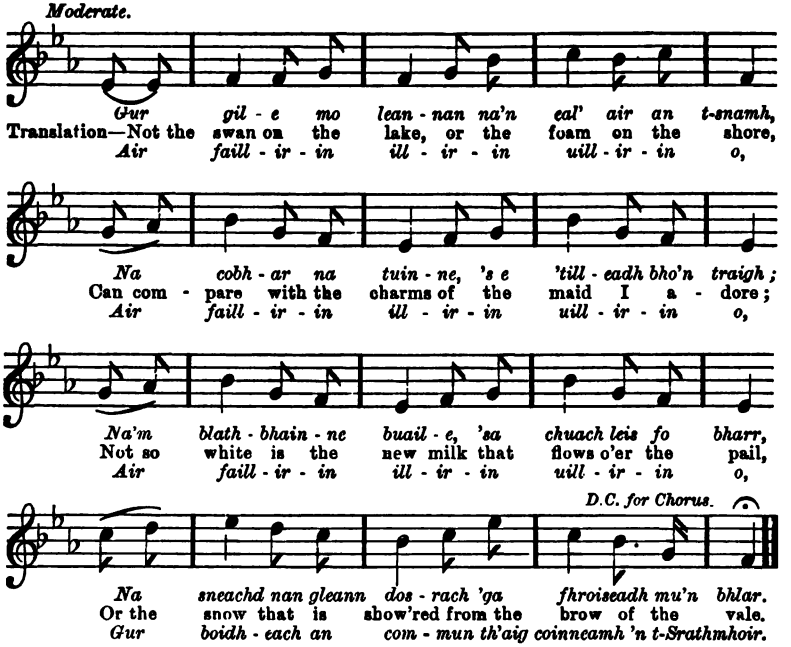
Now wae be to you, Huntly,
And wherefore did ye say,
I bad you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rode at the ring,
And the bonnie Earl of Moray,
Oh, he micht hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rode at the gluve,
And the bonnie Earl of Moray,
Oh! he was the Queen's luve.

Oh, lang will his lady
Look o'er the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl of Moray
Come sounding through the toun.

AIR FAILLIRIN ILLIRIN UILLIRIN O.

Moderate.

Gur gil - e mo lean - nan na'n eal' air an t-snamh,
Translation—Not the swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore,
Air faill - ir - in ill - ir - in uill - ir - in o,
Na cobh - ar na tuin - ne, 's e 'till - eadh bho'n traigh;
Can com - pare with the charms of the maid I a - dore;
Air faill - ir - in ill - ir - in uill - ir - in o,
Na'm blath - bhain - ne buail - e, 'sa chuach leis fo bharr,
Not so white is the new milk that flows o'er the pail,
Air faill - ir - in ill - ir - in uill - ir - in o,
D.C. for Chorus.
Na sneachd nan gleann dos - rach 'ga fhroiseadh mu'n bhlar.
Or the snow that is show'red from the brow of the vale.
Gur boidh - each an com - mun th'aig coinneamh 'n t-Srathmhoir.

KEY E FLAT.

: d . d	|	r	: r . m	|	r	: m . s	|	l	: s . l	|	r			
: m . f	|	s	: m . r	|	d	: r . m	|	s	: m . r	|	d			
: d . d	|	s	: s . m	|	s	: s . s	|	l	: t . d'	|	r'			
														D.C. for Chorus.		
: l . t	|	d'	: t . l	|	s	: l . d'	|	l	: s . m	|	r			

Tha cas fhalt mo ruin-sa
Gu siubhlach a sniomh,
Mar na neoil bhuidhe 'lubas
Air stucaibh nan sliabh,
Tha 'gruaidh mar an ros,
'Nuair a's boidhche 'bhios fhiamh,
Fo ur-dhealt a Cheitein,
Mu'n eirich a ghrian.

Mar Bhenus a boisgeadh
Thar choiltibh nan ard,
Tha a niog-shuil ga m' bhuaireadh
Le suaicheantas graidh;
Tha braighe nan seud
Ann an eideadh gach aidh
Mar ghealach nan speur
'S i cur reultan fo phramh.

As the clouds' yellow wreath
On the mountain's high brow;
The locks of my fair one
Redundantly flow,
Her cheeks have the tint
That the roses display,
When they glitter with dew
In the morning of May.

As the planet of Venus,
That gleams o'er the grove,
Her blue rolling eyes
Are the symbols of love.
Her pearl-circled bosom
Diffuses bright rays,
Like the moon, when the stars
Are bedimmed with her blaze.

Bi'dh 'n uiseag 's an smeorach,
Feadh lointean nan driuchd,
'Toirt failte le'n orain
Do'n og mhadainn chiuin;
Ach tha'n uiseag neo-sheolta,
'S an smeorach gun sunnt,
'Nuair 'thoisicheas m' eudail
Air gleusadh a ciuil.

Nuair thig samhradh nan neoincan
A comhdach nam bruach.
'S gach eoinean 's a chrochd-choill'
A ceol leis a chuaich,
Bi' dh mise gu h-eibhinn,
A leumnaich 's a ruaig,
Fo dhluth-mheuraibh sgaileach,
A manran ri 'm luaidh.

The mavis and lark,
When they welcome the dawn,
Make a chorus of joy
To resound through the lawn;
But the mavis is tuneless—
The lark strives in vain,
When my beautiful charmer
Renews her sweet strain.

When summer bespangles
The landscape with flow'rs,
When the thrush and cuckoo
Sing soft from the bow'rs,
Through the wood-shaded windings,
With Bella I'll rove,
And feast unrestrained
On the smiles of my love.

NOTE.—Relative to the above song and translation, John Mackenzie, in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," has the following foot-note:—"The chorus and first stanza of this song are not Maclachlan's. They were composed by Mrs Mackenzie of Balone, at a time when, by infirmity, she was unable to attend the administration of the Lord's Supper in Strathmore of Lochbroom, and ran word for word the same, except the last two lines of the verse, which are slightly altered. Our talented author got them and the air from some of the north country students in Aberdeen. All the other stanzas, however, are original, and worthy of the poetic mind of Maclachlan. The following translation of it, by the celebrated author, we subjoin for the benefit of the English reader." The air is one of the sweetest and most popular of our Highland melodies.—W. M'K

PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON THE CELTIC CHAIR.—The following appeal has appeared in the *Scotsman*:—"To Highlanders and Friends of the Highlanders at Home and Abroad.— Fellow-Scots,—It is now three years since I addressed a letter to you in the columns of this paper, requesting you to gird up your loins to have some suitable representation of the language and records of the Celtic races of the British Islands, in the metropolitan University of your native country. With characteristic promptitude you responded to the call; and I write this short note that you may perceive more distinctly how the matter now stands. The sum already paid up, and bearing interest from landed security of from 4 to 4½ per cent., along with other sums which are coming in, will by the term of Martinmas next year certainly amount to £11,000. There are, therefore, only £1000 wanted in order to endow the Chair in a gentlemanly way with a salary of £500 a year. If you choose to let the matter sleep for three years, the capital of £12,000 will be achieved by the natural increase of the invested money; but if you do your duty, as I have no doubt you will, and collect the remaining £1000 with the same zeal that has animated your exertions up to this point, you will have the Chair formally instituted next year. This is all I have to say. You see where the blow is to be delivered; and, when that is clear, the swing of the Highland broadsword is not slow to follow.—I am, yours, with faithful service,

JOHN STUART BLACKIE."

University, Edinburgh, November 9, 1877.

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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

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[Continued.]

In the preceding pages, which are merely introductory to the general history, it has been shown from authentic records that Kintail was in possession of the Earls of Ross in and before 1296; that King Robert Bruce confirmed him in these lands in 1306-29; that in 1342 Earl William granted the ten pennylands or davachs of Kintail to another—Reginald of the Isles; that this grant was confirmed by the King; and that in 1362-72 Kintail was, "with the Castle of Eileandonan," exchanged by the Earl with his brother Hugh for lands in Buchan. How could these lands be possessed by the Mackenzies and the Earls of Ross at one and the same time? is a question which the upholders of the Irish origin are bound to answer. The Mackenzies could not have possessed a single acre of it, for there are only ten davachs or pennylands in Kintail altogether. It cannot be assumed that the Earl of Ross had taken illegal possession, for in the Acts of Parliament in 1296 Kintail is mentioned as "the lands of the Earl of Ros," and these possessions are later on confirmed to him by the King.

These facts, which are founded on authentic records (see page 46), must be disposed of before we can accept the reputed charter to Colin Fitzgerald, even were it possible any longer to attach any importance to it, after it has been shown that it must have been written at least thirty-three years before the Battle of Largs was fought, and thirty-six before the date of the charter itself. Mr William Fraser, in his "Earls of Cromartie," published last year, admits that the charter is not of Alexander the Third, and says—"In the middle of the seventeenth century, when Lord Cromartie wrote his history, the means of ascertaining, by the names of witnesses and otherways, the true granter of a charter and the date were not so accessible as at present. The *mistake* of attributing the Kintail charter to King Alexander the Third, instead of King Alexander the Second, cannot be regarded as a very serious error in the circumstances." When the upholders of the Fitzgerald origin are compelled to make such admissions and apologies as these, their case

must be considered as practically given up; for, once admit, as is here done, that the charter is of Alexander the Second (1230), even if genuine, it cannot possibly have any reference to Colin Fitzgerald, who, according to his supporters, only came over from Ireland about 1261; and it is simply absurd to maintain that a charter granted in 1230 can be a reward for valour displayed at a battle fought in 1263; and Mr Fraser, having given up that point, was in consistency bound to give up Colin Fitzgerald. Mr Fraser further informs us that the charters of 1360 and 1380 are not now known to exist. "But the terms of them as quoted in the early histories of the family are consistent with either theory of the origin of the Mackenzies, whether descended from Colin Fitzgerald or Colin of the Aird."

Another very significant fact to which no attention has been hitherto directed by any writer is that from 1263 down to 1568—a period of three centuries—not a trace of the name Colin is to be found in any of the family genealogies. Cailean Cam, who became chief in the latter year, is the first of the name. He was, on the mother's side, descended from the houses of Athole and Argyll; and being a second son, he was, no doubt, according to the almost universal custom, named after some of her numerous relatives of that name. Is it at all probable, if Colin Fitzgerald had really been the progenitor of the family, that his name would have been totally ignored for 300 years in the face of the invariable practice among the other Highland families to honour the names of their ancestors by continuing them in the family names? Keeping all this in view, we have no hesitation in commencing the general History of the Clan Mackenzie with the first of the name,

I. COINNEACH, or KENNETH, according to our view and the MS. of 1450, was the eldest son of Angus, a scion, and near relative of the O'Beolans, the ancient Earls of Ross, who before and during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were the superior lords of Kintail. Kenneth was in all probability a nephew of Earl William. From all accounts it appears that Kenneth, whose followers were already powerful, succeeded his father in the government of Eileandonnan Castle, garrisoned by his own immediate relatives, the Macraes and the Maclennans. The Earl of Ross of the day (William, the third Earl) found his subaltern and relative getting too powerful and influential for his own comfort and satisfaction as supreme lord of the district. About this time he laid claim to the superiority of the Western Isles, which he and his father Fearchair had recently been chiefly instrumental in wresting from the Norwegians; and he naturally considered it safer to have the stronghold of Eileandonnan in his own possession than in that of a dependant who was rapidly rising in influence among the surrounding tribes; who had given unmistakable indications already of a disposition not to be treated contemptuously even by such a powerful superior; and who might, backed up by a powerful and loyal garrison, at any moment assert his rights as hereditary governor of the Castle, and from self-interest and other considerations act contrary to those of his superior. He might even go the length of supporting the other side, on condition that the prospects of his own house and those of his more immediate kindred would be advanced. The Earl, in these circum-

stances, demanded possession of the young governor of the fortress,* which demand was peremptorily refused; and, finding that Kenneth was determined to hold the stronghold at all hazards, the Earl sent a strong detachment to take the castle by storm, and, if possible, to carry away the governor. Kenneth was, however, so very popular, among the surrounding tribes that he was promptly reinforced by the Macivers and brave Macaulays of Lochbroom, and by their aid he was able, in spite of a desperate and gallant onset by the followers of the Earl, to maintain his position, and drive back the enemy with great slaughter. The hitherto generally successful Earl felt so exasperated by this defeat that he at once decided upon returning to the attack with a largely increased force, threatening the young governor with vengeance and extirpation. Before he was in a position, however, to carry out his threatened retaliation, he found himself in the clutches of another—a more powerful—enemy. The king of terrors had now taken him in hand to settle his final account, and having been conquered, he succumbed and died about 1291–2. His son Hugh, the fourth Earl, was diverted from carrying out the intentions of his father against the gallant defender of Eileandonnan, in consequence of the distracted state of the nation, brought about by the recent death of Alexander III., which took place in 1286. This state of affairs proved advantageous to Kenneth, for in the general chaos which followed he was able to strengthen his position among the local tribes, and, through a combination of native prudence, popularity, and power, heightened by the *eclat* of his having defeated the powerful Earl of Ross, was able to keep order in the district, while his influence was felt over most of the adjoining isles. He was married to Morba, daughter of Macdougall of Lorn; died about 1304, and was succeeded by his son,

II. IAIN,† or EOIN MACCHOINNICH—John, son of Kenneth, regarding whom we find little in history; it has, however, been pretty well established that he, almost alone among the Western Chiefs, befriended Robert Bruce while wandering in the Western Isles, after his defeat by and escape from Macdougall of Lorn, who tenaciously adhered to the cause of Baliol, probably in consequence of the murder of his cousin, the Red Comyn, by Bruce in the Greyfriars of Dumfries. Bruce would certainly not be safe anywhere else in the Western Isles until after the defeat of the Lord of the Isles in Buchan by his brother Edward in 1308, and the discomfiture of Lorn, and the imprisonment of the Earl of Argyll in 1309. After Bruce left the Island of Rachrin, in the north of Ireland, he was for a time lost sight of—many supposing that he

* Dr George Mackenzie, in his History, says that "at the same same time [1296] William, Earl of Ross, laying a claim of superiority over the Western Isles, ... thought this a fit opportunity to seize the Castle of Eileandonan. . . . . He sent a messenger to the Kintail men to send their young chieftain to him as being his nearest kinsman by *his marriage with his aunt*;" and the Doctor goes on to inform us that Kenneth, "joined by the Macivers, Macaulays, Macbollans, and Clan Tarlichs, the ancient inhabitants of Kintaile, all descended from Norwegian families, refused to deliver him up—in short, the Earl attacked them and was beaten."

† We have comé across genealogies in which this chief is not included. His successor, Coinneach na Sroine is made to succeed the first Kenneth, and to occupy the period of the two reigns; but most of the family genealogies follow the Earl of Cromartie, and present us with three Kenneths in immediate succession. In view of such differences as these among the authorities, we prefer the genealogy of the MS. of 1450.

had perished in his wanderings from the hardships which he had to endure in his various contrivances to escape the vigilant look-out and rigid search made for his capture. The traditions of Kintail has it that he was concealed and protected by the Chief of Clan Kenneth, in the stronghold of Eileandonnan, until he again found a favourable opportunity to take the field against the enemies of his country; and this tradition, which we record as a proud incident in the history of the Clan, is supported by the family historians. Sir George Mackenzie of Tarbat writing on the subject says:—"Kenneth (John?) did owne ye other partie, and was one of those who sheltered the Bruce in his retreat, and assisted him in his recovery." The Laird of Applecross, writing in 1669, says:—"He married Morba, daughter to Macdougall of Lorn,* yet albeit Macdougall sided with the Baliol against the Bruce. Kenneth (John?) did own the other party, and was one of those who sheltered the Bruce, and assisted in his recovery. I shall not say he was the only one, but this stands for that assertion, that all who were considerable in the hills and isles were enemies to the Bruce, and so cannot be presumed to be his friends. The Earl of Ross (William) did, most unhandsomely and inhumanely, apprehend his lady at Tain, and delivered her to the English, anno 1305. Donald of the Isles, or Rotholl, or rather Ronald, with all the Hebrides, armed against the Bruce, and were beat by Edward Bruce in Buchan, anno 1308. Alexander, Earl of Argyll, partied (sided with) the Baliol; his country, therefore, was wasted by Bruce, anno 1304, and himself taken prisoner by him, 1309. Macdougall of Lorn fought against the Bruce, and took him prisoner, from whom he notably escaped, so that there is none in the district left so considerable as this Chief (Mackenzie), who had an immediate dependence on the Royal family, and had this strong fort (Eileandonnan), which was never commanded by the Bruce's enemies, either English or Scots; and that his shelter and assistance was from a remote place and friend is evident from all our stories. But all their neighbours, being stated on a different side from the Mackenzies, engendered a feud betwixt him and them, especially with the Earl of Ross and Donald of the Isles, which were ended but with the end of the Earl of Ross, and lowering of the Lord of the Isles." We find that the Laird of Applecross quotes the above extract—as he indeed does largely throughout his work—*verbatim* from his noble kinsman, the Earl of Cromarty, whose manuscript, he informs us, he had seen and perused.†

We can fairly assume, from subsequent events in the history of these powerful families, as well as from the united testimony of all the genealogists of the Mackenzies, that their Chief did really befriend Robert Bruce against the wishes and united power of his own immediate superior, the Earl of Ross, and the other great families of the Western Isles and Argyll; and here we discover the true grounds of the local rancour which afterwards existed between them, and which only terminated in the

* This is a mistake; she was *his mother*.

† Regarding the Earl of Cromarty's MS., the Laird of Applecross says:—"It was communicated to me by that noble Lord and excellent antiquary, the Earl of Cromarty, who wrote an essay on his own name and family of the Mackenzies, which is in my hands in MS. The most exact copy I have seen of these memoirs is in the custody of Mr John Mackenzie of Delvin."

collapse of the Earls of Ross and the Lords of the Isles, upon the ruins of which, as a reward for proved loyalty to the reigning monarch, and as the result of the characteristic prudence of the race of MacKenneth, the House of Kintail gradually rose in power, subsequently absorbed the ancient inheritance of all the original possessors of the district, and ultimately extended their influence more widely over the whole province of Wester Ross. The genealogists further inform us that this Chief of Kintail waited on the King during his visit to Inverness* in 1312. This may now be considered a certainty, as well as that he fought with him at the head of his followers at the Battle of Inverury, where Bruce defeated Mowbray and the Comyn, in 1308. After this important engagement, Fenton informs us that "all the nobles, barons, towns, cities, garrisons, and castles north of the Grampians submitted to Robert the Bruce," when, undoubtedly, and with good reason, the second Chief of the Clan Kenneth was fully confirmed in the favour of his sovereign, and in the government of the stronghold of Eileandonnan. The Lord of the Isles had meanwhile, after his capture at Inveraray, died in confinement in Dundonald Castle, and his brother and successor, Angus Og, declared in favour of Bruce. Argyll and Lorn left, or were driven out of the country, and took up their residence in England. With Angus Og of the Isles now on the side of Bruce, and the counties of Argyll and Lorn at his mercy in the absence of their respective Chiefs, it was an easy matter for the King, during his varied fortunes, in his gigantic struggle, defending and wresting Scotland from the grasp of the English, to draw largely upon the resources of the Western Highlands and Islands, now unmolested, particularly after the surprise of Perth in the winter of 1312, and the reduction of all the strongholds in Scotland—except Stirling, Berwick, and Dunbar—during the ensuing summer. The decisive blow was, however, yet to be struck, by which the independence and liberties of Scotland were to be for ever established and confirmed, and the time was drawing nigh when every nerve must be strained for a final effort to clear it, once for all, of the hated followers of the tyrannical and grasping Edwards, roll them back before an impetuous wave of Scottish pluck and valour, and for ever put an end to England's claim to lord it over a free-born people whom it was impossible to crush or cow by such a tyrant. Nor will we affect a morbid indifference to the fact that on the 24th of June 1314 Bruce's heroic band of thirty thousand warriors—who, on the glorious field of Bannockburn, as regards Scotland, crushed for ever the great power of England, and secured to Scotland, in all future ages, her independence, her laws, and her religion—contained ten thousand Western Highlanders and men of the Isles, under Angus Og of the Isles, Mackenzie of Kintail (who led five hundred of his followers), and other Chieftains of the mainland, of all of whom, Major specially relates, that "they made an incredible slaughter of their enemies, slaying heaps of them around wherever they went, and running upon them with their broadswords and

* The MSS. Histories of the Mackenzies give the date of Robert Bruce's visit to Inverness as 1307, but from a copy of the "Annual of Norway," at the negotiation and arrangement of which "the eminent Prince, Lord Robert, by the like grace, noble King of Scots (attended) *personally* on the other part," it will be seen that the date of the visit was 1312. *(See "Invernessiana," by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A.S., M.P., pp. 36 40.)*

daggers like wild bears without any regard to their own lives." Alluding to the same force, Barbour writes :—

> Angus of the Isles and Bute alwae,
> And of the *mainlands* he had mae
> Of armed men a noble rout,
> His battle stalwart was and stout.

General Stewart of Garth, in a footnote to his "Sketches of the Highlanders," informs us that the eighteen Highland Chiefs who fought at this glorious battle were—Mackay, Mackintosh, Macpherson, Cameron, Sinclair, Campbell, Menzies, Maclean, Sutherland, Robertson, Grant, Fraser, Macfarlane, Ross, Macgregor, Munro, Mackenzie, and Macquarrie; and that "Cumming, Macdougall of Lorn, Macnab, and a few others were unfortunately in opposition to Bruce, and suffered accordingly."

In due time the Western Chiefs returned home, where, on their arrival, many of them found local feuds still glimmering—encouraged in the absence of the natural protectors of their people—amidst the surrounding blaze. John appears to have lived peaceably at home during the remainder of his days. He was married to Margaret, daughter of David de Strathboggie; died in 1328, and was succeeded by his son,

III. COINNEACH NA SROINE, or Kenneth of the Nose, so called in consequence of the great protuberance of that organ. Little or nothing is known of this Baron. It appears, however, that he soon found himself in trouble, and quite unable to cope successfully with the difficulties by which he was surrounded, by the Earls of Ross attempting to re-establish their power in the district of Kintail. In 1331, three years after Kenneth's succession, we find Randolph, Earl of Moray, then Warden of Scotland, dispatching his crowner to Eileandonnan to prepare the Castle for his reception, and to arrest "Mysdoaris," fifty of whom that officer had put to death, and, according to the cruel and barbarous practices of the time, exposed their heads, for the edification of the surrounding lieges, high up on the castle walls. This state of matters clearly demonstrates a sad lack of power and influence on the part of Kenneth to govern his people, and keep the district secure from lawlessness and "Mysdoaris."

It is evident that at this time the Earl of Ross regained a considerable hold in the district, over which he had throughout claimed the rights of superiority; for, on the 4th of July 1342, we find Earl William granting a charter in favour of Reginald, son of Roderick of the Isles, of the ten davachs of Kintail. The charter was granted at the Castle of Urquhart, was witnessed by the Bishops of Moray and Ross, and many other influential dignitaries, cleric and laic; and was confirmed by King David in the year 1344.* It would have been already seen that in 1350, the same Earl William dated a charter *at Eileandonnan*. This fact clearly proves that the line of MacKenneth was getting rather frail, and almost at the point of snapping during the reign of Coinneach na Sroine.

The "Person of Quality" informs us that Kenneth "married

* "Invernessiana," p. 56.

Finguala, daughter to Macleod of Lewis. Before his marriage he had three bastard sons—viz., Hector Birrach, who married Helen Loban or Logan, of Drumnamargne; but forced from his rights by the oppressions of the Earl of Ross, superior of Drumnamargne, he turned outlaw, and died at Edderachilish, in Sutherlandshire, leaving a son called Hendrie, of whom are descended the Sleight Hendriech *(Sliochd Ionraic)* there. The second bastard was called Tewald Deirgallach. From him descended John Mackenzie, Commissary-Depute of Ross, afterwards in Cromarty, and Mr Rory Mackenzie, minister of Croy, with several others. The third bastard was called Alexander, of whom are descended many of the Commons of Brae Ross. . . . . He had by Macleod's daughter Murdoch Dow, and by another wife Murdoch Riach. He was surprised by his enemy, the Earl of Ross, and murdered at Inverness." The Earl of Cromarty gives substantially the same account, and concludes that, murdered thus, "his estate was possessed by the oppressor's followers; but Island Donain keeped still out, maintaining themselves on the spoyle of the enemie, all being trod under by insolince and oppression, right had no place. Thus was during David Bruce his imprisonment in England." Kenneth died about 1346, and was succeeded by his son,

IV. MURCHADH DUBH, or Black Murdoch. Duncan Macaulay of Lochbroom, a friend of Mackenzie, commanded in Eileandonnan Castle during Kenneth's absence, and when he was murdered at Inverness. Becoming apprehensive regarding the safety of *Murchadh Dubh*, who was then very young, and under the charge of his relative, Macdougall of Lorn, Macaulay sent away his own son, also named Murdo, to a relative, to save him from the grasping clutches of the Earl of Ross, who, however, managed to seize him and put him to death, out of revenge for Macaulay's gallant defence of Eileandonnan, during the absence of Mackenzie, against the Earl's repeated attacks to reduce it. The actual murderer of Murdo Macaulay was a desperate character, Leod Macgillandries, a vassal of the Earl of Ross, who incessantly harrassed the gallant defender of Castledonnan, and in one of his incursions discovered the whereabouts of Macaulay's son; cruelly murdered him, and for a time became master of Lochbroom and Kintail; but the brave garrison of the fortress, under Macaulay, continued to make desperate reprisals, and held out, in spite of all the attempts made to reduce it, until the restoration of King David, by which time Murdoch Dubh had grown up a powerful and intrepid youth, fast approaching manhood. Returning home, he immediately set out for the Island of Lews with a considerable fleet, strongly manned by a desperate and determined set of his followers and dependants, firmly resolved to revenge on Macgillandries the death of his late friend, Murdoch Macaulay. He landed, in passing, at Sanachan, in Kishorn, where he received intelligence of a large hunting match about to be held by his enemy at Kenlochewe. He instantly led his followers to that district, remained during the night in ambush in the woods, and advanced early in the morning to Macgillandries' trysting-place, at Ath-nan-Ceann, where, coming upon the enemy unexpectedly, he made prisoners of every one of them, including their leader Macgillandries himself, whom he dispatched, without preliminary ceremony, on the spot. His son Paul was made prisoner, but afterwards

liberated on giving his solemn pledge that he would never again disturb Kintail or any of his people. He repaired to the confines of Sutherland and Caithness, prevailed upon Murdo Riabhach, the Chief of Kintail's brother, to join him, and according to one authority, became "a common depredator," while according to another, he became what was perhaps not inconsistent in those days with the character of a common thief, a person of considerable state and property. They often spoiled Caithness. Ultimately Murdo Riabhach and Paul's only son were killed by Budge of Fortingall. Paul was so mortified at the death of his promising young depredator son, that he gave up building the fortress of Duncreich, which he was at that time erecting to strengthen his position in the country still more. He gave his lands of Strathoykel, Strathcarron, and Westray, with his daughter and heiress, to Ross of Balnagown, on which condition he obtained pardon from the Earl of Ross, their respective Chief.

Murdo Riabhach's descendants are still known in Sutherland as *Clann Mhuirich*, and from them can be traced Daniel Mackenzie, who arrived at the rank of colonel in the service of the Statholder. He had a son, Barnard, who was a major in Seaforth's regiment, and was killed at the battle of Auldearn. He left a son, also named Barnard, who became a distinguished Greek and Latin scholar, and who taught those languages for four years at Fortrose. He was afterwards ordained as a clergyman by the Bishop of Ross, and presented to the Episcopal Church of Cromarty, where, after a variety of fortunes, he died, and was buried in the Cathedral Church of Fortrose. His eldest son, Alexander, studied medicine under Boerhave, and afterwards practiced his profession at Fortrose. He married Ann, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie of Belmaduthy, purchased the lands of Kinnock, and had a son, Barnard, and two daughters—Catherine and Ann.

Young Kintail, after disposing of Macgillandries, returned to his own country, where he was received with open arms by the whole population of the district. He then married the only daughter of his gallant friend and defender, Macaulay—whose only son, as already stated, had been killed by Macgillandries—and through her Mackenzie succeeded to all the lands of Lochbroom and Coigeach, granted to Macaulay's predecessor by Alexander II. Mackenzie now engaged himself principally in preserving and improving his possessions until the return of David II. from England in 1357-8, when he laid before his Majesty a complaint against the Earl of Ross for the murder of his father, and claimed redress; but Earl William dying in the interim, and his possessions having fallen, through Euphemia his daughter, who had married Sir Walter Lesley, to Alexander, her son and heir, the only redress he could obtain was a confirmation of his rights previously granted by the King to "Murdo filius Kennethi de Kintaile, &c.," dated "Edinburg 1362, et Regni Domini Regis VI., Testibus Waltero senescollo et allis."* Referring to this Baron's reign, the Laird of Applecross says:—"During this turbulent age, securities and writs, as well as laws, were little regarded; each man's protection lay in his own

* MS. Histories of the Mackenzies.

strength." Kintail regularly attended the first Parliament of Robert II. (1372), until it was decreed by that monarch and his Privy Council that the services of the "lesser Barons" would not be required in future Parliaments or General Councils. He then returned home, and spent most of his time in hunting and wild sports, to which he was devotedly attached, living peaceably and undisturbed during the remainder of his days.

Murdoch of Kintail took no share in the late rebellion under the Lord of the Isles, who, backed by most of the other West Highland Chiefs, attempted to throw off his independence, and have himself proclaimed King of the Isles. The feeble and effeminate Government of David II., and the evil results consequent thereon throughout the country, encouraged him in this desperate enterprise; but, as Tytler informs us in his history of Scotland, King David on this occasion. "with an unwonted energy of character, commanded the attendance of the Stewart, with the prelates and barons of the realm, and surrounded by this formidable body of vassals and retainers, proceeded against the rebels in person." This expedition proved completely successful, and John of the Isles, with a numerous train of the wild Chieftains who joined him in the rebellion, met the King at Inverness, and submitted to his authority. He there engaged, in the most solemn manner, for himself and for his vassals, that they should yield themselves faithful and obedient subjects to David their liege lord. And not only give due and prompt obedience to the ministers of the King in suit and service, as well as in the payment of taxes and public burdens, but that they would coerce and put down all others, and compel all who dared to rise against the King's authority to make due submission, or pursue them from their respective territories. For the fulfilment of these obligations, the Lord of the Isles not only gave his most solemn oath before the King and his nobles, on condition of forfeiting his whole possessions in case of failure, but offered his father-in-law, the High Stewart, as his security; and delivered his son Donald, his grandson Angus, and his natural son, also named Donald, as hostages for the strict performance of the articles of the treaty, which was duly signed and attested, and dated the 15th November 1369.* Fordun a Goodal informs us, that in order to crush the Highlanders, and the more easily, as the King thought, to secure obedience to the laws, he used artifice by dividing the the chiefs, and promising high rewards to those who would capture or kill their brother chiefs; and, the writer continues, "this diabolical plan, by implanting the seeds of dis-union amongst the chiefs, succeeded, and they gradually destroyed one another."

This was the turbulent and unsecure state of affairs throughout the Kingdom when the Chief of Mackenzie was peaceably and quietly enjoying himself in his Highland home. He died in 1375. By his wife Isabel, only daughter of Macaulay of Lochbroom, he had a son and successor.

(To be Continued.)

* For a full copy of this iatrument, see "Invernessiana," pp. 69-70.

OUR OWN LYRICAL POETRY.

By the Rev. George Gilfillan.

—o—

[Concluded.]

We find in the next section of the century, after Milton and Dryden flourished, some delicious drops of song, such as Gay's "Black-Ey'd Susan," and his ballad beginning

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring
All on a rock inclined,

and one or two fine Scotch ditties, by Allan Ramsay, such as "The last time I came o'er the muir." Farther on we come to the hymns of Dr Watts, and although I have heard of a clergyman dashing the book down from his pulpit and exclaiming "Watts' whims," yet I must confess a sneaking kindness for "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour," and "'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain, you have waked me too soon, I must slumber again," and "Let dogs delight to bark and bite." You always connect these with the figure of a beautiful little child repeating them at her or his mother's knee, with upcast looks and in those silvery rippling sounds which are perhaps the sweetest music on earth. James Thomson has written one song, which, without the "Seasons," would have made him immortal—I mean "Rule Britannia." I might reproduce it, but it would need to be sung, and I don't profess to sing either songs or sermons. Thomson's friend and imitator, David Mallett, published Bolingbroke's posthumous works, concerning which Johnson made the characteristic remark "Sir Bolingbroke was a scoundrel and a coward—a scoundrel to load a blunderbus against religion, and a coward to leave a crown to a beggarly Scot, to draw the trigger after he was dead." Yet this "beggarly Scot"—and he was no great honour to Scotland on the whole—wrote one or two fine lyrics. One is on the "Birks of Invermay," not perhaps good enough to be quoted. There was, I think, an older and a better ballad on the subject. I have heard of a Scottish gentleman in Paris hearing children singing in the street the "Birks of Invermay," and it melted him to tears. Mallett's other lyric or ballad is "William and Margaret," the story of the ghost of a seduced maiden who appeared to her lover and drove him to distraction and death.

Then there are Beattie, and Shenstone, and Smollett's magnificent ode to Independence, and Oliver Goldsmith, whose beautiful ballad, "Edwin and Angelina," you may find in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and there are also his stanzas on "Woman," which are so short and so pathetic that I must quote them :—

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom is to die.

And Dr Johnson himself who wrote some masculine verses on the death of Levett and Chatterton. Then there was the marvellous boy Chatterton, whose principal productions or forgeries were odes; and Christopher Smart, whose ode to David (written by him in a madhouse, and, in the want of ink and paper, with a key on the wainscot) is one of the most sublime of strains, and might be so rendered as to make the hair of every lover of poetry stand on end; and Thomas Wilson with his fine odes; and Logan or Bruce with—I don't very well know to which of them to ascribe it—the "Ode to the Cuckoo," but here is one verse which Shakspere might have envied—

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever fair,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

And Granger with his noble ode to "Solitude;" and in our own Scottish dialect, John Lowe's "Mary's Dream," and Lady Anne Barnard's "Auld Robin Gray," and the Rev. John Skinner's "Tullochgorum," and the "Ewe wi' the Crooked Horn." Besides these there are two lyrical writers in the eighteenth century who stand towering perhaps above all—I mean Thomas Gray and William Collins, the one the author of the "Bard," and the "Ode at the distant prospect of Eton College," and the "Elegy written in a Churchyard," a poem this that speaks to the human heart; and with nothing but a nameless character, and no story at all except the common lot; little incident but birth and death, impresses us as much as the largest biography would have done, and we feel as if we had known the man for a lifetime, when we read his epitaph—

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not in his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him as his own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear,
He gained from Heaven (was all he wished) a friend.
No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God.

But William Collins enjoyed a far deeper affiation of the lyrical god. He had the true madness of the poet or prophet, and spoke as he was moved. His ode to "Evening," is written in a measure which is neither rhyme nor blank verse, but in his hands is more musical than either—musical as the soft hush of evening herself. His ode on the "Passions" is the most elaborate of his productions, and yet its power is not at all impaired by its polish. And of his "Ode to Liberty" Christopher North says that its voice is oracular as from a shrine. Poor Collins! Thy fate was disastrous, more so than most even of those of thy own fortunate kindred—

Whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire.

When he published his immortal odes (which are now classical) his little volume fell still-born from the press, and the unfortunate author in proud humility and indignant despair burned the unsold copies with his own hands. His mind afterwards became affected. He lived in retirement at Islington. Dr Johnson visited him there, and found him sitting with one book in his hand. His friend, curious to know what book was the chosen companion of a man of letters, asked a sight of it. It was an English Testament such as children carry to the school. "I have but one book," said poor Collins, "but it is the best." His melancholy deepened into phrensy, and at last he died in its cloud at Chichester, where he was residing with his sister. There may be still seen in the Cathedral a fine monument from the hand of Flaxman, representing the poet in a lucid interval musing on the open page of a New Testament, while his lyre and one of his odes lie neglected on the ground. Alas for the poetic temperament, that electric wire stretching from heaven to hell, conversant with all heights and all depths, with all ecstacies and all agonies, but ignorant of the intermediate plains of peace, of calm, solid enjoyment, of "deep self-possession and intense repose."

William Cowper is more of a didactic and pious than of a lyrical poet, yet let it not be forgotten that the author of the "Task," and the lines on the "Receipt of his Mother's Picture," is also the author of the diverting "History of John Gilpin," which has created more laughter—and especially more laughter from children, the choicest of all—than any other poem in the same compass since the world began, and has also written the poem of "Alexander Selkirk," and the spirit-stirring verses on the "Loss of the Royal George," not to speak of his Olney Hymns, which, though gloomy, are tender and touching.

But we come now to the greatest lyrical poet that ever breathed, and he was a Scotchman, and his name was Robert Burns. Yes, not more was Shakspere the greatest dramatist, and Milton the greatest epic writer, and Wordsworth the greatest reflective poet, than Burns was the greatest of all lyrical bards. He has written masterly epistles, dialogues, satires, letters, and one religious poem, "The Cottar's Saturday Night," of transcendent worth. But while these are fragments, his songs are a world in themselves, and a world how varied as well as vast! You find every note of the lyric muse sounded, every chord on that greater lyre, the human heart, touched with equal mastery and with a skill in which untaught Nature far exceeds the efforts of Art. The very essence of love may be found in a hundred of his ditties, notably in "Mary Morrison"—

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing—
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And you the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
"Ye are my Mary Morrison."

A deeper and more chivalrous sentiment still appears in the closing lines of the same beautiful strain—

If love for love thus wilt na gi'e,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought of Mary Morrison.

Patriotism has inspired his "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and the spirit of a thousand battles for liberty has breathed through the words, "Let us do or die." Revelry in its wildest, maddest shape animates the "Jolly Beggars" and "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut;" manly independence glows in many a noble verse; witness this—

I hae a penny to spend,
There's thanks to naebody;
I hae naething to lend,
I'll borrow frae naebody.

The love of Nature colours many of his songs besides "Highland Mary," where he shows a passion for *her* charms only inferior to that for his lost love, as he cries—

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The Castle of Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fresh your flowers,
Your waters never drumly.

And humanity itself, the love of the whole human race, breaks out in the words,—

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd, for a' that.
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Aye, this is the true Psalm of Life. The proof of the power of Burns' songs—that they were designed to be the expressions of the universal human heart, is the fact that they have actually become so. They are not confined to Scotland or Britain. They are sung in every land, and are as familiar and as enthusiastically welcome among the Rocky Mountains, as among the lakes of Coila; among the burning sands of Africa, as amidst the heather bloom and green bracken of Caledonia—under the Southern Cross of Australia and Queensland, as under the morning star rising over Criffel, or the evening sun seen from Ayr setting over the black mountains of Arran. Are there more than two or three sons of song of whom so much can be said? Treading on the steps of Burns as lyrists, there have been some eminent poets. Campbell has written some songs almost equal, indeed, to those of Burns, such as his "Exile of Erin," his "Wounded Hussar," and his "Mariners of England," the meteor flag of which is still burning, and shall never be quenched. Sir Walter Scott has added to the "many crowns" which are on his head a beautiful coronet, composed of such strains as "Jock o' Hazeldean," "Blue Bonnets over the Border," "Allan-a-Dale," "Young Lochinvar," and a score of similar lyrics scattered profusely through his novels and poems. James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," has written a good many rough but powerful songs and lyrics, such as his "Skylark," his "Donald Macgillivray," and his "Kye come hame." Lady Nairne has almost entitled herself to the name of the "Female Burns" by her "Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," "He's owre the hills whom I lo'e weel," her "Hundred

pipers, an' a', an' a'." Allan Cunningham has in his "Relics of Nithsdale" and Galloway song written some very powerful and beautiful ballads, and who has forgotten his "It's hame, it's hame," and his "Wet sheet and a flowing sea"—

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind,
I hear a fair one cry;
But give to me the roaring breeze,
And white waves heaving high,
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship sailing free,
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in that horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud,
And hark, the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

It were unpardonable to omit the lady lyrists of the age, though, since I cannot refer to all of them, such notable ones are Johanna Baillie, Mrs Hemans, and Letitia Landon! Well I remember the late Henry Glassford Bell describing himself "handing the kettle to Johanna Baillie, walking with Mrs Hemans round the Calton Hill by moonlight, and treading a measure with Letitia Landon." It were unpardonable too to omit in the catalogue of song-writers Tom Moore, the Bard of Ireland,

The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,

and whose Irish melodies, if they are no more comparable to those of Burns than the bullfinch is to the linnet, or the wild harp of Erin to a musical snuffbox, are still delectable ditties in their way, as the "Meeting of the Waters," "Love's Young Dream," and many others prove.

Byron has thrown down haughtily amid his more elaborate works, and with an air full of the insolence of conscious wealth, some powerful odes, such as "There is no joy the world can give but what it takes away," "The Isles of Greece," &c. But he was too sullen and self-involved to be a good lyrist, the essence of that kind of poetry being abandonment and self-forgetfulness. There was far more of the love-lyrical lilt in poor Shelley. In popular power and passions he was much inferior to him whom he used to call "the Byronic energy." Yet in a certain spiritual music, like the song of the angels which men have fancied they have heard in the evening air, or under the moon of midnight sinking and swelling, and as it swelled and sank mingling congenially with the sighs of breezes through the woods, with the notes of lovely streams singing to the stars, and with

That seldom heard, mysterious sound,
Which, as it floats through endless day,
The world enkindles on its way,

and in a refined and elaborate sentiment, fitted to be the burden of such superhuman melody, Shelley excells all poets; and if of his "Skylark," his "Lines to an Indian Air," his verses on the Aziola, his "Love," and his "Hymn to Night," and to "Sleep," we are tempted to say, as was said of the strains heard on Prospero's island, while to their music the clouds above were opening to show riches ready to drop—"This is no mortal business and no sound that the earth owns." Of Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and Keats, and Tennyson, I have no space, and it is not needful to write. Time would fail me to dilate on the exquisite little melodies sprinkled through some of the works of Alexander Smith, such as his "Barbara;" of Gerald Massey, such as his nuptial song in "Babe Christabel;" on Airel's "Swallow;" on Dobell's "Winter Night" in his "Roman;" on Swinburne's "Songs before Sunrise;" on John Wright's "Sea Song;" on my relation, R. Gilfillan's "Why did I leave my hame;" on W. Allan's nice little Highland melodies, many of which appeared in the *Celtic Magazine;* on Surfaceman's "Song of Labour;" and there are hundreds besides.

In closing this paper on a theme which has, to me at least, many attractions, I have simply to recommend the study of poetry. It is too much, I fear, neglected in the present day. Men immersed in the absorbing pursuit of wealth, making haste to be rich, or lapped in those pleasures which increasing wealth furnishes, hardened in the fierce forge of political discussion, or busy in seeking, by shorter or longer cuts, by cheaper or by dearer methods, to frame in this age of enquiry on the one hand, and of excitement on the other, a religion for themselves which may form a resting-place for the soles of their feet amidst the rolling waters of uncertainty which are around, or while cultivating the more fashionable accomplishments of music and painting are, I doubt, forsaking the Pierian waters of poetry with their English undefiled, with their pure pleasures, their humanising influences, and their anticipation of celestial raptures, when vision has become perfect, and when song shall proclaim the glorious consummation. But let me fondly trust that to poetry, as the loftiest of all arts—the poetry which God himself has not disdained to employ as the chief medium in his great communications to the Hebrew nation, from the poetic and mythical version of the Creation in the first chapter of Genesis down to the thunder strains of the Apocalypse, as voluntaries played off on the organ of eternity—poetry which has been the mother-tongue of so many of Britain's illustrious children, from her Bacons, her Shaksperes, and her Jeremy Taylors, to her Burkes, her Coleridges, and her Chalmerses—that the age shall return with something of a feeling of remorse at having abandoned it so long, and with a deep-felt conviction that no land can be permanently prosperous or thoroughly educated which does not at once love and create, appreciate and produce genuine poetry. No great age ever failed to do so.

ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY AND MODERN SUPERSTITIONS.

By the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A.

—o—

[Concluded.]

Somewhat resembling the alleged faculty described in my last, yet different from it, are certain prognostications of death, which are said to be seen in the shape of blue, quivering lights, resembling the feeble flame of a taper. These have been observed moving along in the course which some funeral procession would soon take, or perhaps twinkling in or about the bed on which some individual was soon to die. Many intelligent people firmly believe in the existence of these lights.

Now for another subject. Some ages ago, if not even still, many in the Western Isles believed in the existence of the "Gruagach," a female spectre of the class of "Brownies" to which the Highland dairy-maids made frequent libations of milk. The Gruagach is said to have been an innocent, supernatural visitor who frisked and gambolled about the cattle-pens and folds. She was armed only with a pliable reed, with which she switched all who annoyed her by uttering obscene language or would neglect to leave for her a share of the dairy produce. Even so late as 1770 the dairy-maids who attended a herd of cattle in the Island of Trodda, at the north end of Skye, were in the habit of pouring daily a quantity of milk on a hollow stone for the Gruagach. Should they neglect to do so, they made sure of feeling the effects of Miss Gruagach's wand next day. The Rev. Dr Macqueen, then minister of Kilmuir, of whom Dr Johnson spoke so highly, and who is buried within a few yards of Flora Macdonald's grave, went purposely to Trodda to check this gross superstition. He might have then succeeded for a time, but it is known that many believed in the existence of the Gruagach long after that worthy clergyman had been gathered to his fathers. Besides the votaries of this ridiculous superstition, there are others who confidently believe in the existence of an evil eye, by which cattle and all kinds of property are said to suffer injury. The glance of an evil eye is, therefore, very much dreaded. It deprives cows of their milk, and milk of its nutritive qualities, and renders it unfit for the various preparations made from it. This superstitition can certainly lay claim to great antiquity. Virgil, Ossian, and other writers seem to have dreaded the effects of it, at least they allude to its existence. Virgil says (Eclog. III., 103)—

Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.
(I know not what malignant eye bewitches my tender lambs.)

But equally superstitious are the means resorted to for the cure of these sad afflictions, such as the use of certain charms, the repetition of strange rhymes, putting living trout in a portion of the injured milk, and many other such ridiculous appliances.

There is an endless variety of superstitions in regard to things which

are unlucky or unfortunate to be done. It is unfortunate if a stranger counts the number of your sheep, cattle, or children. It is quite common if one asks, "How many children have you?" to add the words, "Bless them" to the question. It is unlucky for an odd number to sit at a table, such as 7, 9, 11; and 13 in particular is so unfortunate that unless rectified, one of the party is sure to die that year. It is unlucky if a stranger walks across a parcel of fishing-rods on the sea-beach, or over ropes, oars, or sailing gear, when a boat is about to go to sea. Means are used for getting the stranger to retrace his steps. It is unlucky to drink the health of a company, or to serve them round a table except from left to right, as the sun goes in the firmament, or the hands on the dial-plate of a watch. It is unlucky, in setting off, to row in a boat, or to commence a procession at a marriage or funeral, but to the right. The learned Lochaber correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* lately alluded at length to these last two superstitions. It is unlucky to hear the cuckoo, or see a foal or snail before breakfast. As to this there is a Gaelic rhyme as follows, viz. :—

Chunnaic mi an searrachan 'sa chulaobh rium,
Chunnaic mi an t-seilcheag air an lic luim;
Chual mi' a' chuag gun ghreim 'nam bhroinn,
Is dh' aithnich mi fein nach rachadh a' bhliadhn' so leam.

These lines may be translated thus—

With its back to me turn'd I beheld the young foal,
And the snail on the bare flag in motion so slow;
Without tasting of food, lo! the cuckoo I heard,
Then judged that the year would not prosperously go.

It is unlucky to stand between an epileptic man and fire or water. In Shetland there was once an idea that it was unlucky to save drowning men. It is unlucky to throw out water after sunset, and before sunrise. It is unlucky to have a grave open upon Sunday, as another will be dug during the week for some of the family. If a corpse does not stiffen after death, there will be another death in the family before the end of that year. Fires and candles afford presages of death. Long hollow coals spirted from the fire are coffins. Winding-sheets are indicated when the tallow of the candle curls away from the flame. The howling of a dog at night, and the resting of a crow or a magpie on the housetop, are warnings of death. It is unlucky to weigh infants; they are sure to die. Cats sleeping near infants suck their breath and kill them. When children begin to walk they must go up stairs before they go down stairs, otherwise they will not thrive in the world, and if there is no stair they should climb a chair. A mother after the birth of a child must not go outside beyond her house door until she goes to be "kirked." If you rock an empty cradle you will soon rock a new baby in it. It is quite curious to see the face of alarm with which a poor woman, with her tenth baby in her arms, will dash across the room to prevent "the baby but one" from the dangerous amusement of rocking the empty cradle. It is unlucky that a stray swarm of bees should settle on your premises unclaimed by their owner. It is customary in many parts of England when a death takes place to go and tell the bees of it, to ask them to the funeral, and

to fix a piece a crape upon their hives! It is unlucky to catch a sight of the new moon through a window. It is a token of fine weather to see the old moon in the arms of the new, and so is the turning up of the horns of the new moon, as they retain the water which would fall to the earth if the horns were turned down. It is unlucky to enter a house which you are to occupy by the back door. If, when fishing, you count what you have taken, you will catch no more. If you break your bones by accident it is unlucky and useless to employ a physician or surgeon to bind them, as it is believed that, however skilful these may be in curing all other maladies, they know nothing whatever about the setting of broken bones. Many remarkable cures are resorted to, such as healing sore eyes by putting gold rings in the ears, by rubbing them with jewels of pure gold, and by repeating certain rhymes. Warts are removed by washing them in rain-water or swine's blood. Serpents' heads are preserved for years to heal their own sting-wounds. If a man, cow, or any animal be stung by a serpent, let the dried serpent's head be cast into water, let the wound be washed in it, and it soon heals. Fried mice are a specific for small-pox. Whooping-cough is cured by whatever is recommended by a person riding a piebald horse. A spider put into a goose-quill, well sealed, and put round a child's neck, will cure it of the thrush. In the Island of Soa, near Skye, it was customary when the head of a family died that a large lock of hair was cut off his head and nailed fast to the door-lintel to keep off the fairies. Sailors are sometimes very superstitious. They greatly dread the stormy petrel (the *Thalussidroma pelagica*), or Mother Carey's chickens, as they flutter at night around their masts and yards. These birds are regarded as objects of superstitious fear, believing that they are possessed of supernatural agency in creating danger for the poor, hard-toiled mariner. At one time, a horse-shoe nailed to the mast of the vessel was great security against all evil agencies, such as witches, petrels, fairies, and evil eyes. To recapitulate all such superstitious frets would be an endless task. There are many similar fanciful notions in regard to births, baptisms, marriages, and deaths, but it is impossible presently to enlarge upon them. It was once prevalent when a child was baptised, that the infant was neither washed nor bathed that night, for fear of washing off the baptismal water before it had slept under it. Frequently, too, the water used in baptism was bottled up as an effectual recipe for various disorders. Parents took all possible care lest their female infants would be baptised with the same water used for male children, for if they should, the females would grow up with beards! A few years ago, I was baptising two or three children at the same time, in a village near by, when the first presented was a boy, and the next a girl. After the water had been sprinkled on the face of the boy, and when I was about to do the same to the girl, an old worthy granny present hastily snatched away the bowl containing the water, poured it out, and filled it afresh, muttering aloud, "*Na leigeadh Ni Math gum biodh feusag air mo chaileig*" (Goodness forbid that my lassie should have a beard). It is also alleged by carpenters that, while in bed at night, they hear their saws, hammers, and planes at work before being employed next day to make a coffin. Highlanders in particular speak confidently of the expected nature of the weather, from the figure, appearance, colour, coming,

and stages of the moon. They avoid slaughtering sheep, pigs, and cattle in the wane of the moon, as then the meat would shrink in cooking. In the same way they study to shear corn, to mow grass, to fell trees, and to cut peats and turf in the wane of the moon, as the best time for the drying and seasoning of these commodities.

There are many superstitious observances at certain seasons of the year, of which we must speak briefly. And we have

I. "*La Calluinn*," and "*Oidhche Challuinn*" (New-Year's Day and New-Year's Night). Besides the "first-footing," which is a common practice still, the Highlanders observed many in-door and out-door ceremonies. On New-Year's Eve, they surrounded each other's houses, carrying dried cow-hides, and beating them with sticks, thrashing the walls with clubs, all the time crying, shouting, and repeating rhymes. This is supposed to operate as a charm against fairies, demons, and spirits of every order. They provided themselves with the "flap," or hanging part of the hide on the cow's neck, which they called "*caisean-uchd*," and which they singed in the fire and presented to the inmates of the family, one after another, to be smelled, as a charm against all injuries from fairies and spirits. A specimen of the rhymes they repeated with loud chorus is as follows:—

Mor-phiseach air an tigh,	Great good luck to the house,
Piseach air an teaghlach,	Good luck to the family,
Piseach air gach cabar,	Good luck to every rafter of it.
Is air gach ni saoghalt' ann.	And to every worldly thing in it.
Piseach air eich a's crodh,	Good luck to horses and cattle.
Piseach air na caoraich,	Good luck to the sheep,
Piseach air na h-uile ni,	Good luck to every thing,
'S piseach air ar maoin uil'.	And good luck to all your means.
Piseach air bean-an-tighe,	Luck to the good-wife,
Piseach air na paistean,	Good luck to the children,
Piseach air gach caraide,	Good luck to every friend,
Mor-phiseach agus slaint dhuibh.	Great fortune and health to all.

II. The next principal season is "*Di-domhnuich-caisg*" (Easter Sunday). This period is observed in the Highlands by preparing and eating certain kinds of pan-cakes made of eggs, milk, meal, or flour. Together with this the young people provide themselves with large quantities of hard-boiled, dyed eggs, which they roll about, and finally eat. It is said that the Anglo-Saxons were in the habit of eating consecrated cakes at their religious feasts. The English hot cross buns at Easter are only the cakes which the Saxons ate in honour of their goddess "Eastre," and from which the Christian clergy, who were unable to prevent people from eating them, sought to expel the Paganism by marking them with the cross. Hence the hot cross buns.

III. The next principal season is "*La Bealtuinn*" (May-day, Whitsuntide). The demonstrations of this day are now all but extinct. The first of May was held as a great Druidical festival in honour of the mighty Asiatic god "Belus." Fires were kindled on the mountain-tops, through which all the cattle of the country were driven to preserve them till the

next May-day. On this day all the hearth fires were extinguished, in order to be kindled from this purifying flame. Hence the word *Bealtuinn* is *Beil-teine*, the "fire of Belus." So that *La Bealtuinn* (Whitsunday) is "the day of Belus' fire." Of old in the Highlands the young people went to the moors on this day, made a circular table on the grass, cut a trench around it, kindled a huge fire, baked a large cake, which they cut into as many similar pieces as there were persons present. They daubed one of the pieces with charcoal, and made it perfectly black. Then they put all the bits of cake into a bonnet, from which all of them, blindfolded, drew a bit. Whoever drew the black bit was the person who was doomed to be sacrificed to Baal; and in order to avoid the execution of this doom, he was compelled to leap six times over the flames. Even in Ayrshire Baal's fire was kindled till about the year 1790. In England we have to go back a couple of hundred years for the complete May-day. The ceremonies of the day began at midnight, when all went forth with music and the blowing of horns to some neighbouring wood, where they gathered burdens of green branches. These they brought back at an early hour, so that by daylight the whole village looked quite a bower. We read of King Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine riding from Greenwich to Shooter's Hill, attended by lords and ladies, to join in the May morning sports. In most villages May-poles, as tall as ships' masts, were erected, and were painted with all colours, and decorated with flags. Around these poles young and old danced for hours to the sound of the pipe and viol. On May-day morning, it is still customary, for the fair sex in particular, in the south country to go to the fields to wash their faces in the dew, while in other quarters hundreds frequented sacred wells for health and refreshment.

VI. The only other season noted for superstitious observances is that of "Hallowe'en," on which just a few words may be said. Hallowe'en in Gaelic is *Samhuinn*, that is *Samh-theine*, the "fire of peace." It is a Druidical festival, at which the "fire of peace" was regularly kindled. There is no night in the year which the popular imagination has stamped with a more peculiar character than Hallowe'en. It was the night, above all others, when supernatural influences prevailed. It was the night for the universal walking abroad of all sorts of spirits, fairies, and ghosts. All had liberty on that night. It was customary in many parts of Scotland to have hundreds of torches prepared in every district for weeks before Hallowe'en, so that, after sunset on that evening, every youth able to carry a blazing torch, or *samhnag*, ran forth to surround the boundaries of their farms with these burning lights, and thereby protect all their possessions from the fairies. Having thus secured themselves by the "fires of peace," all households congregated to practice the various ceremonies and superstitious rites of that eventful evening. As these are pretty fully alluded to in Burns' poem of "Hallowe'en," it is unnecessary to enlarge here. There is still a remarkable uniformity in the fireside customs of this night all over the kingdom. Nuts and apples are everywhere in requisition. These the old matron of the house has generally in store beforehand for the youngsters' good luck on that night, or, as the Ayrshire Bard has so naturally expressed it—

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordit nits
Are round and round divided,
And mony lads' and lasses' fate
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle couthie, side by side,
And burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
And jump out-owre the chimley,
Fu' high that night.

The ceremonies of that evening were numerous—such as, ducking for apples in a tub of water, the pulling of kail stocks, the three dishes or "luggies," the wetting of the shirt sleeve, the sowing of hempseed, pulling the stalks of corn, throwing the clue of blue yarn into the pit of the kiln, the white of eggs put into a glass of water, reading fortunes in tea-cups; these and many more were the superstitious ceremonies of Hallowe'en.

We will just, before concluding, mention one other instance of superstitious delusion, and that is, the veneration that has been paid for ages to "sacred wells," and the confidence placed in their charms all over the kingdom for the curing of diseases both mentally and bodily. It appears of old that if a well had a peculiar situation, if its waters were bright and clear, it was dedicated to some tutelary saint, by honouring it with his name. Thus we have St Fillan's well, St Conel's well, St Catherine's, St Bernard's, St Cuthbert's wells, and a host of others in Scotland. We have hundreds of holy wells in England, such as St Chad's, St John's, St Mary's, St Madern's wells, all remarkable for something. We have St Winifred's holy well in Flintshire, the most famous in the three kingdoms, at whose shrine Geraldus Cambrensis offered his devotions in the twelfth century. The vast majority of holy wells were frequented for any disease, while some wells were visited for special ailments, for the cure of which they had been celebrated. St Tegla's well was patronised by sufferers from the falling sickness; St John's, Balmanno, Kincardineshire, by rickety children, and sore eyes. The waters of Trinity Gask, Perthshire, will render all baptised therein proof against every plague. In the Island of St Kilda there are two wells—*Tobar nam buadh* (the spring of virtues), celebrated for deafness, and *Tobar a' chleirich* (the clerk's well)—which, though covered twice a day by the sea, never become brackish. At Kirkden, in Angus, there is a well said to cure all sores, by mere washing, after the applications of skilled physicians had proved ineffectual. But by far the most interesting wells in this country are those formerly resorted to for the cure of insanity. Of these may be mentioned St Fillan's well, near Tyndrom, Perthshire, one in the Island of Maree, in Loch Maree, Ross-shire, as well as St Nun's celebrated fountain, in Cornwall. The curing process at St Fillan's may be described as a specimen. The lunatics were first plunged into the water, wherein they were tumbled and tossed about rather roughly. They were then carried into the adjacent Chapel of St Fillan's, and there secured with ropes, tied in a special way. A celebrated bell, which has a history of its own, was then placed with great solemnity on the patient's head. There the poor creature was left all night alone in the dreary chapel, and if in the morning he was found unloosed, hopes

were entertained that he would recover his reason, but the case was hopeless if found still in his bonds. Very frequently the patients were released from the bonds and tormentors by death, caused by the cold, and all the cruelties inflicted upon them. St Catherine's well, near Edinburgh, was regarded in olden times with great awe, because there appeared a black substance on its surface which could be set on fire. This dark-looking, greasy substance, or oil, was supposed to proceed from the strata of coal underneath, and it was believed to cure all sorts of cutaneous diseases. In the north end of Skye, and a little beneath the towering cliffs of the far-famed Quiraing, there is a conflux of pure, fresh-water springs, which form a small elliptical pond of considerable depth. It is a beautiful spot, pleasantly hemmed in with shrubs and bushes. It is called "Loch Sianta," or the "Holy Lake." Owing to the natural beauty of this little Hebridean Siloam, the natives conceived it to be favoured with its divinity, to whom, in the days of darkness and superstition, they were extremely punctual in making offerings of various kinds. Invalids resorted thither, drank of its waters, washed themselves therein, and received thereby cures for their mental and bodily ailments. These superstitions have, however, long ceased, and Loch Sianta, though beautiful as ever, has lost its ancient charms in this more enlightened age. On the first Sunday of May (old style) the well at *Creagag*, or Craigie, in Munlochy Bay, was believed to possess powerful charms against diseases, witchcrafts, fairies, and such like. For weeks before the time old and young prepared for their pilgrimage to *Tobar Chreagag*. All behoved to bring their offerings. Coloured threads and rags of cloth were brought in thousands, and hung upon the rocks and brushwood, as propitiatory gifts to the saint of the healing waters. Even in St Kilda the divinities of *Tobar nam buadh*, and *Tobar a' chleirich*, had to be propitiated by offerings, in the shape of shells, pins, needles, pebbles, coins, or rags, otherwise their tutelary saints would be inexorable. So common, indeed, was this habit, that at the Rag-well, near Newcastle, the shrubs and bushes near the spring were densely covered with rags. And many of my readers are old enough to have seen crowds of the good citizens of the Highland Capital flocking on a May morn eastward to the well at Culloden to taste of its waters, and to cover with their offerings of rags the branches of the surrounding trees. There is a place beyond Kessock Ferry, near the point of Kilmuir, called "Craigie-How," where there is a cave close to the sea-beach. In this cave a little water falls down from the roof in drops on the stones below. These drops are to this day considered a complete cure for deafness, if properly applied. The patient lies down, and lays his head on the flags, and lets the water fall first into the one ear and then into the other. After some formalities are gone through the patient rises, and the deafness is believed to be gone!

There was a superstition in Ross-shire whereby it was believed that the soul did not finally and completely leave the body until the corpse had been laid in the grave. There was a similar superstition in Perthshire, whereby it was believed that at the moment of dissolution, whether by a natural death or by any accident, the soul or spirit was visibly seen leaving the body in the shape of a little creature like a bee. Witches frequently put themselves into the appearance of animals,

such as a hare, but when arrows were pointed at them, barbed with silver, or muskets loaded with silver coins for shot, the semblance of the hare disappeared at once, and some shrivelled, decrepit hag of a witch-wife stood before the shooter in full size!

We have now finished the remarks which we had prepared in illustration of what formed the subject of these papers, and have to crave the reader's indulgence to its many imperfections. We ought, all of us, to learn one lesson from the subject under review, and that is, gratitude to the Great Ruler of all things, because he has cast our lot under more favourable circumstances, and because we live in these realms under the light and the liberty of a preached Gospel. The press and the pulpit have now opened the eyes of men, the schoolmaster is abroad, and the many superstitions by which past ages have been deluded have greatly vanished before the pure light of evangelic truth. Where are now the multitudinous creations of the old Greek and Roman mythologies? Where are their Lares, and their Penates, their Fauns, Satyrs, Nymphs, Dryads, Hama-Dryads—their gods and goddesses? Where are they now? In many quarters of the world they have disappeared before the lustre of that revelation which has brought the truth of immortality to light, and which impresses the imagination of man with truer notions and simpler imagery. The true but stern morality of the Christian religion will make man sensible of his duty here, and of his responsibilities hereafter, and will wean his mind from every superstition and idolatry. We cannot but admire the dauntless courage of Paul, when, at Athens, he boldly faced the Epicurian and Stoic philosophers—when "he stood in the midst of Mars' Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things, ye are too superstitious." There he met a people, the most distinguished for the wisdom of their political constitution, for the brilliancy of their achievements, for the extent and variety of their learning, and for the refinement of their manners; yet a people who, amid all their glory and renown, were ignorant of the true God, and lived the blind and deluded victims of the grossest idolatry and superstition. It behoves us all, therefore, to follow the example of this great advocate of religious liberty. Be it remembered that idolatry and superstition have not as yet passed away from the earth, but still continue, in many regions, to exercise an oppressive tyranny over the minds of a large section of the human race. An extensive field lies outstretched before us, where the most laudable conflicts in the cause of true Christianity may be maintained, and where the noblest triumphs may be won. Yes, every Christian has a sphere for himself wherein to labour, a vineyard wherein to work, a battlefield whereon to fight, and thus an opportunity to forward the great cause of truth. Opportunity is given to all, high and low, to quit themselves like men, even to the honest, diligent "workman," who, with the mighty advantages of his "club," will stand fast and firm to the interests of truth, and to the cherishing of those principles of loyalty and integrity by which he is himself appreciated as a useful, respected, and important member of society.

THE DOOM OF DUNOLLY.

By William Allan.

—o—

V.

The full-browed moon leapt from her shrouds,
And left behind the darkening clouds,
And flung o'er mountains, hills, and braes,
The softened splendour of her rays;
O'er Cruachan Ben they nimbly crept,
On dark Loch Awe they gently slept,
And westward far she sent her smiles,
Till silver-bathed appeared the Isles.
The moon was up! then wide and far
Arose Macdougall's cry of war;
From Etive's shore, from sweet Bonaw,
To Killinver and grey Kintraw,
It wildly pealed on Avich's side.
Dalmally and Kilchurn replied;
And gloomy Brander's echoes rung,
As speedy clansmen rushed along.
Thro' tangled brake, o'er stretching heath,
And poured their startling cry of death,
Which summoned from each distant cot
The clansmen to the mustering spot.
Ere reached the moon her half-way mark,
From mountain-side, from gorges dark,
From heath, from hill, from every glen,
Rushed forth full-armed, stout, plaided men,
Whose distant forms were oft revealed
As flashed the moonbeams on each shield;
Obedient to the call they flew,
Nor aught of toil or fear they knew.
As singly some careered along,
They lowly hummed a battle-song,
The distance lessening 'neath the lay,
Which cheered them on their lonely way;
Till on Dunolly's tow'r they gazed,
Upon whose northern wall still blazed
The beacon's fitful, lurid light,
Betok'ning danger, foes, or fight.
Around the walls were gathered then,
Two hundred of Macdougall's men,
Wild, unkempt, shaggy warriors grim,
Broad-chested, strong in arm and limb;
From youth to ceaseless warfare trained,
A terror far their names remained;
Before their Chief, in armed array,
The horde stood ready for the fray.

"Swift, to the galleys, swift!" he cried,
"We must away ere falls the tide."
Ten oaken, broad-beamed galleys lay,
Rocked with the tide, in Oban's Bay,
Now from their moorings soon they danced,
As oars upon the waters glanced.
And 'neath their Chieftain's eye and word,
The clansmen lightly sprang on board,
Four brawny arms seized every oar,
And soon the fast receding shore
Was left behind, and fainter grew,
As past Kerrera's Isle they flew.
Macdougall led; the course was west;
In whispers low his clansmen guessed
That, ere the morning sun arose,
Their swords would smite some island foes.
As huntsmen steal with caution near
The browsing, unsuspecting deer,
As wild-cats crouch and trailing creep,
Before is made their deadly leap,
As eagles circle in the sky
Ere on their prey they downward fly,
So silently the waters o'er,
Macdougall neared the hazy shore,
Where Duart's keep, in hushed repose,
In frowning grandeur looming rose.
Calm, standing on his galley's prow,
With anxious glance and cloudy brow,
The Chieftain led the dubious way,
And sought the sheltered, western bay,
Whose shelving shore gave footing meet
For landing, or for safe retreat.
Tho' steering in the hazy band
Which hugged the confines of the land,
He cleared the rocks that gird the shores,
And Duart passed with muffled oars.
Ah! knew he not the warder there,
Skilled in the night sounds of the air,
Had heard with ready, well-trained ear,
Oar echoes softly stealing near,
Which all too measured, faint, and slow,
Betokened some advancing foe;
Quick from the ramparts, quick, he sped,
And roused young Hector from his bed—
"Up, Hector, up! a foe is near,
Their galleys 'neath the walls appear;
Arm! arm! arouse! they seek the bay,
Their coming brooks of no delay."
Up from his couch bold Hector leapt,
And o'er his startled count'nance crept

A smile of joy, which seemed to show
His readiness to meet the foe.
"Rouse, Malcolm, our retainers all,
Who slumber in the banquet hall,
Then speed thee on, ere dawns the day,
To Auchnacross and Tarosay;
Away! away! rouse every man
Who owes allegiance to our clan;
With lightning footsteps tireless go,
We must, and shall repel this foe!"
Devoid of bonnet, hose, or plaid,
He snatched his shield and glittering blade;
With eye that flashed red battle fire,
And step that told of rising ire,
With lips compressed till void of blood,
He sought the hall, where ready stood
Scarce thirty stalwart clansmen leal,
Whose hearts and arms were like their steel.
"No sound! no word! Men, follow me,
A foe comes on us from the sea,
The lark pipes now its morning strains;
Come on! it wakens the Macleans!"

VI.

The morn was calm, bright in the east afar,
As a lone sentinel, the morning star
Glimmered its welcomes in the deep-hued blue,
As o'er the highbanked clouds the Monarch threw
His sceptre gleams of living, glowing gold
Which vanquished Night, and space illuming, rolled
In all the grandeur of a conqueror's might,
Whose path is victory, whose throne is light.
The sullen shadows fled from mountain crests,
And scowling sought the gorges in their breasts,
Their ling'ring footsteps in the trailing mist,
The airy smiles of light with fondness kissed,
Till grandly lone, with broad, uncovered brows,
As hoary worshippers each mountain rose.
Adown each glen the Messengers of dawn
Danced merrily o'er forest, heath, and lawn,
The wonder-chorus of each stream was heard,
And joyous trillings rose from every bird.
Swift o'er the heaving bosom of the sea
They lightly flew with love-inspiring glee,
And kissed the pale lips of the wavelets cold,
Till gleamed their foam-flow'rs with the hues of gold.
They wooed the haze, that wrapt the slumb'ring Isles,
Which gently rose beneath their chast'ning wiles,
But ere it faded from the shores away,
The sounds of battle burst in Duart's bay.

Macdougall led the van, and well had steered
Into the bay, where on each side appeared
Brown, sea-washed rocks, whose unseen, stretching arms
Broke the wild fury of the northern storms.
Thus guarded from the ocean's wildest rage,
It gave a safe and sheltered anchorage.
His ready henchman, with inverted spear,
Probed the still depths, and found the shore was near,
Then passed a whispered signal to each crew;
To right and left the boats in order drew,
Their toil was o'er, the oars were placed on board,
And every clansman seized his shield and sword.
In line abreast the galleys forward went,
As, from the stern, they shorewards all were sent;
No word was uttered, and arose no sound,
Save when the hard keels creaked upon the ground.
The Chieftain first leapt nimbly on the sand,
Then followed fast his fierce and warlike band.
The shore was still, no foe their landing barred,
No Hector stood his island home to guard,
No clansmen rushed impetuous to th' attack,
To drive with might the wild invaders back.
Where! where is Hector's deathful arm and blade?
Where! where the men he oft to victory led?
Alas! has valiant Hector's prowess waned?
His foes, unchallenged, have a footing gained.
Hark! hark! now pealed an agonising yell,
As in the sea Macdougall's henchman fell,
Pierced by an arrow that still quivering swayed
Within the wound its brazen point had made.
Again! again! again! with deadly aim,
The messengers of death loud whizzing came
From watchful hands, unseen amid the haze,
Who crouched with Hector on the furzy braes.
The feathered shafts from full-drawn bows were sprung,
And 'mid the startled foes their challenge flung;
Brave warriors fell, and writhed upon the sands,
And wildly drew the barb with dying hands,
Yea, vainly strove in agony to stay
The pulsing stream of life which ebbed away;
And sodden sands the hot blood greedy drank,
Leaving no stain to mark wherein it sank.
Full well Macdougall knew, without dismay,
That Hector and his men around him lay;
Oblivious to the thickening arrowy storm,
His looks betrayed no fear or dire alarm,
His ringing voice its chief-like orders gave,
Which cheered the heart of each desponding brave—
"Down! down, men! down, until the fading haze
Flies from Maclean's safe ambush on the braes."

Obedient all, they sank upon the shore,
And o'er their heads their shields aloft they bore,
Against whose sloping fronts the arrows rung,
And skyward far into the ocean sprung.
Then Hector knew, as far that voice was borne,
His foeman was Macdougall, Chief of Lorn;
Undaunted, undismayed, yea, rather glad
To measure swords with one who oftimes had—
In other years with devastation dire—
Ravaged the lands and clansmen of his sire;
Outnumbered now, no rash onslaught he tried,
His skilful tactics numbers well supplied.
The dread confusion of attack on flanks
He early learned, and on the grassy banks
He placed his little but determined force
In two divisions 'mid the sheltering gorse,
Where, leading steeply downward to the bay,
The rugged, bouldered path between them lay,
Which thus commanding, with advantage great,
Their foemen's charge they anxiously did wait;
Nor waited long, for, as the sun arose,
The haze evanished, and they saw their foes.
Now as the dark tide wave on Etive's shores
Rears its high crest and forward rolling roars,
Or as a pent-up spate, with mighty force,
Rushes upon its broad resistless course,
So rose Macdougall's men, and forward dashed,
And brightly in the sun their weapons flashed,
Swift-footed o'er the sands, with yelling wrath,
They sought the only upward-tending path;
O'er rocks and stones disorderly they flew,
And to the ridge in breathless hurry drew.
Macdougall led them on, and upward pressed,
To reach the gap upon the grassy crest;
Unswerving, unfatigued, he scaled the height,
And gazed around, but saw no foe to fight.
When suddenly from out each shady bush
The valiant Hector and his men did rush,
And loud arose their startling battle yell,
As on the clambering foe they fiercely fell,
Who staggering, beheld with madd'ning grief,
Macleans between them and their warrior Chief.
Swords rung on swords, fire flashed from every blow,
Blood rushed in streams unto the sands below;
Forward, and forward still, Macdougalls rushed,
The foremost fell, to be by kinsmen crushed.
Upon the quivering corses of the slain,
They fighting came, and strove the ridge to gain,
But as a compact phalanx stood their foes,
Who mercilessly showered their deadly blows,

Which crashing clave each high-raised shining shield,
And smote the man beneath, who downward reeled.
Still on they came, in wild despairing might,
Unyielding stood the braves who held the height;
Not all Macdougall's warlike numbers now
Could backward drive the thirty from that brow,
Who spoke not, quailed not, but resolved to give
Their dearest blood for liberty to live.

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence.

"DEPOPULATION IN BADENOCH"—BAILIFF BUTTER, &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—As a native of Badenoch, I read with more than ordinary interest the paper on the above subject in your September issue. Local tradition is not, however, so wholly silent on the subject of the evictions of a century ago as our much-to-be-praised northern antiquary supposes. Genealogies, songs, and local names of persons and places, current even yet among some of the old, evoke tales and memories which they would not willingly let die, of that fine race of Macdonalds of Brae-Badenoch—the Gellovies, Tullich-croms, and Aberarders—who, at one time, could claim that corner as almost exclusively their own, although the places that once knew them, and for so long, know them no more. The "*Ministear Mor*," *alias* the "*Ministear Laidir*," *alias* "Parson Robert," figures in many narratives, nor are the doings of that worthy, Henry (*Scottice* Hairy) Butter, by any means forgotten. "*Am Buttaireach*" is still a detestable name in Badenoch, and I have more than once heard the abominable sound, in recounting his exploits, dwelt upon with the most horrible emphasis—*buttair*, in Gaelic, in contra-distinction to eatable *ime*, signifying butter that literally stinks in the nostrils. I shall attempt to give only one anecdote, as recently related to me, which shows the feeling with which this person was regarded.

Macpherson of Strathmashie (who, for reasons best known to himself, formed a matrimonial connection with one of the breed) invited, on a particular occasion, Bailiff Butter to dinner. Among the other invited guests was an old lady of the Clan Macpherson, to whom her host introduced, or rather attempted to introduce, the obnoxious bailiff. Turning from him with a look of supreme disgust, she indignantly faced her would-be entertainer with an "How dare you insult me, Strathmashie! I came here to dine, but,—confound you, Lachlan! not to—not to swallow Hairy Butter!" saying which she took a haughty leave of her twice confounded host and his luckless guest. Butter's office was at best an odious one, and his "unscrupulous" character made it more so. It has been told of him that he even tried to prevent the escape from the country of the tired fugitive of the '45—the unfortunate Cluny—for whose capture, as is well known, a handsome reward was offered. Nor have the doings of the Bailiff been left unnoticed by the bards. A native poetess, in a fine con-

gratulatory poem on the restoration of the forfeited estates, speaking, *inter alia*, of her chief, Lochiel, says :—

Ach pillidh mi nis mar an ceudna,
Ri'm Cheann-cinnidh deadh Lochiall sin,
Slat de'n chuilean aluinn chiatach,
Bu mhor an gliocas, 's bu phailt an riaghailt.
Dh' fhalbh do Ghuiseach na duslach fasaich,
'S tha do dhaoin' air sgaoil 's gach aite,
Aig a Bhutt'rach ga'n cuir o aiteach
Nuair thig thu dhathaigh gu'n cuir thu aird orr, &c., &c.

And in another song by the same poetess, inscribed to "*Alastair Ban Domhnullach, Tullichcrom*," one of the dispossessed Macdonalds of whom Mr Fraser-Mackintosh speaks, we have, in allusion to those very legal proceedings, the following :—

'S an uair theid thu do Dhunedin,
'S an tigh-lagha gheibh thu eisteachd—
Cha do chuir' thu duil san eucoir,
Is theid thu Luanuin leis mu'n geill thu.
* * * * * *

The revelations of the old records, unearthed by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, and now so interesting, have very naturally recalled to memory the recent Glenbanchor evictions on the Belleville Estate in the same district, a heartless proceeding on the part of the gallant proprietor, regarding which opinion is unanimous throughout the country, although no blame does, or can, attach to his pious and literary lady, who is all kindness aud benevolence to the sick and indigent of her neighbourhood. When James Macpherson, of Ossianic celebrity, who was particularly kind to his poor tenants and dependants, acquired the estate of which Glenbanchor forms a part, he often used to say to them when bestowing a favour, and with reference to his illegitimate son, uncle of the present proprietor, "*Mo thruaighe sibh dar thig an Sassunach !*" Poor, kind James, of unhappy connections, seems to have been vouchsafed a true and bitter forecast of the future. The stranger has come—a stranger in every sense to the old possessors of the soil. He knoweth them not. He merely receiveth their rents, and asserteth all his legal rights—nay, sometimes more. A few years ago he arrogated to himself the right of shutting up the access to the old burying-ground of St Bridget, at Banchor, a proceeding in which he was foiled in the law-courts through the public-spiritedness of a native of the district. Notwithstanding the experience thus gained, and at some cost, I was this year grieved to observe that the same gentleman had caused a stone march dyke to be built right through the ancient burying-ground of St Maluag, situated immediately below the farm house of Chapel Park, and adjoining the public road, thus incorporating it within his arable land, and encouraging its total obliteration—a monstrous desecration and misappropriation of "God's acre," which ought not to be allowed to pass unchallenged. Our forefathers believed that such acts carried their own proper retribution along with them, and even the stolid Saxon looked upon such deeds with much the same feeling ; as witness the well known lines :—

Good friend ! for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones.

The grave-yard in question was attached to the Chapel of St Maluag, one

of the chapels of pre-Reformation times, in the parish of Alvie, from which the present name, Chapel Park; and the "Croft of Maluag" appears to have belonged in the early part of the seventeenth century to Donald Glas Mackintosh (holding of the Bishop of Moray), ancestor of the Mackintoshes of Strone, grandson of "Lachlan Badenoch," and son of William, fifteenth Chief of Mackintosh, who married the heiress of Dunachton, and I have no doubt many a good Mackintosh lies buried there. Time was when their descendants would have resented such an insult to their ancestors' bones. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh (to his credit be it told) has, I understand, done for St Eata's Church-yard at Dunachton in the same parish, what renders its consecrated precincts safe, for some time at least, from the hands of an alien violator. I am, &c. M. J.

"BONNIE DUNDEE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I have reason to congratulate myself that the few words which I wrote regarding the character of Bonnie Dundee, misinterpreted as they have been, have yet proved the means of eliciting so much curious and valuable information from your Nether-Lochaber correspondent.

It appears that we are quite at one as to Dundee's character.

I have to apologise for having supposed that your correspondent had not read Lochiel's Memoirs. I could only judge from his letter, which, making no allusion to the new lights which are thrown upon the history of the period by that very valuable work, made me suppose that he had not perused it.

I think, however, his assumption that I thought no one had read these Memoirs but myself rather an uncalled for attempt at sarcasm.

I have further to inform your correspondent that I have studied the history of the period with as much minuteness as he can have done—at least, I will be obliged to him to inform me of a single work on the subject which I have not read repeatedly—although, I admit, I may not have profited more by my studies than your correspondent has apparently done.

As to the colour of Dundee's hair, I do not think that the difference between light brown and sandy red can be so great as to make a serious difficulty.

Sir Walter Scott wrote his description of Dundee in "Old Mortality," as I have every reason to believe, before the portrait in question came into his possession, and according to the note in the *Inverness Courier*, its authenticity is doubtful.

All, however, I have said is, that if my memory served me right, the Abbotsford portrait has reddish hair.

Now, if your correspondent and yourself will come to Edinburgh, we can arrange a trip to Abbotsford, and examine the picture; and you shall be the umpire, and decide whether my memory be correct or not, and the loosing party shall be mulcted in the expenses of the trip, including a dinner to the trio, capped by a reasonable modicum of "mountain dew," which will be found of very good quality, either at Melrose or Selkirk.—I remain, dear Sir, yours truly, J. M. W. S.

THE BLACK CAPTAIN—*AN T-OFFIGEACH DUBH.*

—o—

THERE are few in the Highlands who have not heard of the Black Captain and the awful catastrophe which took place in the Forest of Gaick, in the beginning of the present century; and they are still living in Badenoch and Strathspey who personally knew the Black Captain, and who have a vivid recollection of the incidents which then occurred—incidents which will be long remembered by the inhabitants of the district. The version of this story which I am about to submit to the reader is the one current in Badenoch at the present day.

The Forest of Gaick is a wild and uninhabited tract of country, situated between the south side of the parish of Kingussie and the Grampian range of mountains. In the lonely but fertile valley of Gaick, in which the deer roam in their numberless droves, was, at the time, a summer shealing, a strong structure of its kind. Its walls were built of stone and sods, and for greater stability, its couples were driven deep into the ground below the foundation of the walls. The valley, which is upwards of twelve miles from Kingussie, is surrounded by wild and rugged mountains, and the shealing, facing the north-west, stood on a somewhat elevated spot at the base of the mountains on the east side of the valley.

About midway between Kingussie and Newtonmore is an ancient building called Ballachroan House. It is pleasantly situated in a clump of evergreen and other trees on the northern slopes of the valley of the Spey. It is built in the old baronial style, of granite or whinstone, is two storeys high, and slated with grey stones taken from a neighbouring quarry. It is said to be the oldest inhabited house in the district. Some of its dungeons, in all their ancient feudal gloom, are still entire. Tradition affirms that an underground passage connects its secret chambers with Ruthven Castle, which is nearly two miles distant, on the opposite side of the Spey. This castle, as the reader is aware, was erected by the Comyns, who came from England and settled in Badenoch during the reign of David I. It was afterwards the stronghold of Alexander Stewart, better known and generally detested as the "Wolf of Badenoch," whose whole life and history is characterised as one of the most cruel and savage that can possibly be conceived. Ruthven Castle was also a temporary residence of Queen Mary. She frequently took up her residence in it that she might have easy access to the adjoining forests, for she was extremely fond of the chase. It was here, too, that the Highland Chiefs assembled their forces—from 1200 to 1400 men—two days after the Battle of Culloden, in the vain hope that Prince Charles would again take the field.

Ballachroan House was in the latter end of the eighteenth century occupied by a military gentleman—Captain Macpherson of the "Black Watch," or 42d Highlanders. He was of middle height, stout and handsome. Whether it was on account of his raven-black hair, swarthy complexion, and dark piercing eyes, that he was known in his native glen

by the cognomen of "*An t-Offigeach Dubh*" (the Black Officer), I know not; but this I do know, that if we take into consideration the many disreputable methods he adopted for pressing his fellow-countrymen into the then broken ranks of the 42d Highlanders, a more appropriate name he could not possibly have received. And, be it remembered, that when the affix *Dubh* is applied by Highlanders to an individual, it means much more than what at first sight appears. For instance, "*Am Fear Dubh*," and "*Domhnull Dubh*," are terms frequently applied to the Evil Spirit, with whom, as was generally believed in Badenoch, the Black Captain was in league. It was even said that he had sold himself to Satan. We need not therefore wonder much to find that he was more feared than loved in his native district.

A portion of the terms of the confidence which existed between the Captain and the Devil is handed down to us. The Evil One promised to give him whatever he might desire for a specified period, with a few trifling reservations. The Captain's first request was, that the crops planted in the lands of Ballachroan should for their extraordinary fruitfulness be a wonder to all who saw or heard of them. To this "Clooty" agreed, provided he would get the *roots*. That year the Captain put down a grain crop only, and for quality and fertility the like of it was never seen in Badenoch, He reaped his fields in the usual way, and when "Sooty" came for his share of the crop, the Captain coolly told him to take the *roots* according to agreement. Satan complained of this treatment, and insisted that he had been cheated. "Well, then," said the Captain, "I'll give you the *crop* next year, and I'll take the roots myself." To this "Hornie" readily agreed; and the following year the Captain planted a green crop—potatoes, turnips, carrots, &c.—which turned out the best and most productive ever seen in the country. At the proper time he began to raise his crop, but scarcely had he begun when Satan appeared on the scene, and demanded his share. The Captain mockingly pointed to the "shaws," and said, "There it is, take it." "Clooty" grinned with rage, and told the Captain that he would not cheat him a third time. He next asked for a crop of cattle, which for quality, beauty, and fruitfulness was never excelled. *Domhnull Dubh* agreed to give this, on condition that all the animals *next the corners* in the steading should be his share. The Captain immediately set to work, pulled down his farm steading, and built a circular one in its place, and he had a crop of cattle the following year which far exceeded anything ever heard of. "Hornie" called for his share of the cattle at the proper time, and was told to take all he could claim. On looking at the steading and finding that there were *no corners* in it, he frowned and grinned, and immediately disappeared.

The Captain's *modus operandi* to secure recruits for the 42d was to attend every market, ball, and gathering in the district, and there mingle freely with all the beau-ideals present, to whom he would give the mountain dew in unmeasured quantities, and when they became wholly insensible, he would hand each man a shilling in the King's name. If, however, any present were wary enough, as not unfrequently happened, to decline more mountain dew than was good for him, the Captain would

put a shilling into his glass, or slip one unawares into his pocket, and then with stern and fearful imprecations declare that his man was now enlisted, and thus compelled to leave all that was near and dear to him in this world. It was no uncommon thing for him to follow a handsome young man sometimes slyly on the road, and slip a shilling unobserved into his pocket; or, if meeting one going in the opposite direction, he would throw a shilling into his bosom, sometimes into his mouth, and then send him off to the wars. Many a fond mother, loving sister, poor widow, and other loved ones in the districts of Badenoch, Strathspey, and Strathdearn, who heaped their blackest curses upon his head for these cruel acts, invoked heaven's direst vengeance to fall upon him, and secretly prayed that the Devil himself would take him away from their midst to the place of torment, for his pernicious proceedings. Whether those impious prayers of the poor afflicted women were answered or not, we shall leave the reader to judge.

On one occasion going to church, in his native strath, on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, the Captain found himself, within a few hundred yards of the place of worship, walking immediately behind the reverend gentleman who was to preach there that day. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance, and in the handsome black suit in which he was attired, was the very model of a real Highlander—five feet ten inches in height, proportionably stout, erect stature, well defined limbs, and square shoulders, above which was a finely-shaped head, with glossy dark and curly hair. "You are too fine a figure," muttered the Captain to himself, as he gazed at the minister, "to be dressed in black clothes. A red coat would set you off to greater advantage, and I shall be much disappointed unless you have a red one on your back before long." The Captain went to church, but derived little benefit from the earnest and impressive discourse delivered by the young preacher, for his mind was wholly absorbed with a different theme—how he could enlist the minister for a soldier—and every time the preacher turned his massive chest in the direction of the Captain, his determination to enlist him at whatever cost increased. And he never lost an opportunity to invent a scheme for that purpose. The minister was the only son of a poor widow, who lived in an obscure corner of the strath, and by ten o'clock the following Monday morning the Black wretch was seen standing at the door waiting for admission. He had hardly seated himself when he made known his errand, a circumstance which, as might be expected, threw the poor widow into fearful paroxisms. On recovering somewhat, she appealed to the Captain, in the most feeling terms, to have some compassion on the tender feelings of a devoted mother and poor widow, and abandon his intention of taking her beloved and only son from her side; that if he persisted in his cruel design he would send her long before her time broken-hearted to the grave. The only response vouchsafed to her earnest entreaties was, "It is a pity and a shame to see such a good-looking young man dressed in black clothes." Without any further preliminaries he threw a shilling into the minister's bosom, and left. The young minister was soon marched off to Edinburgh, where the depôt of the 42d Highlanders was then stationed. Being honest, pleasant, obliging, and, with all his other good qualities, an excellent scholar,

the minister soon rose to the rank of lieutenant, and he was thus enabled, though a soldier, to keep his mother in easy circumstances all her days. He more than once visited her in her lonely cottage before she died. How long she lived after her son's forcible enlistment is not recorded, but that it was some considerable time is evident.

The Black Captain saw a good deal of active service in his day. He took part in several severe engagements in the West Indies, where he greatly distinguished himself, demonstrating to all that he was a warrior of no mean order. Having retired from the army with a captain's pension, he resided almost continuously afterwards with his wife and family at Ballachroan House, spending his time at the chase, a sport to which he was devotedly attached. Although there were little or no restrictions on deer forests in Badenoch and Strathspey in those days—they were all free to the Black Captain—his special and favourite place of resort was the Forest of Gaick, and more than once did he remain over night in the shealing referred to. On these occasions a fire was lighted, and kept burning during the night, for one of the party which accompanied him to the deer hunt—and he was always accompanied by a number of active men, the best shots in the district, as gillies—each of whom had a dog and a gun—took his turn at the fire during the night.

On the morning of the 25th December 1799 the Captain, accompanied by six of these stalwart Highlanders, started for the Forest of Gaick. They took provisions along with them sufficient to last for three days, intending to lodge as usual in the shealing, into which a quantity of peats and moss fir had previously been stored to be ready for use when required. The weather was all that a sportsman could desire—calm, bright, and frosty. The hunters' success that day was rather indifferent, but that was of little consequence as they could have any amount of venison on the morrow. Entering the shealing in the evening they lighted a fire, and on the red embers broiled a portion of their newly-killed venison. After doing ample justice to an excellent repast, they sat round a brilliant fire cheerfully burning before them, reciting stories, singing songs, and emptying their cups of mountain dew. The night thus wore on unperceived, and the hilarity was increasing, when a loud knock was heard at the door which started every one in the shealing, Terror seized the bravest man; yea, even the Black Captain himself looked aghast, and stared wildly around him. "That was not the knock of an earthly being—no human creature could be there to-night—what in earth could it be?" were thoughts that passed with lightning speed through their minds. But scarcely were their thoughts conceived, when the knock was repeated, and louder than before—so loud that the sound apparently shook the shealing. The Captain immediately started up, and, as his companions looked at each other in blank amazement, and quaked with fear, proceeded to the door, which he boldly opened, and stepping outside, closed the door behind him. Seeing this, one of his companions, Alex. Macpherson, more courageous than his fellows, crept softly up to the door, and peeping through the chink in the wood, was horrified to observe a large he-goat, with huge horns, and keen restless eyes sparkling fierce and bright like those of the rattle-snake, in deep conversation with the

Captain. As they spoke in an inaudible tone, Macpherson, though quite close to them, heard but little of what passed between them, but that little was enough to make the stoutest heart quail, for he heard enough to satisfy him that their nocturnal visitor was none other than the Prince of the Lower Regions, who had that night in terms of a previous agreement, come in person for the Black Captain. He gathered further from their conversation that the Captain denied that this was the night on which he had agreed to deliver himself up; that it was that night week; that the he-goat agreed to postpone the fulfilment of the original compact for a week from that night, provided the Captain would have five men in addition to himself in readiness to join them in the valley of Gaick; also, that the Captain agreed to these stipulations. Macpherson began now to tremble so violently that he was unable to hear anything further that passed between them; and was in great danger of being discovered by them so he crawled back to his companions, who were, like himself, almost prostrate with terror. On reaching the fire, he communicated the fearful intelligence. They looked at each other in blank amazement, and trembling in every limb. Macpherson had hardly done speaking when the Captain joined them, exhibiting an unusually gloomy and sullen aspect. Some terrible thoughts seemed to occupy his mind during the remainder of the night. None of them went to rest. The heather shake-downs which were arranged along the wall opposite the fire were left unoccupied, and, although the Captain tried hard to keep up a conversation, and look cheerful, he singularly failed; and it was only after he had emptied several cups of the best Ferrintosh that he mastered proper command of his usual composure and natural ease. Few words were exchanged between him and his companions during the rest of the night. They were early astir next morning. Having been more than usually successful at the chase this day, they left the forest early in the evening with heavy burdens of venison. Reaching their respective homes shortly after nightfall, they thanked Providence for bringing them safe out of the forest, and vowed that they would never again accompany the Black Captain to the same place.

The report spread rapidly through the whole of Badenoch that Satan had at last come for the Black Captain, and that it was arranged between them to meet in the Forest of Gaick, precisely a week from the date of their last meeting. This report, especially that part of it which referred to the Captain's promising him five men along with himself, threw the district into the greatest alarm, and this profound excitement grew more intense as the end of the week of grace approached. The men who formed the Captain's hunting expedition on the last occasion were those who generally accompanied him to the chase in the past, and fearing that he might compel them to go with him again to Gaick, some of them left the country, some hid in caves and caverns, and in their houses. A day or two prior to the night on which the Captain promised to meet the he-goat, he called upon his gillies for the purpose, as he alleged, of accompanying him to the forest to procure a supply of venison for the Christmas feast, which was then observed in Badenoch in the good old style; but with the exception of Alex. Macpherson, he found that they had all disappeared. This circumstance

infuriated him so much that, in order to discover them, or be avenged if he failed to find them, he set fire to some of their houses, and pulled others down, for he well knew that they disappeared from fear of the consequences expected when he again met *Domhnull Dubh*. He found none of them, and having no time to lose, he immediately went to Strathdearn, where he easily procured four fox-hunters who promised to accompany him to the chase in Gaick Forest. These, with Macpherson, the Badenoch man, made up the necessary number. It was considered remarkable that Macpherson, knowing as he did so much of what had passed between the he-goat and the Captain on the night of the 25th December, offered no objection to go there again. Such was the case; but he was the only one of the hunters who did not avow that he would not go. On the evening of the day prior to that on which they were to start, Macpherson's wife was indefatigable in her endeavours to get her husband persuaded from going. She pressed him so hard that he exclaimed, "Surely you do not know the Black Captain's nature when you would urge me to act thus. Let me tell you that if I refuse to go along with him he will shoot me like a dog the next time he sees me." The men were to meet the Captain on the appointed day at a point on the south side of the river Spey, nearly opposite Ballachroan House; and when Macpherson was leaving his house for the place of rendezvous, he was attacked by his own dogs, forcing him to re-enter his house. His wife then advised him as he valued his life to remain at home; that Providence had put it into the heart of the dogs to withstand him; and that if he still refused this warning the consequences would be alarming. He yielded at last to her importunities, and said, "Where can I go and conceal myself that he will not find me?" "Leave that with me," she answered, and immediately placed him in an all but forgotten cavity in an out-of-the way corner in his own house.

It was on the morning of the 31st December 1799 when the Black Captain met the Strathdearn hunters at the place of rendezvous on the south side of the Spey. Having waited some time for Macpherson, and seeing that he did not join them as promised, the Captain went to his house to see what had detained him. Finding that he too disappeared, he became furious, swore dire vengeance against himself and his wife, and set off at once to join the Strathdearn men. They started forthwith for the Forest of Gaick. It had been freezing keenly for several days, and now it was clear and frosty. The Captain was dressed in a singularly strange garb—a pair of coarse home-spun, undyed, plaiding breeches, vest, coat, and plaid, and on his head a black fur bonnet; his stockings were of grey wool; his shoes, made by himself, of untanned hide. To give some idea of the severity of the frost at that time, it may be mentioned that the Captain crossed the Spey on the ice opposite his own house. The party took sufficient food with them for three days. In consequence of the delay caused by the various disappointments before setting out on their journey, the day was far advanced before they reached their destination; but whether they went to the hunt that evening, or waited till the dawn of the next day, it is impossible to say, for the last that was seen of them alive was ascending the hills above Nuide Beag, then a flourishing hamlet, in the direction of the forest.

On that night (31st December) the heavens were calm and cloudless, but a teriffic storm suddenly burst forth, and swept over the mountain tops with great fury. The flashes of lightning were so vivid and in such rapid succession that the sky over Gaick seemed all ablaze, while the thunder peals were so loud and terrible that the stoutest heart in Badenoch quaked with terror. And although this storm swept over the whole of Scotland, its raging fury seemed to be concentrated in the Forest of Gaick, where its awful magnitude was beyond all power of description. This unparalleled tempest of wind, snow, thunder, and lightning ceased with the break of the following morning, the wind and drifting snow continued, without any abatement, during the next two days and nights, when it moderated down almost into a dead calm. The dreadful storm that prevailed, combined with the no less dreadful personage, who was to meet the Black Captain in Gaick the very night on which the storm began, excited a universal presentiment in Badenoch that the hunters and their Captain had perished. As soon, therefore, as the weather admitted, a party consisting of twelve brave men set out to the forest to look for the Captain and his companions, and on reaching the valley, which presented a melancholy and dreary waste, they were horrified to find that the shealing had entirely disappeared. As they proceeded from the lower end of the valley towards the place where it stood, they came upon some stones which formed part of the walls, pieces of wood, and the divots which formed the roof, cropping up here and there among the snow, at a distance of from two to three hundred yards from the site of the shealing. The lintel of the door, which was a heavy block of granite, lay at least a hundred and fifty yards distant, and, on account of the immense depth of snow (at least six feet) on the ground, it was only discovered after the most diligent and persevering search. All that was found of the once strong shealing was a small portion of the back wall which was below the level of the surrounding earth. The bodies of four of the unfortunate sufferers were found dreadfully mangled—some say they were torn from limb to limb—in different parts of the valley. The body of the other unfortunate man was found some three months afterwards, two or three hundred yards from the place where the shealing stood.

When the snow cleared away from the valley the very heather, for a considerable distance all round where the shealing had stood, was found to be uprooted clean out of the earth. Many pieces of mountain rock were torn away by the storm, and lay strewn through the valley. The dogs were not only killed, but their bones were broken in pieces. Some of the guns were found broken to atoms, and others bent and twisted like a cork-screw.

One other anecdote in connection with this remarkable affair. It is positively affirmed that when the bodies were being removed from Gaick it was utterly impossible to remove the Black Captain's from the spot until it was first turned face downwards, and that when the procession was formed the body was, out of respect for his rank, placed at the head. But one mishap after another occurred in such rapid succession to those who carried it, that it was found impossible to make any progress on the journey. Observing this, a sage who was present said, "Place the fellow

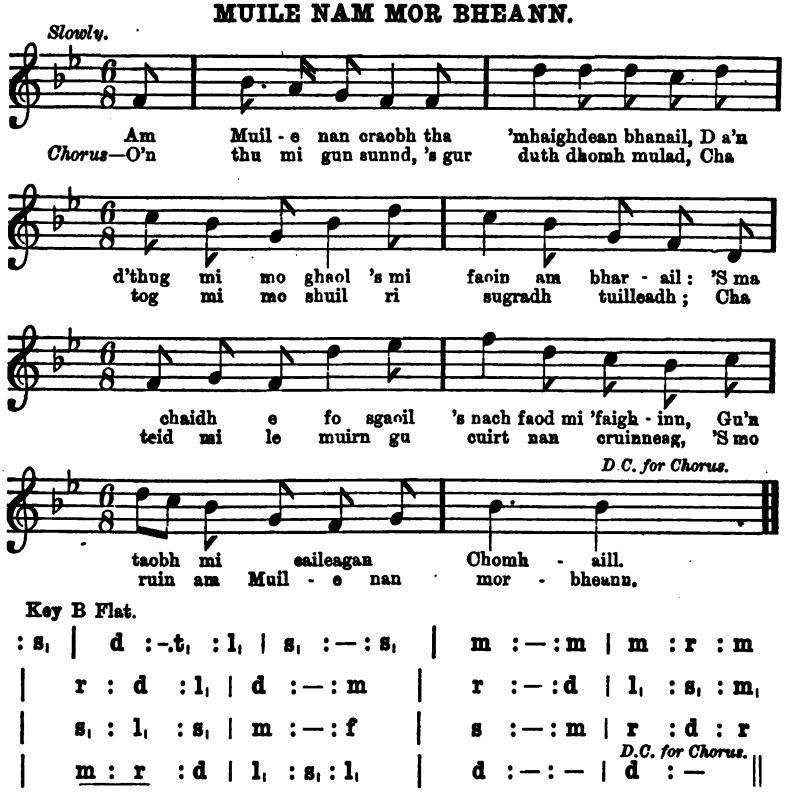
in the rear, and I venture to promise that you will meet with no futher hindrance till you reach home." Effect was immediately given to this suggestion, and the procession proceeded without further interruption to Kingussie. Considering all these circumstances, we need hardly wonder that the whole affair was ascribed to supernatural agency. The storm, the destruction of the shealing, and some of the other terrible events connected with this catastrophe are recorded in the muse of a Celtic bard who flourished at the time.

The Black Captain's remains were interred near the west end of the burying-ground which is now known as "Cladh a Mhuillinn Chardaidh," and situated at the west end of the village of Kingussie. The conclusion of the inscription on his gravestone is as follows:—"Died 2d January 1800, aged 62 years." How it could be ascertained that he died on the 2d January formed then, and still forms, a matter of much controversay in the district—the general belief being that he and his companions were killed during the first night of the tempest, or the morning of the 1st January 1800.

The Forest of Gaick is the property of Sir George Macpherson Grant, Bart., of Ballindalloch, and now a beautiful shooting lodge is built on the site of the old shealing.

MAC IAIN.

THE CROFTER SYSTEM.—We think we may fairly congratulate ourselves, the Highlands, and even the country generally, for the result of the article on this subject, under the title of "The Poetry and Prose of a Highland Croft," which appeared in the *Celtic Magazine* for October last. We have exposed a sore which has been the principal subject of discussion since. The *Inverness Courier* and the *Highlander* took the matter up. Leading articles upon it appeared in the *Sunderland Times*, and other English newspapers; almost every newspaper in the country quoted or referred to the article. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., was asked by the writer, at a large public meeting of his constituents in Inverness, to move in his place in Parliament for a Royal Commission to enquire into the whole question, which he promised to do (amid great demonstration of approval from the large audience) if properly backed up by the public. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., the Duke of Argyll, and other influential public men have written on the subject. The *Scotsman* followed with a couple of leading articles, and opened its columns to a long and able correspondence on the various phases of the system. The Gaelic Society of Inverness have been discussing it for several weeks, have petitioned Parliament for a Royal Commission, and are now discussing a proposal for a general conference of representatives from all our Celtic Societies at Inverness; while the *Scotsman* has sent a "Special Commissioner" to the Highlands to enquire as to the actual state of things, and place the result before the public in a series of articles. In short, this is now the question of the hour, and if Highlanders do their duty nothing but good can come out of the discussion now going on.

MUILE NAM MOR BHEANN.

Slowly.
Am Muil - e nan craobh tha 'mhaighdean bhanail, D a'n
Chorus—O'n thu mi gun sunnd, 's gur duth dhomh mulad, Cha
d'thug mi mo ghaol 's mi faoin am bhar - ail: 'S ma
tog mi mo shuil ri sugradh tuilleadh; Cha
chaidh e fo sgaoil 's nach faod mi 'faigh - inn, Gu'n
teid mi le muirn gu cuirt nan cruinneag, 'S mo
D.C. for Chorus.
taobh mi eileagan Chomh - aill.
ruin am Muil - e nan mor - bheann.

Key B Flat.

:s,	d :-.t, :l,	s, :—:s,	m :—:m	m :r :m
r : d :l,	d :—:m	r :—:d	l, :s, :m,	
s, : l, :s,	m :—:f	s :—:m	r :d :r	
m : r :d	l, :s, :l,	d :—:—	d :—	D.C. for Chorus.

Tha maise a's uaisle, suairceas a's ceanal,
A' direadh a suas an gruaidh mo leannain;
Ma bheir thu dhomh fuath, 's nach buan do ghealladh
Ni uaigh a's anart mo chomhdach.

Tha maise no dha ri 'aireamh fhathast
Air bean a' chuil bhain, nam blath-shul meallach;
Ma bheir thu do lamh, gu'm fas mi fallain,
'S bu shlainte mhaireann do phog dhomh.

Do shlios mor an fhaoileann, taobh na mara,
Do ghruaidh mar an caorann, sgoilt' air mheangan;
Suil ghorm is glan aoidh, fo chaoin-rosg thana:
'S tu 'n oigh a mhealladh gach oigear.

Tha smuaine no dha an trath-s' air m' aire;
Cha 'n innis mi 'chach ceann-fath mo ghalair:
Ged laidheas mi trath, cha tamh dhomh cadal,
'S do gradh ga m' sgaradh an comhnuidh.

Gur math'thig an gun o'n bhuth do'n ainnir,
'S an fhasan is uire 'n cuirt nan Gallaibh;
Troidh ghloin am broig uir—'s i duint' le barr-iall—
Nach lub air faiche am feoirnein.

NOTE.—The above air is popular all over the Highlands, and numerous other words have been wedded to it, such, for instance, as James Munro's excellent "Cumha Inbhir Garaidh." Who composed the above words and air I never could ascertain.—W. M'K.

THE

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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES,

By the Editor.

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[Continued.]

V. MURCHADH NA DROCHAID, or Murdoch of the Bridge, so called from the circumstance, as the Laird of Applecross relates, that "his mother, being with child of him, had been saved after a fearful fall from the Bridge of Scotall (Conon Bridge) into the water of Conon." During the early years of his government at least, Murdoch appears to have lived quietly, following the example set him by his father, keeping the laws himself, and compelling those under his jurisdiction to do the same. Nor was such dutiful and loyal conduct allowed long to go unrewarded. At Edinburgh, 1380, a charter is granted in his favour attested by "Willielmo de Douglas, Archibaldo de Galloway, et Joanne Cancellario Scotie." * He was one of the sixteen Highland Chiefs who accompanied the Scots, under James, second Earl of Douglas, to England, and defeated Sir Henry Percy, the renowned Hotspur, at the famous battle of Otterburn. This engagement raged furiously for several hours. Douglas, who wielded a battle-axe with both hands, cut his way into the thickest of the enemy, where, getting separated from his men, he was overcome and mortally wounded. The English were, however, ultimately defeated all along the line. Hotspur and his brother, Sir Ralph Percy, were taken prisoners; and scarcely a single man of note among the English escaped death or captivity. Froissart informs us:—"Of all the battles that have been described in this history, great and small, this was the best fought and the most severe." It is related that in a personal encounter, a few days before the battle, Hotspur lost his pennon, and Douglas boasted in his hearing that he would place it on the tower of his castle of Dalkeith. "That," said Percy, stung to the quick, "shalt thou never do; you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland." "Well," replied Douglas, "your pennon shall this night be placed before my tent; come and win it if you can." The battle of Otterburn three days after was Hotspur's reply to this bold challenge.

* MS. Histories of the family.

This was a turbulent period among the Highlanders. At that time occurred the feuds among the Lochaber and Badenoch tribes which only culminated for a time at the celebrated conflict before King Robert III., in 1396, on the North Inch of Perth; the ferocious and savage cruelties, murders, and spoliations of the "Wolf of Badenoch," and of his son Alexander Stewart, afterwards Earl of Mar. In a desperate encounter between the latter and Sir Walter Ogilvy, Sheriff of Angus, an incident occurred which is preserved by Winton, illustrating, in a ghastly manner, the fierceness of Mar's followers. Sir David Lindsay had run one of them, a powerful and "brawny" man, through the body with a spear and brought him to the ground; but although in the agonies of death, he writhed himself up, and, with the spear sticking in his body, struck Lindsay a desperate blow with his sword, which cut through his stirrup, his boot, and into the bone, after which he instantly expired, We have also the feuds and fights in Sutherlandshire between Mackay of Farr, his son Donald, and the Earl of Sutherland, in which many lives were sacrificed and great depredations were committed on both sides, and which ultimately resulted in the death of Mackay and his son, by the Earl's own hands, in the Castle of Dingwall. Then follows the fearful conflict between Mackay, aided by Alexander Murray of Cubin, against Malcolm Macleod of Lewis, at *Tuiteam Tarbhach*, on the marches between Ross and Sutherland. Great valour was here displayed on both sides, and Sir Robert Gordon describes the conflict as "long, furious, cruel, and doubtful, rather desperate and resolute." Macleod was crushed, himself and all his men slaughtered--only one man escaping to carry back the sorrowful news; and he was so severely wounded that he had scarcely told the sad tale when he expired.

These feuds were followed by the formidable invasion by Donald, Lord of the Isles, which threatened to overturn the Government, and bring about the dismemberment of the Kingdom of Scotland, and which culminated in the memorable battle of Harlaw. We extract the following account of the cause, conduct, and result of this fearful conflict from Brown's "History of the Highlands and Highland Clans":—The male succession to the Earldom of Ross having become extinct, the honours of the peerage devolved upon a female, Euphemia Ross, wife of Sir Walter Lesley. Of this marriage there were two children—Alexander, afterwards Earl of Ross, and Margaret, afterwards married to the Lord of the Isles. Earl Alexander married a daughter of the Duke of Albany. Euphemia, Countess of Ross, was the only issue of this marriage, but becoming a nun, she resigned the Earldom of Ross in favour of her uncle, John Stewart, Earl of Buchan. The Lord of the Isles conceiving that the Countess, by renouncing the world, had forfeited her title and estate, and moreover, that she had no right to dispose thereof, claimed both in right of Margaret his wife.

The Duke of Albany, Governor of Scotland, at whose instigation the Countess had made the renunciation, of course refused the claim of the prince of the Islands. The Lord of the Isles having formed an alliance with England, whence he was to be supplied with a fleet far superior to the Scottish, at the head of an army of 10,000 men, fully equipped and armed after the fashion of the islands with bows and arrows, pole-axes,

knives, and swords, in 1411 burst like a torrent upon the earldom, and carried everything before him. He, however, received a temporary check at Dingwall, where he was attacked with great impetuosity by Angus Dubh Mackay of Farr, or Black Angus, as he was called; but Angus was taken prisoner, and his brother Roderick Gallda and many of his men were killed.

Flushed with the progress he had made, Donald now resolved to carry into execution a threat he had often made to burn the town of Aberdeen. For this purpose he ordered his army to assemble at Inverness, and summoned all the men capable of bearing arms in the Boyne and the Enzie to join his standard on his way south. This order being complied with, the Lord of the Isles marched through Moray without opposition. He committed great excesses in Strathbogie, and in the district of Garioch, which belonged to the Earl of Mar. The inhabitants of Aberdeen were in dreadful alarm at the near approach of this marauder and his fierce hordes; but their fears were allayed by the speedy appearance of a well-equipped army, commanded by the Earl of Mar, who bore a high military character, assisted by many brave knights and gentlemen in Angus and the Mearns. Among these were Sir Alexander Ogilvy, sheriff of Angus; Sir James Scrymgeour, constable of Dundee and hereditary standard-bearer of Scotland; Sir William de Abernethy of Salton, nephew to the Duke of Albany; Sir Robert Maule of Panmure, Sir Alexander Irving of Drum, and Sir Robert Melville. The Earl was also joined by Sir Robert Davidson, the Provost of Aberdeen, and a party of the burgesses.

Advancing from Aberdeen, Mar marched by Inverury, and descried the Highlanders stationed at the village of Harlaw, on the water of Ury, near its junction with the Don. Mar soon saw that he had to contend with tremendous odds; but, although his forces were, it is said, only a tenth of those opposed to him, he resolved, from the confidence he had in his steel-clad knights, to risk a battle. Having placed a small but select body of knights and men-at-arms in front, under the command of the constable of Dundee and the Sheriff of Angus, the Earl drew up the main strength of his army in the rear, including the Murrays, the Straitons, the Maules, the Irvings, the Lesleys, the Lovels, the Stirlings, headed by their respective chiefs. The Earl then placed himself at the head of this body. At the head of the Islemen and Highlanders was the Lord of the Isles, subordinate to whom were Mackintosh and Maclean, and other Highland chiefs, all bearing the most deadly hatred to their Saxon foes, and panting for revenge.

On a signal being given, the Highlanders and Islemen, setting up those terrific shouts and yells which they were accustomed to raise on entering into battle, rushed forward upon their opponents; but they were received with great firmness and bravery by the knights, who, with their spears levelled, and battle-axes raised, cut down many of their impetuous but badly armed adversaries. After the Lowlanders had recovered themselves from the shock which the furious onset of the Highlanders had produced, Sir James Scrymgeour, at the head of the knights and bannerets who fought under him, cut his way through the thick columns of the Islemen, carrying death everywhere around him; but the slaughter of hundreds by this brave party did not intimidate the Highlanders, who

kept pouring in by thousands to supply the places of those who had fallen. Surrounded on all sides, no alternative remained for Sir James and his valorous companions but victory or death, and the latter was their lot. The Constable of Dundee was amongst the first who suffered, and his fall so encouraged the Highlanders, that seizing and stabbing the horses, they thus unhorsed their riders, whom they despatched with their daggers. In the meantime the Earl of Mar, who had penetrated with his main army into the very heart of the enemy, kept up the unequal contest with great bravery, and, although he lost during the action almost the whole of his army, he continued the fatal struggle with a handful of men till nightfall. The disastrous result of this battle was one of the greatest misfortunes which had ever happened to the numerous respectable families in Angus and the Mearns. Many of these families lost not only their head, but every male in the house. Lesley of Balquhair is said to have fallen with six of his sons. Besides Sir James Scrymgeour, Sir Alexander Ogilvy, the Sheriff of Angus, with his eldest son, George Ogilvy; Sir Thomas Murray, Sir Robert Maule of Panmure, Sir Alexander Irving of Drum, Sir William Abernethy of Salton, Sir Alexander Straiton of Lauriston, James Lovel, Alexander Stirling, and Sir Robert Davidson, Provost of Aberdeen, with 500 men-at-arms, including the principal gentry of Buchan, and the greater part of the burgesses of Aberdeen, who followed their Provost, were among the slain. The Highlanders left 900 men dead on the field of battle, including the Chiefs of Maclean and Mackintosh. This memorable battle was fought on the eve of the feast of St James the Apostle, July 25th, 1411. It was the final contest for supremacy between the Celt and the Teuton, and appears to have made at the time an inconceivably deep impression on the national mind.

For more than a hundred years, it is said, the Battle of Harlaw continued to be fought over again by school boys in their play.

It fixed itself in the music and poetry of Scotland; a march, called the "Battle of Harlaw," continued to be a popular air down to the time of Drummond of Hawthornden, and a spirited ballad, on the same event, is still repeated in our age, describing the meeting of the armies, and the deaths of the chiefs, in no ignoble strain.*

Mar and the few brave companions in arms who survived the battle, passed the night on the field; when morning dawned they found that the Lord of the Isles had retreated during the night, by Inverury and the hill of Benochy. To pursue him was impossible, and he was therefore allowed to retire without molestation, and to recruit his exhausted strength.

As soon as the news of the disaster at Harlaw reached the ears of the Duke of Albany, then Regent of Scotland, he set about collecting an army, with which he marched in person to the north in autumn, with a

* We have also that famous poem, "The War Song, by Lachlan Mor MacMhuirich, to Donald of the Isles, King of the Isles, and Earl of Ross, on the day of the Field of Harlaw," composed to excite the enthusiasm of the Highlanders at that famous battle. There are, in alphabetical order, lines beginning with every letter in the Gaelic alphabet, except the letter H—the poem altogether consisting of three hundred and thirty-eight lines, each letter being exhausted in its order, some of them having forty alliteratives, and the whole forming a chain of epithets so copious, but so pointed and incisive, as to excite astonishment and admiration. This poem will be found, most appropriately, the first in Stewart's collection, published in 1804, and now very rare. It should be studied by those who maintain that the Gaelic language is of limited compass.

determination to bring the Lord of the Isles to obedience. Having taken possession of the Castle of Dingwall, he appointed a governor, and from thence proceeded to recover the whole of Ross. Donald retreated before him, and took up his winter quarters in the islands. Hostilities were renewed next summer, but the contest was not long or doubtful—notwithstanding some little advantages obtained by the King of the Isles—for he was compelled to give up his claim to the Earldom of Ross, to become a vassal to the Scottish crown, and to deliver hostages to secure his future good behaviour.

Murdoch Mackenzie must have felt pretty secure in his stronghold of Eilean Donnan, and must have been a man of great prudence, sagacity, and force of character, when, in spite of all the solicitations of his Superior —the Lord of the Isles—to support him in these unlawful and rebellious proceedings against his King, and threats in case of refusal, he manfully and resolutely refused to join him in his desperate and treasonable adventures; at the same time informing him that, even were his claims just in themselves, they would not justify him in rising against the existing Government; and, independently of that important consideration, he boldly told his chief that he felt no great incentive to aid in the cause of the representative of the murderer of his grandfather. Mackenzie was one of those prudent and loyal chiefs who kept at home in the Highlands, looking after his own affairs, the comfort of his followers, and laying a solid foundation for the future prosperity of his house, "which was so characteristic of them that they," as one authority informs us, "always esteemed the authority of the magistrate as an inviolable obligation."

The Macraes were always on the best terms of friendship with the Mackenzies—were, indeed, from the aid they always afforded them, known as "Mackenzie's shirt." They originally came from Clunes, on the territory of the Frasers of Lovat, under the following circumstances:—"One of the brothers went to Braeross and lived at Brahan, where there is a piece of land called Knock Vic Ra, and the spring well which affords water to the Castle is called Tober Vic Ra. . . . . Other two of MacRa's sons, elder than the above, went off from Clunes several ways; one is said to have gone to Argyleshire and another to Kintail. In the meantime their father remained at Clunes all his days, and had four Lord Frasers of Lovat fostered in his house. He that went to Argyle. according to our tradition, married the heiress of Craignish, and on that account took the surname of Campbell. The other brother who went to Kintail, earnestly invited and encouraged by Mackenzie, who then had no kindred of his own blood, *the first six Barons, or Lords of Kintail, having but one lawful son to succeed the father*, hoping that the MacRas, by reason of their relation, as being originally descended from the same race . . . would prove more faithful than others, wherein he was not disappointed, for the MacRas of Kintail served him and his successors very faithfully in every quarrel they had with neighbouring clans, and by their industry, blood, and courage, have been instrumental in raising that family."* The statement here made respecting the succession of the Mackenzies is certainly

* Genealogical Account of the MacRas, by John MacRa, minister of Dingwall, who died in 1704.

remarkable, but it is borne out by every genealogy of the House of Kintail we have hitherto seen. There is no trace of any other children during the first six generations, beyond the immediately succeeding Chief.

Murdoch married Finguala, daughter of Malcolm Macleod of Harris, by his wife Martha, daughter of Donald, Earl of Mar, and nephew of King Robert the Bruce. By this marriage the royal blood of the Bruce was introduced into the family of Kintail, as also that of the ancient Kings of Man. Norman, third son of Olaus, King of Man, married Finguala MacCrotan, the daughter of an Irish Chief. She bore to him Malcolm Macleod of Harris, whose daughter had now become the wife of Murdoch Mackenzie, and the mother of *Alastair Ionraic*, who carries on the succession of the ancient line of MacKenneth. Murdoch died at Achilty about 1416, leaving issue, an only son and successor.

VI. ALASTAIR IONRAIC, or ALEXANDER the UPRIGHT—so called "for his righteousness." He was among those western barons summoned to meet King James I. at Inverness in 1427, who, immediately on his return from his long captivity in England, in 1424, determined to put down the rebellion and oppression which was then, and for some time previously, so rampant in the Highlands. In a Parliament held at Perth on the 30th September 1426, James exhibited a foresight and appreciation of the conduct of the lairds in those days, and passed laws, which might with good effect, and with equal propriety, be applied to the state of matters in our own. In that Parliament an Act was passed which, among other things, ordained that, north of the Grampians, the fruit of those lands should be expended in the country where those lands lie. The Act is as follows*:—"It is ordanit be the King ande the Parliament that everilk lorde hafande landis bezonde the mownthe (the Grampians) in the quhilk landis in auld tymes there was castellis, fortalyces, and manerplaicis, big, reparell, and reforme their castellis and maneris, and duell in thame, be thameself or be ane of thare frendis for the gracious gournall of thar landis, be gude polising *and to expende ye fruyt of thar landis in the countree where thar landis lyis.*"

James was determined to bring the Highlanders to submission, and Fordun relates a characteristic anecdote in which the King pointedly expressed this determination. When these excesses were first reported to him by one of his nobles, on entering the kingdom, he thus expressed himself:—"Let God but grant me life, and there shall not be a spot in my dominions where the key shall not keep the castle, and the furze bush the cow, though I myself should lead the life of a dog to accomplish it"; and it was in this frame of mind that he determined to visit Inverness in 1427 or 1428,† to establish good government and order in the Highlands, then in such a deplorable state of insubordination, that neither life nor property was secure. The principal chiefs, on his order or invitation, met him there, from what motives it is impossible to determine—whether hoping for a reconciliation by a ready compliance with the royal will, or from a dread, in case of refusal, to suffer the fate of the southern barons, who

* Invernessiana, p. 102.

† Fordun gives the date as 1427, the History of the Mackintoshes as 1428.

had already fallen victims to his Majesty's severity. The order was, however, obeyed, and they all repaired to meet him at the Castle of Inverness. As they entered the hall, however, where the Parliament was sitting, they were, one by one, by order of the King, arrested, ironed, and imprisoned in different apartments, and debarred from having any communications the one with the other, or with their followers. Fordun informs us that James exhibited marks of great joy as these turbulent and haughty spirits, caught in the toils which he had prepared for them, came within the clutches of his regal power, and, according to this authority, he "caused to be arrested Alexander of the Isles, and his mother, Countess of Ross, daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Lesley, as well as the more notable men of the north, each of whom he wisely invited singly to the Castle, and caused to be put in strict confinement apart. There he also arrested Angus Duff (Angus Dubh Mackay) with his four sons, the leader of 4000 men from Strathnarven (Strathnaver). Kenneth More, with his son-in-law, leader of two thousand men;* John Ross, William Lesley, Angus de Moravia, and Macmaken, leaders of two thousand men; and also other lawless caterans and great captains in proportion, to the number of about fifty. Alexander Makgorrie (MacGodfrey) of Garmoran, and John Macarthur (of the family of Campbell), a great chief among his own clan, and the leader of a thousand and more, were convicted, and, being adjudged to death were beheaded. Then James Cambel was hanged, being accused and convicted of the slaughter of John of the Isles (John Mor, first of the Macdonalds of Isla). The rest were sent here and there to the different castles of the noblemen throughout the kingdom, and were afterwards condemned to different kinds of death, and some were set at liberty." Among the latter was Alexander of Kintail. The King sent him, who was then quite a youth, to the High School at Perth, which was then the principal literary seminary in the kingdom, while Perth was frequently the seat of the Court. During young Kintail's absence, it appears that his three bastard uncles were ravaging the district of Kenlochewe, for we find that, insulting and troubling "Mackenzie's tenants in Kenlochewe and Kintail, Macaulay, who was then Constable in Islandonan, not thinking it proper to leave his post, proposed Finlay Dubh Mac Gillechriost as the fittest person to be sent to Saint Johnston, now Perth, and by general consent he accordingly went to inform his young master, who was then there with the rest of the King's ward children at school, of his Lordship's tenants being imposed on as above, which, with Finlay's remonstrance on the subject, prevailed on Alexander, his young master, to come home, and being backed with all the assistance Finlay could command, soon brought his three bastard uncles to condign punishment."†

The young Lord of the Isles was at the same time sent to Edinburgh, from which he soon afterwards escaped to the North, at the instigation of the old Countess, raised his vassals, and joined by all the outlaws and

* All writers on the Clan Mackenzie have hitherto claimed this Kenneth More as their Chief, and argued from the above that the Chief of Mackenzie had a following of two thousand fighting men in 1427. It will be seen that Alexander was Chief at this time, but Kenneth More may have been intended for MacKenneth More, or the Great Mackenzie.

† Genealogical Account of the Macras.

vagabonds in the country, numbering about ten thousand, and with this formidable body, he laid waste the country, plundered and devastated the crown lands, against which his vengeance was specially directed, razed the royal burgh of Inverness to the grouud, pillaging and burning the houses, and perpetrating all sorts of cruelties, after which he besieged the Castle, unsuccessfully, however, and then retired precipitately towards Lochaber, where he was met by the King's forces, commanded by His Majesty in person. Alexander prepared for battle, but he had the mortification to notice the desertion of those of Clan Chattan and Clan Cameron who had previously joined him, and to see them going over to the Royal standard. The King immediately attacked him, and completely routed his whole army, while he himself sought safety in flight. He was vigorously pursued, and finding escape or concealment equally impossible, and being reduced to the utmost distress, hunted from place to place by his vigilant pursuers, the haughty chief, who had always considered himself on a level with kings, resolved to throw himself entirely on the mercy of His Majesty, and finding his way to Edinburgh in the most secret manner, and on the occasion of a solemn festival on Easter Sunday, in 1429, at Holyrood, he suddenly appeared in his shirt and drawers before the King and Queen, surrounded by all the nobles of the Court, while they were engaged in their devotions before the High Altar, and implored, on his knees, with a naked sword held by the point in his hand, the forgiveness of his sovereign. With bonnet in hand, his legs and arms quite bare, his body covered only with a plaid, and in token of absolute submission, he offered his sword to the King. This picture, coupled with the solicitations of the affected Queen and all the nobles, made such an impression on His Majesty that he had to submit completely to the promptings of his heart, against the wiser and more prudent dictates of his better judgment. He accepted the sword offered him, and spared the life of his captive, but at once committed him to Tantallon Castle, under the charge of William Douglas, Earl of Angus. The spirit of his followers, however, could not brook this mortal offence, and the whole strength of the Clan was mustered under Donald Balloch, a cousin of the Lord of the Isles. They were led to Lochaber, where they met the King's forces, under the Earls of Mar and Caithness, killed the latter, gained a complete victory over the Royal forces, and returned to the Isles in triumph, with a great quantity of spoil. James again came north in person as far as Dunstaffnage, Donald Balloch fled to Ireland, and, after several encounters with the rebels, the King received the submission of most of the chiefs who were engaged in the rebellion, and others were apprehended and executed to the number of about three hundred, after which he released his prisoner from Tantallon Castle, and granted him a free pardon for all his rebellious acts, confirmed him in all his titles and possessions, and further conferred upon him the Lordship of Lochaber, which had previously, on its forfeiture, been granted to the Earl of Mar.

After the first escape of the Lord of the Isles from Edinburgh, when he again raised the standard of rebellion in 1429, on which occasion he burnt the town of Inverness, we find that the Baron of Kintail was at the time attending to his duties at Court, but was recalled by his followers, who, armed for the King, and led by their young Chief on

his return home, materially aided in the overthrow of Alexander of the Isles, at the same time securing peace and good government in his own extensive domains, and among most of the surrounding tribes. We also find him actively supporting the King, and fighting with the Royal army during the turbulent rule of John, successor to Alexander, Lord of the Isles, who afterwards died in peace with his sovereign in 1447. James I. died in 1460, and was succeeded by James II. When, in 1462, the Earl of Douglas, the Lord of the Isles, and Donald Balloch of Isla entered into a treaty with the King of England for the subjugation of Scotland, on condition, in the event of success, that the whole of Scotland, north of the Firth of Forth, would be divided between them, Alexander Mackenzie stood firm in the interest of the ruling monarch, and with such success that nothing came of this extraordinary compact. We soon after find him rewarded by a charter in his favour, dated 7th January 1463, confirming him in his lands of Kintail, with a further grant of the "5 merk lands of Killin, the lands of Garve, and the 2 merk lands of Coryvulzie, with the three merk lands of Kinlochluichart, and 2 merk lands of Achana-Clerich, the 2 merk lands of Garbat, the 2 merk lands of Delintan, the 4 merk lands of Tarvie, all lying within the shire and Earldom of Ross, to be holden of the said John and his successors, Earls of Ross."

Alexander continued to use his great influence at Court, as also with John, Lord of the Isles, with a view to bring about a reconciliation during the rebellion of Angus Og against his father. The King, however, proved inexorable, and refused to treat with this chronic rebel on any other condition than the absolute and unconditional surrender of the Earldom of Ross to the Crown, of whom, however, he might hold his other possessions in future. These conditions he refused, again flew to arms, and invaded Moray in 1376, but finding he could offer no effectual resistance to the powerful forces sent against him by the King, he, by the seasonable grants of the lands of Knapdale and Kintyre, secured the influence of Argyle in his favour, and with the additional influence of Kintail, procured remission of his past offences on the conditions already stated; and resigning for ever in 1476 the Earldom of Ross to the Crown, he "was infeft of new" in the Lordship of the Isles and the other possessions which he had not been called upon to renounce. The Earldom was irrevocably annexed to the Crown in the 9th Parliament of James III. in the same year, where the title and the honours still remain, held by the Prince of Wales. The great services rendered by the Baron of Kintail to the reigning family, especially during these negotiations, and throughout his long rule at Eileandonnan generally, were recognised by a charter from the Crown, dated Edinburgh, November 1476, of the lands renounced by the Earl of Ross, viz., Strathconnan, Strathbran, and Strathgarve, and after this the Barons of Kintail held their lands independently of any superior but the Crown.

During the disputes between the Earl of Ross and Mackenzie none was more zealous in the cause of the Island Chief than Allan of Mcydart, who made several raids into Kintail, ravaged the country, and carried away large numbers of cattle. After the forfeiture of the Earldom of Ross, Allan's youngest brother, supported by a faction of the tenantry rebelled against his elder brother, and possessed himself for a time of the

Moydart estate. John of the Isles was unwilling to appear so soon in these broils; or, perhaps, favoured the pretensions of the younger brother, and refused to give any assistance to Allan, who, however, hit upon a device as bold as it ultimately proved successful. He started for Kinellan, "being ane ile in ane loch," where Alexander resided at the time, and presented himself personally before his old enemy, who was naturally much surprised to receive a visit from such an enemy, and from one to whom he had never been reconciled. Allan coolly related how he had been oppressed by his own brother and his nearest friends, and how he had been refused aid from those from whom he had a right to expect it. In these desperate circumstances he thought it best to apply to his greatest ememy, who perhaps might in return gain as faithful a friend as he had previously been his "diligent adversary." Alexander, on hearing the story, was moved by the manner in which Allan had been oppressed by his own immediate relatives, promised him support, went in person with a sufficient force to repossess him, and finally accomplished his purpose. The other party at once represented to the King that Alexander Mackenzie invaded their territory as a "disturber of the peace, and ane oppressor," whereupon he was cited before His Majesty at Edinburgh, "but here was occasion given to Allan to requite Alexander's generosity, for Alexander having raised armies to assist him, without commission, he found in it a transgression of the law, though just upon the matter; so to prevent Alexander's prejudice, he presently went to Holyrood House, where the King was, and being of a bold temper, did truly relate how his and Alexander's affairs stood, showing withal that he, as being the occasion of it, was ready to suffer what law would exact rather than to expose so generous a friend to any hazard. King James was so taken with their reciprocal heroisms, that he not only forgave, but allowed Alexander, and of new confirmed Allan in the lands of Moydart."*

A desperate skirmish, which took place some time previous to this, at a place called Bealach na Broige, "betwixt the heights of Fearann Donuil and Lochbraon" (Dundonald and Lochbroom), was brought about by some of Kintail's vassals, instigated by Donald Garbh M'Iver attempting to seize the Earl of Ross, but the plot having been discovered, MacIver was seized by the Lord of the Isles' followers, and imprisoned in Dingwall. He was soon released, however, by his undaunted countrymen from Kenlochewe, consisting of Macivers, Maclennans, Macaulays, and Macleays, who, by way of reprisal, pursued and seized the Earl's second son, Alexander, at Balnagown, and carried him along with them. His father, Earl John, at once apprised the Lord Lovat, who was then His Majesty's Lieutenant in the North, of the illegal seizure of his son, and he at once dispatched northward two hundred men, who, joined by Ross's vassals, the Monroes of Fowlis, and the Dingwalls of Kildun, pursued and overtook the western tribes at Bealach na Broige, where they were resting themselves. A most desperate and bloody conflict ensued, aggravated and exasperated by a keen and bitter recollection of ancient feuds and animosities. The Kenlochewe men seem to have been almost extirpated. The race of Dingwall were actually extinguished, one hundred and forty of their men having

* The Earl of Cromartie's MS. History of the Mackenzies.

been slain, and the family of Fowlis lost eleven members of their house alone, with many of the leading men of their clan.* No authority has ever identified the Baron of Kintail, or Clann Choinnich, with this deadly skirmish, and it is quite evident from this that the Clan Tarlich, or Maclennans, and the Macraes, although usually following the banner of the Mackenzies, were at that time independent septs. It also points to a reversion of ancient animosities between those tribes from the west, and those of Brae Ross, in the east, with which the personal followers of the Chief of Clan Kenneth could have had nothing to do; and besides, by all accounts, Alexander of Kintail was absent from home attending to his duties at Court, attempting a reconciliation between the King and the Earl of Ross; and, even if at home, he was usually found more zealous and successful in the past in suppressing such disturbances of the King's peace than in fomenting them.

There has been a considerable difference of opinion as to the date of this desperate encounter, but it is now finally set at rest by the discovery of a positive date in the Fowlis papers, where it is said that "George, the IV. Laird, and his son, begotten on Balnagown's daughter, were killed at the conflict of Beallach na Brog, in the year 1452, and Dingwall of Kildun, with several or their friends and followers, in taking back the Earl of Ross's second son from Clan Iver, Clan Tarlich or Maclennans, and Clan Leod."†

Angus Og, after many bloody conflicts with his father, finally overthrew him at the battle of the Bloody Bay,‡ at Ardnamurchan, obtained possession of all the extensive territories of his clan, and was recognised as its legitimate head. He was now determined to punish Mackenzie for having taken his father's part at Court, and otherwise, during the rebellion, and swore that he would recover from him the great possessions which originally belonged to his predecessors, the Lords of the Isles, but now secured by Royal charter to the Baron of Kintail. With this view he marched to attack him, and made for Inverness, where he expected to meet the now aged Mackenzie returning from his attendance at Court. He, however, reckoned without his host, and instead of killing Mackenzie, he was himself assassinated by an Irish harper. This foul, but well-merited, tragic close to such a diabolical career, is recorded in the "Red Book" of Clanranald as follows:—"Donald, the son of Angus that was killed at Inverness by his own harper, son of John of the Isles, son of Alexander, son of Donald, son of John, son of Angus Og." This must have occurred about 1485. Alexander was the first who lived at Kinellan, while he had Brahan as a "maines," or farm, both of which his successors held from the King for a yearly rent until Kenneth feued Brahan and Colin, his son, feued Kinellan. The Earl of Sutherland had shown many

* "Among the rest ther wer slain eleven Monroes of the House of Foulls, that wer to succeed one after another; so that the succession of Foulls fell unto a chyld then lying in his cradle."—*Sir Robert Gordon's History of the Earldom of Sutherland, p.* 36.

† The Earl of Cromarty gives a different version, and says that the battle or skirmish took place in the year immediately after the Battle of Harlaw. In this he is manifestly incorrect. The Highlanders to defend themselves from the arrows of their enemies, with their belts tied their shoes on their breasts, hence the name "Bealach nam Brog," or the Pass of the Shoes.

‡ Tobermory.

kindnesses to Mackenzie, whom he appointed as his deputy in the management of the Earldom of Ross. On one occasion, the Earl of Sutherland being in the south at Court, the Strathnaver men and the men of the Braes of Caithness took the opportunity to invade Sutherland. Their intention soon spread abroad, and reached the ears of the Chief of Kintail, who at once, with a party of six hundred men, passed into Sutherland, and the Earl's followers joining him, he defeated the invaders, killed many of them, forced the remainder to sue for peace, and compelled them to give substantial security for their peaceful conduct in future. "At this time he begat, on a gentlewoman in Sutherland, a son who was called Dougall; and the Earl of Sutherland, in kindness to his father, caused him to be carefully educated, and he profited so in letters that he was made Prior of Beauly by the Pope, and is yet memorable for prudence and piety in the records of that Priory. He repaired the Church of Beauly, enlarging it with a south aisle . . . . in which Priory Dougall lies buried in a tomb built by his own directions.*

Kintail was now a very old man. His prudence and sagacity well repaid the judicious patronage of the First King James, confirmed and extended by his successors on the throne, and, as has been well said of him by his biographer, secured to him "the love and respect of three Princes in whose reign he flourished, and as his prudent management in the affairs of the Earldom of Ross, showed him to be a man of good natural parts, so it very much contributed to the advancement of the interest of his family by the acquisition of the lands he thereby made; nor was he less commendable for the quiet and peace he kept among his Highlanders, putting the laws punctually in execution against all delinquents." Such a character as this, justly called Alastair Ionraic, or the Just, was certainly well fitted to govern, and deserved to flourish, in the age in which he lived. Various important events occurred in his latter years, but as Kenneth, his son and successor, was the actual leader of the Clan for many years before his father's death, and especially at the celebrated Battle of Park, we shall record them under the next heading.

Alexander died at Kinellan, in 1488, about ninety years of age, and was buried in Beauly Priory. He was twice married—first to Anne, daughter of Macdougall of Dunolly, and secondly to Margaret, daughter of Macdougall of Morar, a relative of Dunolly. He had also, as already mentioned, a natural son, who was superior of, and repaired, the Priory of Beauly, about 1478, where he is buried.† By his first wife he had a son, Kenneth, who succeeded him, and Duncan, from whom descended the families of Hilton and Loggie. By the second marriage he had a son, Hector, known among the Highlanders as Hector Roy, or *Eachainn Ruadh*, from whom is descended the House of Gairloch, and of whom more hereafter. Alexander was succeeded by his eldest son by the first marriage.

(To be Continued.)

A PORTRAIT of WILLIAM ALLAN, with a Biographical Sketch by the Rev. George Gilfillan, will appear in our next.

* Earl of Cromartie's MS. History of the Mackenzies.

† Anderson's Historical Account of the Family of Fraser, p. 66, and MS. History of the Mackenzies.

THE DOOM OF DUNOLLY.

By William Allan.

—o—

VII.

Macdougall's chieftain breast with anger burned,
And swiftly on the foe he fiercely turned,
But ere he could his sudden stroke bestow,
A readier sword met the descending blow.
'Twas nimble Hector's, on whose features played
A smile of triumph, as he quickly weighed
The issues of a fight with Lorn's dread lord,
Who now had raised his yet untarnished sword,
Then backward drew a pace, then scowling glared
Upon the half-clad youth who thus had dared
To thwart his onset, and to turn aside
The blade that had the Royal Bruce defied.*
With sudden bound he on the stripling dashed,
Whose quicker weapon like a sunbeam flashed,
And kissed with joy Macdougall's baffled steel,
Which now, for once, an equal match did feel.
His groaning clansmen roused his ireful heart,
Again on Hector did he fiercely dart,
To be repelled with skilful blow or guard,
And backward hurled upon the trampled sward.
Ill could he brook defiance thus disclosed,
And with the youth in deadly conflict closed;
Now rung their blows upon each guardian shield,
And rugged dents their angry might revealed.
With equal skill the contest wildly raged,
Each knew a worthy foe he had engaged,
Tho' round them played the steely gleams of death,
They thrust and struck with unabated breath.
Each lightning eye was fixt, each sparkling gleamed,
Each marked the point where an advantage seemed,
And as each willing blade the opening sought,
The sudden guard made sudden efforts nought;
And vict'ry, wav'ring 'tween such sons of fame,
Withheld the laurels that each well could claim;
Till youthful Hector's unabated strength
Proclaimed him victor in the fight at length,
For fast Macdougall's furious ire decayed,
And feeble blows his waning pow'rs betrayed—
Pale grew his face, his watchful eyes grew dim,
Less swift to guard, he shook in every limb,

* The Macdougalls defeated Bruce in the battle of Dalree, at the head of Loch Tay. One of the Macdougalls seized the King by the plaid, which was fixed across his breast by a large brooch. The King killed his assailant, but left the plaid and brooch in the grasp of the clansman. His brooch was long kept in the family of the Macdougalls. I may here ask where is it now?

Fast heaved his breast with ever less'ning breath—
And as he struck he reeled upon the heath.
Defeat's dark demon raged within him now,
Its with'ring shade sat scowling on his brow,
And fanned the feeble flame of hope in vain,
Which mocked the hero as his strength did wane;
But Hector, tireless still, the conflict sought,
And by a subtle cut Macdougall smote
Upon the sword arm, which all pow'rless hung,
Then fell the blade which he in valour swung;
Triumphant o'er his foe young Hector stood,
Nor sought he now to shed defenceless blood.
"Yield thee, Macdougall, yield!" he hoarsely cried.
"And who art thou, bold youth?" the Chief replied.
"Hector Maclean, of an illustrious line!
Yield thee, Macdougall, now thy life is mine;
Behold thy clansmen unto these succumb,
To foil aggression, see, our kinsmen come!
Back to their galleys now thy men will be
Driv'n with the vengeance born of victory!"
Now rushed Macleans along the grassy fields,
And loudly struck their swords upon their shields,
With wild impetuosity they sought
The ridge whereon their dauntless kinsmen fought,
Nor checked their speed, but thro' the thin rank dashed,
And on the foe with headlong fury crashed,
Who shivered, fled across the sands, and sought
Safety on board their galleys still afloat.
Out from the bay with terror's speed they drew,
While in their midst thick showers of arrows flew;
Eastward they sped with fav'ring tide and wind,
And left their wounded and their Chief behind,
Who, 'midst a throng of savage Islesmen, stood
Unmoved, tho' clam'ring for his dastard blood,
Till Hector spoke, then hushed was every voice—
"Clansmen, Macdougall's fate must be my choice;
He nobly fought in his unrighteous cause,
We triumph best when ruled by Honour's laws;
No deed of wanton blood shall stain our name,
Untarnished vict'ry is our highest fame.
Macdougall's Chief, thy life I now bestow,
Back to Dunolly, vanquished, thou must go;
Be thou the bearer of thy wounded men,
And war no more unjustly 'gainst Maclean."
The gen'rous impulse filled the silent band,
Who loved the virtue in their Chief's command;
With tender grasp the dying and the dead
Within a galley were devoutly laid,
The wounded next fraternal care received—
Such love from foes their hearts had ne'er conceived.

When all were placed, between the conqu'ring clan
Macdougall marched, a stern and gloomy man,
And as he, frowning, slowly stepped on board,
Hector, with princely grace returned his sword.
The proffered gift with haughty grasp he took,
And thanked the donor with a threatening look;
Then, as the blood-fraught galley seaward drew,
He kissed the blade, and waved its dark adieu!
Undying hatred, and revenge combined,
Stood warders at the portals of his mind,
And filled his heart with their demoniac fire,
Till the strange madness of their one desire
Reigned as the lord of his embittered life,
And chained him slave unto its fearful strife.
The visions of his hate-disturbèd brain
Were bloody spectres muttering "Maclean!"
In horror's dreams he saw a ghastly train,
That, passing, whispered in his ear, "Maclean!"
Lone on Dunolly's ramparts every day
His restless eyes were fixed on Duart's bay;
No light of joy illumed his breast elate,
His life was now unfathomable hate.
His lovely daughter's smiles had lost their charm,
Her soothing voice no more his heart could warm,
Her constant fondnesses, her tears, her sighs,
Changed not the fierce gleam of his loveless eyes,
Macdougall knew not that erelong her love
Would of his conqueror the conqu'ror prove;
Decreed by Heav'n to meet her father's foe,
They loved, 'twas death, their death her father's woe.

VIII.

Bewitching, mild-eyed Nature bright,
Woke when her misty veil of night
Had left her vernal bosom bare,
And vanished in the sun-souled air.
The lark had risen from its nest,
The deer had sought the mountain crest,
The sea had lost its nightly hue,
The flowers had parted from their dew,
The streamlets poured their wanton lays,
The lambkins frisked upon the braes,
The hinds had yoked their oaken ploughs,
The rosy maids had milked the cows,
The clouds, in smiling beauty high,
Sailed o'er the blue deeps of the sky,
When from her sudden slumber yoke,
Macdougall's dark-haired daughter woke,
And gazed around the chamber strange,
While Memory, with contracted range,

From dreamy retrospection sought
The flickering truths of dawning thought
That ushered in with stern delight,
The horrors of the former night.
Then ope'd the door and forward came
A stately, gentle-featured dame,
Whose mother-looks, and smiles, and voice,
Were such as made the heart rejoice.
The wakeful maid she fond caressed,
And hugged her to her joyous breast;
She kissed her cheek, and kissed her brow,
And welcomed her awakening now—
"Daughter of warriors," she said,
"I joy to find my care repaid."
Dunolly's maid, half-rising, sighed,
And strove the welling tears to hide,
Her eyes beamed thro' her love's surfeit,
Her voice was tremulously sweet.
"Tell me, good mother, tell me true,
To whom my life and thanks are due?
Where am I now? Whose home is this,
Where dwells such Christian tenderness?"
"Child of the waves! calm the unrest
That lingers in thy anxious breast,
Within our bosoms kindness reigns,
Know we are friends although Macleans.
My Hector was by Heaven decreed
To save thee in thy hour of need;
Start not! no harm to thee will come,
Our clansmen will convey thee home
Unto Dunolly's warrior lord—
His daughter will be safe restored."
The tearful maiden warmly kissed
The Chieftain-mother, whom she blessed,
Then from her couch she lightly rose
At peace, though in the halls of those
'Gainst whom her father erstwhile fought,
On whom his ire was still unwrought.
The morn's repast was quickly spread,
And by the Chieftain's lady led,
The blushing maiden entered then
The hall where sate the Chief, Maclean,
Who rose and gave, with kindly smiles,
A lordly welcome to the Isles.
His hair, touched by Time's silvern spell,
Adown his shoulders streaming fell;
Of kindred hue his flowing beard
In snowy, furrowed waves appeared,
And gave a charm unto his face,
Which glowed with patriarchal grace

His eyes beamed with the soul repose
Which years of happiness disclose ;
His broad brow showed in sundry scars
The valour emblems of his wars ;
His countenance was calm, benign,
His smile was fatherly, divine.
Of stalwart mien unbowed by years,
His voice dispelled the maiden's fears,
And as she heard his gentle tone,
She gazed with reverence upon
The hoary Chief, the Island lord,
Who welcomed her unto his board.
Ere seated round the table all,
Young Hector strode into the hall,
One hurried bow he gave the maid,
Whose simultaneous glance betrayed,
The strange confusion, unexpressed,
Which bodes a maiden's feelings best,
As on her saviour she gazed
Love's tumult in her bosom blazed,
Her meed of thanks refused to come,
Her eyes spoke now, her lips were dumb.
She heard of Hector as of one,
Blood-thirsty, cruel, scarce a man,
Who drove her father from the shore,
In battle, nigh two months before ;
Her father's ire she deemed unjust,
She saw in Hector one to trust.
As Hector gazed upon the maid,
His heart from every theme was swayed,
His morning meal before him lay
Untouched, save in a listless way,
A feast of fire o'erfilled him now,
He knew not why, he felt not how.
With truthful eye the Chief divined
The thoughts that racked the maiden's mind,
And ere the simple meal was o'er,
He sent his henchman to the shore
To launch his boat, to bend the sail,
To spread his banner to the gale.
" Sweet Maid of Lorn, thou must away,
Though welcome here, thou must not stay ;
Thy fathers grief none can reveal,
Thou can'st alone his anguish heal ;
Hector shall steer thee o'er the sea,
And thy deliverer shall be.
Adieu, sweet maid, our prayers are thine,
May future joys around thee shine ! "

(To be Continued.)

A CURIOUS LOVE ADVENTURE.

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THE old saying that "facts are stranger than fiction" has seldom been more curiously confirmed than by incidents related in a tradition current in Skye and Lews, forty years ago, and probably so at the present time.

Many years ago a young seafaring man, named Donald Macleod, a native of the Lews, married a young girl belonging to the little sea-port town of Stornoway. He owned a small sloop, with which he made provision for his young wife by trading with the neighbouring coast and Islands.

A child was born to Donald, a boy, whom he called Murdoch. Things went fair enough with the young couple till little Murdoch was four years of age, when his father was lost in a storm which overtook him returning from one of his trips, and swamped his boat. This sad calamity was a heavy blow to the young mother; but after a while, when she came to realise her now altered position, she wisely considered that giving way to unavailing grief at her great loss would only incapacitate her for performing the other duties and tender cares still devolving upon her. She had now her boy dependant upon her unaided efforts, and, to her credit, she resolved not to sink under the burden. Her late husband had saved a little money, with which, and a little aid from friends who sympathised with her, she started a small shop in the town, which, with care and frugality, ultimately proved sufficient to keep them in ordinary comfort, independent of all outside help. When her son arrived at a suitable age, he was sent to the parish school, at which he continued till he was thirteen. He was then taken into a small shipping office, where, after a time, he obtained a seat at the desk as an embryo clerk. Young Murdoch was of a lively, hearty, and a rather romantic turn of mind, and very fond of such sports and games generally engaged in by boys of his age. It was remarked of him, that whatever idea took hold of his fancy, he would go through it with all the ardour of his young mind, and yet in none of the sports in which he was sure to be the leading spirit, did he ever allow himself or any of his companions to conduct them so as to annoy or injure a neighbour. Of all his hobbies, that of dancing was his chief enjoyment. Such proficiency did he attain to in this accomplishment that he was known far and wide in the district as *Murchadh Dannsair*, or Dancing Murdoch. It was a frequent occurrence, that when any of the better class families had a party of young people, Murdoch was invited to lead them in the dance. Notwithstanding his duties during office hours were honestly attended to, he did not neglect to improve and extend what knowledge he had acquired at school. In this little office he continued till he was 17. By this time he began to wish for a more extended knowledge of the commercial world, which could only be obtained in the south. Knowing that his mother had a relative employed in a large mercantile establishment in Liverpool, he got her consent to write to him, asking his aid in procuring a situation. He, in due course, received a reply, inviting him to go to Liverpool. Our young hero soon got his traps in order, and, full of bright dreams of the future, he set off in due time, and landed safely in the great mart of commercial enterprise, where

his relative soon procured him a situation as junior clerk in a large shipping office. Murdoch, by diligence and close attention to whatever he was asked to perform, soon felt himself at home in his new situation. When there a few months, his aptitude and willingness to make himself useful, drew the attention of his superiors towards him. In about a year he was gradually advanced, step by step, till at the end of the fourth year he was one of the most trusted of his class in the establishment.

He frequently had to be at the docks on business with foreign shipping, and one day, while walking along a tier of large vessels, the figure-head of one of them attracting his attention, he stood still gazing at it. He knew perfectly well that it was only a painted block of wood cut and shaped into the likeness of a beautiful young maiden; yet such was the impression its charming beauty made on his romantic imagination, that he was oblivious of the fact that many of the passers by turned round to look at the evidently spell-bound admirer of the figure. At last he took his gaze off the object, and went his way. The next two days he was at the same spot, looking at the inanimate block as if his whole soul would burst out through his eyes. The captain of the ship that owned the magic figure noticed him, and in the blunt, off-hand fashion peculiar to sailors, accosted him with, "Well, my young gentleman, have you fallen in love with the figure-head of my ship?" Poor Murdoch suddenly awakened out of his trance, looked confusedly round, answered that he certainly felt interested in the thing, and asked if it was a representation of a living creature, or merely the creation of the artist's fancy. "Well, sir," the captain replied, "it is a fair attempt at the likeness of a living young lady, but beautiful as it is, it comes far short of the charms of its living original. She is the daughter and only child of the owner of this noble ship; he is reputed to be one of the richest merchants in the part of America to which he belongs; he owns several such vessels, trading to all parts of the world." Murdoch, getting still more interested, asked the young lady's age. "Well, sir, she is 18 this fall, and, in spite of her father's great wealth, as kind-hearted, unassuming, a young creature as ever breathed." Murdoch hinted to the Captain that he felt disposed to go over to America to see the young lady for himself, saying, that so strong a hold the wish of seeing her took of his whole heart and mind, that he might as well waste a portion of his time by going over, as waste it at home in misery and suspense. The kind American thought the young man must either have a screw loose aloft, or was vain enough to think his decidedly handsome appearance would cause the young lady to fall into his arms at first sight. Still he seemed to be so earnest in all he said on the subject, that he could not help pitying him, and to avoid the possibility of the people passing hearing their conversation, he politely invited Murdoch on board the ship, that they might converse in private. Seated in the cabin, the Captain said that his employer, the father of the lady, was one of those plodding, careful men, who knew the value of time and money, and one who had raised himself to his present position, from a very humble beginning, by sheer dint of persevering industry, and not at all a likely man to entrust the happiness of his motherless and only child to the keeping of a moonstruck adventurer, who might have little else to recommend him than his good looks, and the ridiculous folly of

falling in love with a young maiden through seeing her likeness painted on a piece of timber. He advised him to banish all thoughts of her from his mind; said he felt sorry to see a young and intelligent gentleman like him giving way to such absurd wild-goose-chase ideas, and he felt bound to tell him candidly that, in his opinion, to carry out his insane resolve could only result in the ruin of his prospects, and make him a laughing-stock to his associates; besides, he said, that probably enough the young lady might have admirers in her own circle at home, with good standing in society to recommend them to her hand. "Take a friend's advice, young man, and go home to your duties, reflect upon what I have said, and if this romantic idea has not entirely upset your brains, you will soon be back to thank me for saving you from destruction."

Young Murdoch deeply felt the force of the kindly advice of the Captain and owned he did so; still he declared he felt that no reasoning, reflection, nor any difficulties he could overcome would prevent him trying to see her, if he should perish in the attempt. "I will come back to see you, sir, while you are in port, if you will allow me, but I fear my resolution cannot be shaken. I am fully alive to the consequences, but I feel a power over which I have no control, impelling me on whether to ruin or happiness time can only tell." He then rose to go. The Captain looked at him and felt for him as if he were his son. He saw the young enthusiast ashore, and on his way along the quay.

The next day Murdoch was seen as before feasting his eyes opposite the figure-head, but a little farther back into the shade to avoid the notice of passers-by, but not enough hidden to escape the eye of the friendly Captain, who walked over to him, asking if he was a wiser man than when they parted yesterday. Murdoch only shook his head. His friend asked him on board again, and when seated in the cabin Murdoch began with a serious and distressed air to state that do what he would he could not get over that mysterious drawing power, which appeared to him as powerful as if set in motion by the very living original of the likeness on his ship, though thousands of miles away. His imagination pictured her as standing on the far-off shore waving her invitations for him to go. No doubt, he said, the wish might be father to the thought, in the opinion of others, but to him it seemed a living reality. "I am aware, sir," he continued, "all this will appear to you as the effects of a diseased brain. I know you sincerely pity me, and would aid me if you could in recovering from what you believe to be a fit of infatuation, which is sure to destroy my prospects in life, and, if not checked, may ultimately peril my life. Now, sir, I ask you to give me a passage across with you, and let me have one sight of the lady. Who knows but it may cure me of what you call my infatuation, and should it not, I cannot be much worse, for my feelings now are such as make them almost unbearable. I do not beg the favour; I am prepared to pay for that and for everything else I may reasonably require till my return. And I beg to assure you, sir, that your refusal will not prevent me putting my resolution into practice in the first ship that sails."

The honest American, quite taken aback at the young man's prompt decision, told him to call next day, when he would let him know whether he could accommodate him or not. After he had left, the Captain began

to consider as to the wisest plan to refuse or grant the request, and being a little tinged with superstition (as most sailors are less or more), he thought there might be some fate in the case of the young Britisher, and it might not be lucky for him to stand in the way of its accomplishment. He had already done what he could to advise him, and if he made shipwreck of his prospects, on his own head be the consequence. So when Murdoch called again, the Captain told him that if he meant to go with him to be down at the ship at a certain hour on the third day after.

Punctual to the hour, Murdoch was there with all he thought necessary to take along with him. A few hours after they were out on the broad Atlantic. During the passage Murdoch gained so much on his friend's confidence and goodwill that the captain made up his mind to aid him all he could, not only in procuring an interview with the old merchant and his daughter, but to endeavour to bring them into closer contact than a mere casual visit. When within a week of landing, the Captain told Murdoch that it was an annual custom with the owner to give a supper and ball to the crews of all his ships which happened to be at the home port, in honour of his daughter's birthday, and if all went well with them they would be just in time for it; and that he, being the oldest and longest in the service of all the captains, generally had something to do with the arrangements for the ball. He would try to procure his friend an invitation, and if possible get him to be the partner of the young heiress for the evening. Murdoch was delighted at this idea, knowing that he could acquit himself to some purpose on the floor.

The good ship at length arrived in port. After seeing the ship safely moored, the Captain went ashore to report himself to the owner, desiring Murdoch to stay on board till his return. The Captain took occasion to mention to the owner that he brought a young English gentleman a passenger from Liverpool. He believed he was a confidential clerk in one of the largest shipping houses in the city, and as he might not make a long stay in the place he wished to hurry on board to see him before he left. The old merchant, though a very fortunate man in business, was never famed for that grasp of international enterprise which distinguish so many of the merchant princes of the present day—a shrewd enough man in his way, yet he lacked much of that early training and education so necessary for a successful commercial career. He was well aware of his shortcomings in that respect, and perhaps this made him respect and admire these advantages in others the more. Nothing pleased him better than a quiet conversation with such men on business matters. It struck him that this gentleman might be one from whom something new might be learned, and he asked the Captain to bring the stranger to his house in the evening if he was staying in town all night. On the Captain informing Murdoch that he was invited to the owner's house that evening along with him, instead of being elated at the prospect of so soon being introduced to the lady he came so far to see, he exhibited more of the air of a man who had to engage in the settlement of a difficult and intricate piece of business, and was fully determined to master it.

The two set out for the mansion of the owner, Murdoch dressed in his best, his whole face lighted up by the varied conflicts agitating his mind, the motions of his body indicating the determination with which he

meant to bear himself as a man in the ordeal he had to undergo in the first meeting with the object which cost him so many restless days and wearisome nights. When they arrived at the house, little ceremony was used by the servants, the old Captain being a privileged friend, they were shown to the master's room at once. The stranger was duly introduced, and the old merchant very warmly welcomed him to America. The two were in a few minutes deep in discussing the comparative merits of the English and American systems of commerce. It was soon evident that the old merchant appreciated the intelligent remarks of the young man. Murdoch at the outset completely won his esteem and admiration; but the crisis, so ardently looked forward to, was now at hand—the meeting face to face with the living original of the painted likeness. It is perhaps better to leave the interesting scene at their first meeting to the imagination of the reader, than damage it by any frail attempt on our part to do it justice.

At length the young beauty entered the room; her father introduced the stranger. Fortunately for young Macleod, the lady herself came to his aid. She evidently had noticed his agitated state on seeing her—she knew she was beautiful—and where could we find a young beauty, either of ancient or modern times, who was not gratified at any proof of admiration by the other sex in their presence, especially if the admirers were young and handsome, and this young lady's kindly heart could not take pleasure in prolonging embarrassment on the part of any gentleman in her presence, if she could help it. She soon had our hero at his ease by means of her sensible, unaffected simplicity of manner and conversation. During the evening, the merchant asked the young man how long he intended staying in that part of the country. The Captain cleverly remarked that as Mr Macleod came a passenger with him, and made himself very useful, he begged to claim him as one of his crew to honour them by gracing their annual ball so soon to come off. This off-hand remark of the Captain's very much pleased and amused both father and daughter, so it was settled that he was to come. The ball was to come off in a week, and Murdoch promised to be back in good time for it.

Next day he went to another town at some distance. In the interval the useful Captain sounded the young lady about the propriety of honouring the young English gentleman by having him as a partner at the ball, and he was pleased to observe that she was not averse to that arrangement. He next hinted the same thing to the father, who at once consented, if his daughter had no previous engagement. So far the coast was clear for the Captain's scheme. Murdoch returned the day before the event, and spent another evening with the old merchant. When the evening came and the company assembled for the ball, the young heiress and Macleod opened the ball in the first dance. When they stood up together for that purpose, a buzz of admiration was distinctly heard from all parts of the room, for a more handsome couple could scarcely pace the floor in any country or in any society. Murdoch's early experience in dancing enabled him to feel perfectly at home and at ease, and during the evening he and his partner had the lion's share of the amusement. It was remarked by several of the company, that if any of the other young ladies present wished to dance with the stranger, his own partner appeared anything but

suited. She would never acknowledge any fatigue as long as he wished to dance. This young Macleod observed with great delight; still he did not wish her to over-exert herself, and from time to time he feigned fatigue himself to save her. She noticed, and valued, this consideration on his part, which advanced him still more in her estimation. She clearly saw that he was not indifferent to her comfort, but although she afforded him some private opportunities during the evening to hint about what was ever uppermost in his mind, he did not breathe as much as a single sigh in that direction.

The young heiress seemed to have enjoyed so much pleasure in the dance that for days after the thoughts of it was apparent in her conversation. Murdoch, while he stayed in the town, was more frequent at the residence of the merchant, and on the best of terms with both father and daughter. This state of things could not last long in the circumstances; each of the young lovers had little doubt of the mutual affection existing between them. Yet romantic as he was, Murdoch could not declare his love in words. But what need is there for words when true love reigns in the heart of either young man or young woman? Oh, that Freemasonry of love! A look, a touch of the hand, or a half-smothered sigh is far more eloquent to convince and satisfy the heart of love's existence than the most anxiously studied set of words. Poor Murdoch, much as he wished to be near her who had possession of his heart, he could not in strict propriety prolong his stay. He told the Captain how painful the separation was to him; that he was satisfied she loved him, and asked his advice as to the propriety of speaking to her father about it. "Not so fast, my brave youth," replied the Captain; "let things have their natural course. Leave the town at once, and come back when you are sent for."

Heartless old bachelor, who perhaps never felt a genuine pang of real love in his life, how could he give such a cruel additional stab to the already lacerated heart of the young lover. Murdoch called at the merchant's house in the evening to bid them farewell. When the old gentleman heard that he was leaving for good, he said that he felt as if parting with an old friend, and sent for his daughter, who entered the room in her usual joyous and hearty manner, and seemed so glad to see their young friend; but when her father told her that Mr Macleod had called to bid them farewell for good, she turned pale, and appeared to be fainting. The revulsion of feeling was so real that it quite alarmed both the men. After a little time she looked up into our hero's face with such a sorrowful and agonising expression as to almost upset him. She told them she felt very unwell, and would retire, at the same time holding out her hand to Murdoch, and expressing the hope that he would always be as happy as they had hitherto felt in his company, and then left them. He mechanically found his way to the door, and walked out not caring whither he went. The poor old man of ships and wealth felt himself as unable to comprehend the situation in which he was left by both, as if he had been a newly awakened child in its cradle when seeing strange faces around it. When able to collect his thoughts, he sought out his daughter, whom he found weeping in her room; and asking her what ailed her, she answered, saying that she would try to get over the

effects of the sudden pain which had seized her. Her father had no doubt of this having been caused by the dancing at the recent ball. People may often make pretty near guesses without knowing it!

Murdoch, after leaving the hospitable house, sought out his friend, to whom he related what had just taken place. The Captain requested him to start at once to a place at a distance, and to remain there till he heard from him. When the Captain met the owner after these events, the latter ruefully informed him of his daughter's indisposition, saying that she did not seem to be the same happy girl she used to be. He was sure something was wrong with her health, although she did not complain of anything in particular. The Captain asked permission to be allowed to see his favourite playmate, whom he often carried in his arms when a little toddling thing. Of course he was at once permitted to see her, and immediately left the office for the house. When the Captain saw the young lady, he was surprised to see the change which a few days had made in her appearance. She made every effort to look cheerful, but every now and again she forgot her task, and relapsed into her listless state. After the two men—the Captain and her father—left her, and were by themselves, the father asked his friend what he thought was the matter, or if he thought it prudent to call in their medical adviser. The Captain at once divulged the secret by declaring that, in his opinion, no doctor in the world but one could cure her trouble, and if within reach, and could be found, he would stake his life she would be as well as ever in half-an-hour. The old man, as well he might, looked up in the other's face, as if not sure whether his old and faithful servant was not trifling with him as to his daughter's condition, and asked him at once what he meant. "I mean what I say, sir," said the blunt and candid seaman, "you're daughter is in love, sir, and I guess it is the most natural trouble a young woman can catch."

These outspoken remarks opened the eyes of the father to some incidents he had noticed between the young pair, but to which he paid no attention at the time. But even if the Captain's idea was correct, he said "her present romantic notions will wear off in time." The Captain answered, "I do not think so, but I would that you as her father should satisfy your own mind as to the state of her feelings on this delicate subject before you come to any rash conclusion." He took this advice, and went at once to his daughter, and put the question direct to her, whether her present state of health had anything to do with the absence of their late visitor. The young lady truthfully and at once answered that his absence had everything to do with it, that she dearly loved him, and could never be happy with another, and declared to her father (her only protector and adviser) that if Mr Macleod took her for his wife she was willing to lay aside all her previous expectations, and join her fate to his, and aid him by every means in her power to make a living for them both, if she only had her father's consent and blessing. He asked her if the young man had made any propositions of that nature to her, to which she answered that he never said a word on the subject to her; but that for all that she thought he loved her. The old man loved his daughter dearly. Her statement sorely distressed him, and without saying another word he left her and came back to his friend the Captain, to whom he told what occurred,

and that he had proof of his child's love for their late visitor from her own lips, and asked him what he would advise him to do. The Captain said, "Well, sir, as you ask my advice in good faith, I will candidly give it. In the first place, if I were in your place, and the father of such a daughter as yours, before I would wreck her happiness for life, I would sail twice round the globe without my grog; and in the second place, the young man, the object of her affection, is one who only requires some pecuniary help to make him one of the most prominent and successful merchants of the day. You are not under the necessity of continuing your business pursuits for a living. In a few years you must either make your trade over to some one else, or put a period to the business which has been the envy and admiration of many. Could you not from this time forth, as long as spared in life, take pleasure and enjoyment from observing at your ease the prosperous continuation of the trade you have begun and so nobly carried on, and all for the benefit of your own child by at once saving her from misery, and a spirited young gentleman from making shipwreck of such talents and prospects as he undoubtedly possesses! Give him an opportunity of using his youth, his energies, and his large experience in making your child, yourself, and all of us happy."

The old man listened all the time of this earnest address with his head resting on the table at which they sat. When the Captain ceased speaking, he looked up at him, and held out his hand to him, saying, "Few of my servants would have the pluck and candour to tell me to my face what you have just said. I appreciate your good advice, and believe it the best in the circumstances, although it is in some respects different from what I once anticipated. I may tell you that I am satisfied the young man has the making of a successful merchant in him. As you say I am able to give his abilities ample scope. In the meantime, if you know where he is, you might communicate with him and let him understand his friends here would be glad of another visit from him before leaving for home, if he can make it convenient. I would like to know his own sentiments on the subject before taking any decided steps in the matter."

The Captain lost no time in writing to his young friend, Murdoch, desiring him to come to him at once as he had some important news to tell him. After the Captain left, her father sent word to his daughter that he wanted to speak to her. She at once came to him, when he told her that he expected a visit from Mr Macleod shortly. This piece of intelligence acted upon her like a charm, and she immediately jumped up from her seat exclaiming, "Oh! papa, have you sent for him?" Answering in the affirmative, she flung her arms round his neck and sobbed as a very child. Her agitation, however, soon subsided, and she appeared almost like her old self.

Immediately Murdoch received his friend's letter, he set off on his return journey. On seeing the Captain, he was prevailed upon to moderate his impatience to see the object of his love. His friend advised him to see her father first at his office. When he entered along with the Captain, the old gentleman received him very kindly, but with a little more reserve than formerly. On the delicate subject being introduced, the merchant asked Murdoch if he really loved his daughter, and whether he had

given her any reason to think he did so? Murdoch answered that he loved his daughter dearly; but that he never, to his knowledge, hinted to her how completely she had gained his affections; and if he at any time had betrayed his feelings towards her in her presence, it was quite involuntarily on his part. "But," he continued, "if my position and circumstances were anything near equal to hers, I would not so silently crush my great love for her, but would have spoken to you, sir, before now on the subject. Let me at once tell you, sir, that I have nothing in the shape of means to recommend me to her, or to you as her father; all my hopes of success in life are based on my conscious possession of integrity of purpose, with industry and perseverance in the calling in which I have had years of experience, and during which I have acquired some knowledge of commercial pursuits." At the conclusion of young Macleod's little speech, the old gentleman rose to his feet, and took him by the hand, saying, "I claim you as my son, may God bless you both." The three gentlemen then went to the house of the intended father-in-law. The re-union of the young lovers need not be described—we may rest assured that it was a happy one, everything being now plain sailing to the haven of matrimony. The father of the bride resolved to install our hero as manager of his immense trade, giving him the advantage of his own riper judgment in any emergency. When all the details were settled, and the marriage day fixed, the Captain informed the bride how Macleod fell in love with her so curiously as the figure-head of her father's ship. This was the source of great amusement to her, and the subject of repeated teasings to her lover. After the marriage, Murdoch told his wife that he had a widowed mother at home, who would be much distressed if she happened to hear of his having gone to America, he being her only child; he must write to her and see to her well-being. His wife urged him to send for her, and stay with themselves, saying she was herself early deprived of the care and guidance of her mother, and begged him to bring her a new parent, to fill up the void she often felt in many of her little difficulties, since she grew up to womanhood. Murdoch accordingly wrote to his mother in Stornoway, inclosing a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of the voyage out. When his mother received his letter, she could hardly understand what it all meant, yet, knowing her boy, as she yet called him, was always a truth telling lad, she resolved at once to prepare for the long journey. In due time she arrived in America, and was joyfully received by her son and daughter. She was yet a comparatively young woman—little over forty—a fine, good-looking woman of her age. Their old friend, the Captain, when in port was a frequent visitor at their house. Mrs Macleod, jun., had observed, in course of time, that the Captain seemed to have new attractions in his visits, and this was confirmed when their old friend had one day signified his intention of retiring from sea and living on shore the rest of his days. Murdoch informed his wife of this resolve, who only laughingly said that she had suspected it for some time. He answered that if that was really the case, and if his mother was willing and disposed to marry the Captain, he would be delighted to have his old and faithful friend for a father, observing that he deserved every favour at his hands, seeing that he was the means of procuring for him the greatest treasure a man can have—a

good and loving wife. Well pleased at the neat compliment, she, with a lovely little blush, of course declared that it was all gammon. At length the Captain formally asked Murdoch's consent for his mother in marriage, who was only too happy to have their friendship, if possible, more firmly cemented. The old captain was well able to keep a wife in all the comforts money could buy, having saved a fair competency during his long career at sea. The old merchant, a few years after these events, paid the debt of nature, and left all his great wealth to Murdoch and his wife. Not the least remarkable incident in the narrative is that after Murdoch's second child was born, he had a son and a brother christened on the same day. Let us hope some of their descendants are still living, enjoying the wealth of the old merchant, and the happiness along with it which even wealth without a good life and easy conscience can never give.

LODA.

NOTES ON GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

Amhairc, look thou; derived from the Aryan root *rac*, *arc* "to radiate." From this root comes also Welsh *Llygat*, "eye." Cornish and Armoric *Lagat*. The secondary Keltic root *losc*, "to burn," is traced to the same origin.

Aog, *eug*, death; Breton. ankow; Cornish, ancow; Middle Welsh, angheu; Mod. W., angeu; from angh, "to choke, strangle, tighten." From the same root come *eang*, a footstep, track, year; *eangach*, a net; *eigin*, a strait; *aingidh*, wicked; *tachd*, choke thou = *do—ac*. The Latin *Ango*, I strangle, and *angustus*, narrow, are derived from the same source. *Ar*, ploughing, from which *airean*, a ploughman; *aran*, bread; *irionn*, land, from which *fearann* is formed; *uir*, mould; *arancha*, a pantry; and *aranoir*, a baker. Welsh *Aradr*, a plough; *ar*, ploughed land.

Bear, *bior*, a spit. Welsh, *Bir*. Latin, *Veru*; from *ghvar*, to turn.

Bruich, cook thou; from *Bhar*, to fry, parch, roast; from which also *breo*, fire; *bruthainn*, heat; Irish *bearbham*, I melt or disolve; *bearbhadh*, boiling or seething; *breogham*, I bake; Welsh *berwi*, to boil; and Latin *frigere*, to fry or parch.

Conas, anger, fretfulness; furze;—derived from *con*, the genitive plural of *cu*, a dog. Breton *Kounnar*, *konnar*, rage; Welsh *cynddaredd*, derived from *cwn*, or *cun*, plural of *ci*, dog, and *daredd*, tumultuous noise, from *dar*, noise. Cognate with *dar* are the Gaelic *torann*, *torman*, *toirm*, noise; *starum*, trampling noise; and *stararaidh*, rattling noise.

Domhainn, deep. Breton, *Doun*. Cornish, *Down*. Middle Welsh, *Dwfyn*. Mod. W., *Dwfn*. Gaulish, *Dumnos*. Obviously akin to these words are Gaelic *Domhan*, the world; *dumhail*, *domhail*, thick, bulky, large; and *dubh*, great.

Dobhar, water; Welsh, *dwfr*; Breton, *dour*; Gaulish, *dubron*;—derived from Dhu, to stir, or agitate. From one of the secondary forms of this root, Dhav, to flow or run, come *deubh*, to dry up; *dabhach*, a vat; *dabhar*, a bucket or pitcher; and *dubhach*, a tub.

Druchd, dew; *Druigh*, to ooze, to drain through; derived from Dru, to run, drop, or trickle. From this root comes *drubh*, a chariot.

Falc, bathe thou; Irish, *folcaim*, I bathe; Welsh, *golchi*; Breton, *gwelchi*, to bathe. These word are akin to the Slavo-Germanic root *valg*, to wash.

Garr, a belly enlarged by over-eating; *garrach*, a filthy, impudent fellow; *gragaire*, *graigin*, a glutton; from *gar*, to devour, or swallow; from which also Latin *gurges* and *gurgulia*; and Sanscrit *gargara*, an abyss.

Gionach, greedy, voracious; from *gion*, mouth; Breton, *genou*; Cornish and Welsh *genau*; Gaulish, *genava*.

Guidh, pray thou; Irish, *guidhim*, I pray; *guidhe*, a prayer, an imprecation; *gadan*, *guth*, voice; from *gad*, to speak.

Lochran, a light, lamp, torch; Old Irish, *luacharn* and *locharn*—from *ruk*, *luk*, to shine. From the same root are the Latin *lucerna* and the Welsh *llugorn*.

Muc, a hog; literally an animal with a snout, derived from Mak, root of the French *moucher*, to blow the nose; so *muc-mhara*, a whale; *muc-bhiorach*, a porpoise, are so called from being snouty. Breton, *Moch*.

Nigh, wash thou; Irish, *nighim*, I wash.

Nightin, soap. Root *nig*, *nag*, to wash.

Solus, light; from *svar*, to shine. *Sorcha*, an obsolete name for light, is derived from the same root. Sorcha is found as the name of a country in old Gaelic tales and ballads. In Dean Macgregor of Lismore's Book, this name has the form *Sorchir*, *i.e.*, *Sorcha thir*, Land of Light. In the middle ages the Irish applied this name to Portugal. This was no doubt in a restricted sense. The primary meaning is evidently the land of light or of the south—the land that corresponds in a northern latitude to the apparent daily course of the sun from east to west. The land of the north was *Lochlann*, which anciently included Germany and all northern lands known to the Kelts; but this name was restricted to Norway and Denmark subsequent to the invasions of Scotland and Ireland by the Scandinavians. Lochlann is derived from *loch*, "black," and means Dark land—that land which would seem to those situated south of it never to be visited by the sun. The old whimsical etymological method derived *Lochlonnach* from *loch*, an arm of the sea, and *lonn*, "strong." "Lochlonnach, *i.e.*, Duine laidir fa fhairge, Lochlonnach *signifies a sea-faring man*"!! Eastern lands were denoted in olden times by *oirthir*, *Airthir*, and *Tir-shoir*, and western by *Erin*, or *Eirinn*, which signifies the western country. In our old traditions the name *Eirinn* evidently applies to the Western Isles of Scotland as well as to Ireland, which is specially designated *Innis-Fail*.

Suil, eye = *svail*; from Svar, "to burn." From the same root come

seall, look thou; *sealladh*, sight; Welsh, *selu*, to espy, to gaze; *selw*, gaze, beholding; *haul*, sun; Breton, *sell*, a look, sight; *heaul*, the sun.

Tuath, tenantry. This word formerly meant "people," and is derived from Tu, to grow large, to increase, to be powerful. From Tu have come *tuagh*, dominion; *tuathach*, a lord or sovereign; *tuir*, a lord, general. sovereign; *tura*, much, plenty, abundance; *tormach*, an increase; and *tuirean*, a troop, a multitude. *Teo*, an old Gaelic name for *god*, is traced to the same source, as is also *Teutates*, the name of a Gaulish deity. The root is found in Teutomatus, the name of a king of the Nitiobriges, and in Teutobodiaci, the name of a people of Galatia.

Tugha, thatch. Welsh, *To*; derived from Stag, "to cover" whence the Latin *toga*.

Dorn, a fist, a buffet. Welsh, *Dwrn*; Breton, *Dorn*, a hand; *dourna*, to beat; derived from Dhar, to support, to carry, to fortify; whence *dorar*, a battle: *dorr*, anger; *dorr*, very harsh, or rough; *dorrdha*, fierce, cruel; *duras*, a house: and the termination—*durum*, in the names of Gaulish cities; also the Latin *fortis*, *firmus*, and *frenum*. The primitive Ayran consonants *bh*, *dh*, *gh* have become *b*, *g*, *d* in Gaelic, and *f* in Latin.

Airc, strait, difficulty; derived from *arc*, to hold fast, to tighten, to strain; whence also *arcan*, cork; *earcam*, I fill; *earc*, a tax, or tribute; also the Latin *arceo*, *arca*, and *arcus*.

Saile, salt water. The primitive meaning is "that which flows"; derived from *sar*, to flow; whence Sanskrit *sara*, *saras*, water, milk; *sarila*, water; *sarit*, river. In Sanskrit *sala*, *sabila*, water, *sar* becomes *sal*. Old Irish *Saile*, *salonn*, salt; Welsh *hal*, *halen*; Sanskrit *sara*, *sil*; so called from its fusibility. To *sal*, in its proper acceptation of flowing, are to be traced the Gaelic *seile*, the Welsh *haliw*, and the Latin *saliva*, spittle. As *sar* has become *sir*, *sŕ*, in the Sanskrit *sirá*, canal; *sŕá*, river; so *sal* has become *sil*, *sŕol*, in the Gaelic, *sil*, to shed, distil, drop; *sŕolaidh*, to filter.

Flaith, *or flath*, a prince, lord. *Flaitheas*, *flaitheamhnus*, sovereignty. *Flaithchiste*, a royal treasure. *Flathanas*, heaven. Welsh, *Gwlad*, country—O. W.. *gulat*; *guledig*, a prince. Gaulish, Vlatos, primitive form, *vlat* = *valt*, from a root which in its Slavo-Germanic form is given as Valdh. German *valten*, Lithuarian *valdyti*, Old Bulgarian *vladati*, to rule; *vladykas*, lord, prince.

ISLAY. HECTOR MACLEAN.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—"The Queen's Book," translated into Gaelic by the Rev. J. P. St Clair, from Edmonston & Co.; and "Antient Erse Poems," collected among the Scottish Highlands, by Thomas F. Hill (a reprint), from Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By Alastair Og.

—o—

[Continued.]

The worthy hostess of the Dunvegan Hotel met the Gauger at the door, and dropping a courtsey, gave him a hearty welcome, while Somhairle Dubh told Eachainn to lead the pony to the stable; but seeing the poor lad hardly able to stand, and having been told the reason, he immediately helped him into the kitchen, and seating him by the fire, called for the whisky bottle—the usual panacea in those days for all evils in the Highlands—and giving Eachainn a good dram, he applied the same remedy to the wounded limb, rubbing it in before the fire, while a messenger was despatched for his mother, who was noted for her skill in the use of herbs.

In the meantime Mr Gillespie had been shown to his bedroom to change his wet clothes, while his dinner was preparing, Before he began his meal, the landlord brought out his own peculiar bottle—a mixture of whisky, camomile flowers, and coriander seeds—and offered his guest a glass as an appetiser, which was gladly accepted, for he was feeling far from well. He ate but little of the good plain dinner provided for him, and soon after went to his bed. Before doing so, however, he asked for Eachainn, wishing to give him a trifle for his guidance, but on being told that the lad had gone home with his mother, he gave *Somhairle Dubh* a shilling to give him.

Although Gillespie was very tired, he could not sleep. He tossed and turned, and only as the day was breaking did he fall asleep; but it did not refresh him, for the incidents of his journey haunted him in his sleep. He was again riding the pony, going at a furious rate, while Eachainn sat at his back holding him in a grasp of iron. There arose before him the figure of the snake of gigantic proportions, which, writhing round his neck, was nearly strangling him, but instead of hissing it uttered the "craik, craik," of the *Trian-ri-trian*. With an effort he awoke, and found himself stiff and feverish, and his throat very sore. In a word, the honest man was in for a bad attack of quinsey or inflammation of the throat. After a few days had elapsed, he expressed his surprise that Eachainn had not called to enquire for him; but he was told the lad had gone to a village ten miles off to lay out his shilling. *Somhairle Dubh* and his goodwife became very concerned about their guest, and nothing could exceed their kindness and attention to him. They sent for the doctor, but he was away some distance and could not come at once. On the fourth day of Gillespie's, illness, *Somhairle Dubh* seating himself by the sick man, with great solemnity of manner said, "Sir, we must all die. Now, sir, I am come to do to you as I would like to be done by; for sore, sore would it be to me to think my body should not be put in the grave of my father in Kilmuir. So, sir, by your leave, where would you choose to be buried?"

"Buried!" exclaimed the Gauger, aghast, sitting up in his bed, and staring at his host. "Buried! surely I am not so bad as that?"

Without noticing his emotion, the worthy man continued, "Folk

have different ways in different countries; but you may depend upon it, sir, it's no my father's son that would suffer the corpse of a *Duine-uasal* not to be treated in every way most honourably. You shall be properly washed and stretched; that you may be sure of, and you shall not want for the dead shirt, for by my faith, and I'll do as I promised, sir, you shall have my own dead shirt that my wife made with her own hands of real good linen, and beautifully sewed too. And we'll keep you, sir, for the seven days and seven nights, and I'll get *Ian Saor* to make as good a chest for you as ever he made, with brass-headed nails all round it, and with shining handles like silver, and you shall lie in your chest like a *Duine-uasal* should, with two large candles at your head, and two at your feet, and a plateful of salt on your breast."

Here poor Gillespie could contain himself no longer, but groaned aloud at this dismal recital of what was to be done to his corpse.

"What, sir? you're may be thinking the *Alaire*, or death feast, will not be good enough; but ye need not trouble yourself for that, there shall be plenty whisky and plenty meat, and my wife shall make good bannocks."

"Yes, indeed I will," said the good woman, wiping her eyes with her apron as she sobbed out, "Ochan, ochan! little does his mother know how her son is the night."

"But," continued her husband, "think what a comfort it'll be to her to hear of his being buried so decent like; for, sir, you shall be put in my own grandfather's grave, and that's what I'd not do to many, but I'll do it to you, for though you are a gauger you're a stranger far from your own people, and I'd like to show kindness to you."

Indeed the worthy man never doubted but he had afforded Gillespie the greatest comfort in thus having settled all the particulars of his funeral; for an intense anxiety about the proper disposal of his remains, and the complete fulfilling of all the customary ceremonies of death, is a characteristic trait of the Highlander.

It was the seventh day of Mr Gillespie's illness when Eachainn returned, and he immediately went to see the sick man, who by this time could scarcely speak. He lay pale and languid, with his eyes closed, and apparently the dews of death on his brow. The lad was greatly shocked. He expected to find him ill, but not so bad as this—not for death. "Ochan, ochan!" he exclaimed, and covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears. The Gauger on opening his eyes and seeing his visitor, smiled faintly and said, "It's all over with me, Eachainn."

"Oh no, no, sir; don't say that, I hope you'll be better soon. And don't you be thinking of the *Tàsg*, sir, for she'll not be for you at all, sir, but for the minister's goodmother, who died last night with the fever, and his children have got it too, for it's very smitting; but I'll no be caring. I'll just be going up to the manse, and tell the doctor to come to you."

"Stop," said the Gauger with difficulty, and then pointing to his fowling-piece, which stood in a corner, he continued with a faltering voice, "Keep it for my sake, for I shall never use it again."

"Oh no, sir," replied Eachainn in a broken voice, "I'll be hoping to see you use her many's the time yet. We'll be shooting the moor-hens together some day, but I must be going for the doctor quick." So saying, the lad hurried out of the room, for fear he should again break down.

In about three hours the tramping of a horse announced the arrival of the doctor, who had galloped in from the manse, while Eachainn ran and panted all the way at his horse's side. And while the doctor was entering the inn, Eachanin ran to his mother's, and told her to get her herbs ready, for perhaps she would be able to do more good than the doctor, after all their hastening back. He was in the sick-room as soon as the doctor, who, having examined his patient in silence for a few minutes, began the following harangue with a pompous voice and manner:—"You see, sir, you are labouring under what is commonly called a quinsey, but which, professionally, we denominate *Cynanche*, to which may be added in your case the adjective noun *maligna*. I regret to say that your case is exceedingly desperate. Had I been able to have seen you earlier I should have followed Celsus' excellent advice in these cases, but I am sorry to say that the Celsian treatment is now entirely out of the questien. There can now be no doubt that the opening into the trachea is very nearly closed up by the phlegmon or inflammation, when death by asphyxia must ensue. There is here, then, but one course. Here,"—taking a small case of instruments out of his pocket—"here, you see, is a fine sharp-pointed knife or scalpel, with which an incision being made into your trachea, I shall insert a small tube so as to keep up the communication between the atmosphere and the lungs, to obviate what would otherwise be the fatal closing of the glottis." With that the doctor arranged his instruments at the bedside, and was preparing to operate at once, when a dim sense of his intentions began to break in upon the minds of the spectators.

"And where do you mean to cut, sir?" asked *Somhairle Dubh*, first breaking silence.

"Here, exactly here," replied the doctor, placing his finger on Mr Gillespie's throat a little below the chin.

"And have you no other cure but that, Doctor?"

"None whatever," answered he, shaking his head, and taking up the scalpel, at the sight of which the sick man shrunk to the other side of bed with a look of pitiable despair.

"No other cure than to cut the *Duine-uasal's* throat," screamed Eachainn, coming forward, with a face blanched with horror; "No, no, sir," he continued, "you'll shust have to cut my throat first. If you'll no be doing better than that, I could be doing as good myself with the *corran* yonder, and not to trouble you to be coming with them awful knives, shust enough to frighten a body."

On hearing this, the poor Gauger smiled gratefully on Eachainn, and pressed his hand between both his own.

"Sir!" exclaimed the doctor, hoarse with passion, "what is the meaning of this? am I to perform the operation or not?"

"No, sir," replied the sick man in a scarcely articulate voice. "I throw myself upon the mercy of God. I can but die."

"Then die, sir," said the enraged doctor, "and your blood be upon your own head;" and hastily packing up his instruments, he turned to leave the room just as Eachainn's mother (a descendant of *Fearchair Lighiche*) entered. She gave him a respectful greeting, which, however, was very ungraciously received, and soon the sounds of his horse's hoofs was

heard as he galloped away, Eachainn muttering something about the *Diabhul* going along with him.

Eachainn's mother now took up the case, and having tenderly examined the throat, called for a pot and boiling water, into which she cast some herbs and boiled them over the fire. The decoction she ordered to be applied on flannels, as hot as he could bear it, to the sick man's throat, while he inhaled the hot steam of the same from the spout of a teapot. The good woman then called for a skellet, into which she measured two or three cups of water; she then threw into the water some dried herbs and fresh roots. When the mixture was hot it threw up a green scum, which she skimmed off. She then poured some of the potion into a tumbler, and approaching the patient, said in Gaelic, "Try, my dear, and swallow this; I know it is very painful for you to do it, but life is precious, and for your mother's sake, if you have one, make the attempt."

On her wishes being explained to Gillespie, he grasped the tumbler, and with a great effort slowly but painfully drained it. In about half-an-hour after he had taken it, his face became of a ghastly green shade; he stretched himself out at his full length; his pulse seemed to fail; he heaved deep sighs; and at length began to retch violently. It now appeared a struggle between life and death, but at length the imposthume burst, and the poor man swooned away. The spectators now thought all was over with the gauger, but Eachainn's mother knew better. She held his head with one hand, while with the other she chafed his temples, calling to her son to throw some water in the patient's face, and telling the landlord to bring some red wine, if he had any in the house. Her orders being promptly carried out, the sick man soon opened his eyes, and in a little while was able to speak, when he expressed his gratitude to the worthy woman for the great relief she had afforded him.

From this time Gillespie mended fast, but necessarily was obliged to keep his bed for several days, and finding the time hang heavy, he would keep Eachainn by him for hours together, as he had taken a great liking to the lad, besides being under such an obligation to his mother, of whose skill and the wonderful cures she had effected her son was never tired of talking about.

"But how did your mother gain all the knowledge?" said the Gauger.

"Well, sir, you must know my mother is descended from the famous man *Fearchair Lighiche*."

"And who may he be?" enquired Gillespie.

"Ah, sir, it was him that was the clever man. He could cure every disease in the shutting of a *Taibhshear's* eye, and knew every herb and plant, every tree and root, every bird and beast. And there's something more wonderful yet," continued Eachainn in an awe-struck tone.

"And what is that?" asked Gillespie.

"Well, sir, maybe you'll no be believing it, but it's true all the same, that *Fearchair Lighiche* had the gift to know what the birds would be saying to each other."

The Gauger threw a quick glance at his companion, thinking he was trying to gull him, but seeing that Eachainn spoke in all sincerity, and even with a certain amount of awe in his manner, Gillespie did not interrupt him, merely remarking, "That was a gift indeed, if he made good use of it."

"That he did, sir, for he was a real good man, and a blessing was on all he did."

"Well," said the Gauger, with an air of incredulity, "tell me now of some instance where this gift was shown by your wonderful relative, Farquhar Lick, or whatever his name was?"

"By your leave, sir, his name is not Lick, but *Lighiche*, and that means 'Healer.' The people will be calling him that because of the cures he did. But his own right name was Beaton, and I could be telling you lots of stories about him. One time, on a beautiful summer morning, he was walking by the seaside, and he met old Colin Macrae and his two sons going to their boat to go to Skerry-Rona to cut sea-ware, when they spoke to the seer. He looked to the north and to the south, with a face full of trouble, and just then a raven flew over their heads, and gave a hollow croaking kind of sound."

"So do all ravens, man," interrupted the Gauger.

Without noticing the interruption, Eachainn continued, "And then, sir, when *Fearchair Lighiche* heard the raven, he turned to the old man and commanded him and his sons not to enter the boat or put to sea that day, for, said he, 'I have it from them that never deceive that evil will come to a boat from Harlosh coast this day.'"

"And did they take notice of the warning?"

"The old man, sir, was minded to stay, but the young lads laughed, and said they did not care for all the ravens between the point of Uishinish and the Coolin Hills, so they set off. But the wise man stood looking after them with a sad face, and then the raven flew past again; and when *Fearchair* heard the croak of the bird, he clasped his hands, and looking up he cried out, 'Lost! lost! lost!'"

"And what became of the men?" enquired Gillespie, interested, in spite of his unbelief.

"I'll tell you, sir, about the middle of the day there was a thick fog, which covered the sea and the land, and when the night came on there was a dreadful storm, so that no boat could live. The people will be blaming old Meg Mackintosh, the witch of Glen Dubh, for it, for she met the men that very morning, just after they'll be finding a dead door-mouse, and that is just always a sign of death. Well, when the night was come, the house of John Mac John Mac Kenneth was all cheerless and dark, for they that went out in the morning had never come back; and the poor wife sat all her lone, on a three-legged stool by the side of the fire, crying bitterly for her man and her sons, whose three stools stood empty opposite her on the other side. Her dog lay at her feet, and the poor brute kept licking her hand, for he knew she was in trouble; and when her sobs became more convulsively audible, he would raise a low whine in sympathy. Well, sir, it'll just be about the middle of the night, when in a distracted state the woman exclaimed, 'Oh, this fearful suspense! it is worse than the worst reality. Would to heaven I were certain whether they are dead or alive.' She had scarcely left off speaking, when she'll hear a queer-like sound, and the dog she'll hear it too, for she'll growl and go close to the wife's side, and then she'll see three shivering figures sitting before her on the stools that were previously empty, all wet, pale, and with the death-look on them. You may be sure she

was awful frightened. She daren't speak; but she shust held out her arms to embrace them, but she could not lay hold of them, for with a soundless tread they glided away and vanished, while she heard pronounced these words, '*Cha till, cha till, cha till, sinn tuille*' (We return, return, return no more). Then she gave a great skirl and fell down, and she was found in the morning just quite senseless, with the poor beastie of a dog watching her."

"That is certainly a very strange story, Eachainn."

"Yes, sir; and there's plenty more I could be telling you, if you like. Once the laird was taken ill all of a sudden with a bad pain in his chest, when he was walking near some rocks where the fairies lived. Some say he was struck by an elf-bolt, as one was picked up near the spot the next day. So he sent to *Fearchair Lighiche* to come to heal him. It was a long way to go, and when *Fearchair* and the man that was fetching him got to about five miles from the laird's house a *gobhar-athair* flew over them, and when *Fearchair* heard the cry of the bird he stopped, and told the man it was no use to go any further, for his master was dead, and so he turned back. When the man got home, he found that his master had died just at the very time they heard the *gobhar-athair*. Sometimes he would fall into a trance, when he would be seeing most beautiful things. One day he was travelling with his nephew and his foster-brother, who always carried his herb-box and his Hebrew Bible, and they came to a place where a great battle was fought long ago. And there's a big cairn there over the bones of the men who were killed, and people will be seeing the spirits of them if they go that way at night. *Fearchair* said to his nephew that he was going to lie down and sleep, and that they were to be sure not to wake him, nor even touch him. Well, sir, he went to sleep, and at first he was breathing very hard, and his face was full of trouble, but after a little he did not breathe at all, and his face got as white as snow, and he looked just if he was dead. His nephew got so frightened when he saw him, that he jumped up to wake him, but the other held him back and whispered, 'For your life, move not, speak not, touch not;' and they then saw coming out of the mouth of the sleeping man a tiny, tiny, wee thing like a beautiful butterfly. When the nephew saw it, he made as if he would catch it, but the other man called out, 'For any sake, don't touch it, for there's something awful in it,' so they looked and saw it go into the cairn. The night had well nigh fallen before they saw the beautiful wee creature coming out of the cairn and going back into the mouth of *Fearchair*. Then he woke up and sneezed three times, and said, '"Tis well; let's on, let's on.' He didn't speak again for a long time, but once they heard him say like to himself in Gaelic, '*Eternal! eternal! eternal!*'"

"And what did the people think of all this?" asked Gillespie.

"Oh, sir, they say that when he'll be in a trance his spirit would come from his body, and go to the spiritual worlds, or anywhere he liked. There was only three men on earth to whom he told what it was that he'll be seeing at such times, and they dared only each tell it to one other, their nearest relatives when they arrived at the age of twenty-nine.

(To be Continued.)

GLASGOW HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

THE re-union of this Association took place on Friday evening, the 21st December, in the City Hall, Glasgow—the Rev. Alexander Stewart, F.S.A.S., "Nether-Lochaber," in the chair; supported right and left by Professor Grant, Glasgow University; D. Mackinnon, M.A., Edinburgh; Duncan Sharp, president of the Association; James Fraser, vice-president; Angus Nicholson, of the *Gael;* Alexander Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine;* John Murdoch, of the *Highlander;* Charles Mackinnon Ramsay, of the *Citizen;* Dr D. Morrison, Edinburgh; Captain Menzies, of the Glasgow Highlanders; D. Cowan, A. Macneil, C. Campbell, Duncan Whyte; Archibald Sinclair, Gaelic publisher; John G. Mackay, secretary; John Munro, treasurer; Lieut. Mactavish; Malcolm Ferguson, and Alexander Macleod, representatives of the Skye Association; Captain Maclauchlan, of the *Clydesdale;* John S. Loudon, of Clonyards; Dr D. C. Black, Captain Macdougall, Captain Baxter, *Queen of the Lake;* Captain Mactavish, Henry Whyte, Murdoch Macdonald, Drs Johnston and Maclachlan, Lieut. Kerr, W. Macrae Bogle, Duncan Macinnes, John Mackechnie, Captain Maccallum, *Mountaineer;* Neil Brown, A. W. Macleod, Charles Walker, William Cameron, Keil, Lochaber, &c.

A letter of apology was received from the Rev. G. L. Campbell; and Mr N. Macneill, editor of *The Highland Echo*, being necessarily out of town, sent the following Gaelic telegram:—"Failte do'n Chomunn Ghaidhealach 's d'a Cheann-suidhe; tha mi duilich mach urrainn mi bhi lathair a chluinntinn Bhun-Lochabeir, oirdhearc, ealanta.—Niall MacNeill." There were also a number of ladies on the platform. Two pipers played while the people were gathering. The Chairman on his appearance on the platform accompanied by his supporters received a most hearty Highland welcome from the large audience, which numbered not less than 1200 or 1300 persons. A blessing having been asked, Mr James Fraser sang two verses of the 103d Psalm in Gaelic, the audience joining with powerful effect.

The Chairman now presented himself, when he was enthusiastically received, made a short and telling speech in Gaelic expressing his pleasure at being present, and at seeing such a large meeting of his fellow Highlanders from all parts of the country. From the sweet and effective manner in which they had just sung the Psalm he was almost induced to preach them a sermon; but there were times and seasons for all things, and he might say with the Gaelic bard—

Ged nach deanain fidhleireachd,
Gu'n deanain sgriobhadh 's leughadh;
'S a naile dheanain searmoin duit,
Nach talaich neach fo'n ghrein oirr.

(Loud applause.) He was much indebted to the officials of the Association for the great honour they had done him in placing him in the chair. He was told that some of the great men of Glasgow considered it beneath

their dignity to patronise such a meeting, but the truth was these persons lost a good deal more than the Association. (Applause.) He would not detain them with a lengthy speech, for he knew that they cared more for one good Gaelic song than any speech he could give them, and they were quite right. At a meeting like that his principal work would be to keep them in good spirits and good order, and he knew perfectly well that this would be an easy task with such a respectable audience of his countrymen. He would be something like Murdo Macdonald's new smack. Murdo bought a smack, and the Rev. Mr John of Morven asked him how she sailed. "Well, by your leave," said Murdo, "she'll not sail close to the wind at all, but give her tide and wind, and take my word she'll run before it." (Laughter and applause.) He (the Chairman) knew perfectly well that they would not require of him to tack against the wind, and he would promise them that he would run well before it. (Applause).

Mr Cowan, merchant, and Mr John Murdoch addressed the meeting, the subject being the state of the Highlands, the croft system, and teaching Gaelic in our Highland schools; Mr Cowan saying in conclusion that the Chairman conferred great honour upon the Association by coming all the way from Lochaber to preside at their meeting. They were all proud of him. (Applause.) His name was a household word all over the world. In America, Australia, Africa, in Asia, and wherever the Gaelic or English language was knonw, "Nether-Lochaber" was known and esteemed. (Cheers.)

Mr Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, moved a vote of thanks to their excellent chairman. He did not know who these great men were who would not condescend to patronise the Highland Association and support "Nether-Lochaber" in the chair. For himself, with all due deference to the Glasgow magnates, he would esteem it a greater honour to sit under their chairman than under any nabob, however wealthy or otherwise influential, in the Western capital. (Loud cheers.) Who did not read the "Nether-Lochaber" column of the *Inverness Courier* with profit, pleasure, and delight? And it should be kept in mind that before any of our Celtic societies had any existence, and before our Celtic apostle, Professor Blackie, and all honour to him, began the Celtic Chair crusade, Mr Stewart, in the "Nether-Lochaber" column, alone and almost single-handed, kept up the interest of scholars, and of those who loved the Highlanders, in their language and literature. (Applause.)

A service of fruit was supplied during the evening. The pipe music by Messrs Macphie and Macpherson was excellent. The dancing was good, but especially *Seann triubhais*, by Mr Cameron and his youthful assistants. They surpassed anything we have seen. Where the singing was of such a high order, it would be invidious to make any distinction, but we may congratulate Mr Murray on his happy hit in giving, when encored, some excellent verses of his own composition in praise of the chairman and Mr Angus Nicholson of the *Gael*. Not a single word of English was spoken throughout the evening, except a call for a song by Professor Grant in the absence of the chairman.

After the meeting, the company retired to the ball-room, where they kept up the dance until three o'clock in the morning. The gathering was altogether a decided success.

THE GAEL LODGE, No. 609.—This energetic young Lodge, the latest outgrowth of the Gaelic revival which has been going on for some time, held its first regular meeting in the Masonic Hall, No. 30 Hope Street, Glasgow, on the 20th of December. Brother Angus Nicolson, Right Worshipful Master; Brother Duncan Sharpe, Senior Warden; and the other office-bearers were in attendance, and opened the Lodge in the Gaelic language—not a word of English being spoken. Alex. Mackenzie, Esq., editor of *The Celtic Magazine*, Inverness, and Dr Daniel Merrison, of Edinburgh, being in attendance, were then duly initiated in Gaelic by the R.W.M. The same parties having come from their distant homes out of a patriotic feeling and sympathy with the cause, particularly the Gaelic feature of it, were then passed and raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason. The Lodge was then closed in due and ancient form, in Gaelic. This is the first time in the annals of Freemasonry that such a ceremony is known to have been performed in the Gaelic language, and we are told by those best qualified to judge that the beautiful and impressive ceremony of the Order loses none of its effect by being transferred to the classic old language of Caledonia—indeed, some say that it is much more beautiful and effective, and who knows but the venerable language of Ossian may be found living in the secret repositories of the Lodge "Gael" when it has ceased to be spoken even by the occupant of Professor Blackie's much talked of chair. We may mention that to Bro. Angus Nicolson, R.W.M., is due the credit of being the first to bring the Gaelic into the secret chambers of Freemasonry the same as he has been the originator of several other important Celtic movements, having been the original starter and editor of *The Canadian Scotsman*, the first of the Anglo-Gaelic newspapers, and also the Gaelic magazine, "*The Gael*," *Gu mu fada bèo mata an Maighistir Fior Urramach* (R.W.M.) *agus cèo as a thaigh*—may he long live to preside over the destinies of the Gael, and originate new Gaelic ideas. It is quite possible that Bro. Nicolson, who is known to be somewhat of a Gaelic enthusiast, on having discovered that Freemasonry existed since the building of Solomon's Temple, thought of giving his beloved mother tongue an indefinite long lease of life by introducing it into so ancient and honourable an institution, which is likely to live for thousands of years to come. Freemasonry may perhaps be peculiarly fitted to concentrate and keep alive the Celtic fire. And is it too much to wish that this may not be the last we may hear of "Gael" Lodges? Should there not be one in Inverness and Edinburgh, seeing that the Gael has ordained two good apostles for those places already? The success of the Glasgow Gael Lodge augurs well for such a movement—the application for charter being one of the largest signed and most influential ever presented to the Grand Lodge. It was signed by over fifty Master Masons, the greater portion of them from among the most wealthy and influential Highlanders of Glasgow. Thus allowing the Lodge to commence with a membership of fifty, as all the applicants came in as Charter members, and since the Lodge was started we are informed it has about forty new candidates on the roll—twelve of whom have already been initiated.—*Scottish Freemason.*

THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER—*Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche.*—A Second Edition of this curious book is in the press, and will be published in a few days by the Publishers of this Magazine. The first edition was not only printed *verbatim* from the *Celtic Magazine*, but printed from the same types without re-setting, and, consequently, not such a presentable book in typography or appearance as could be wished. With all these drawbacks, however, it went out of print in a few months. The forthcoming issue contains a large number of additional prophecies; is printed in large and clear type, on good paper, crown 8vo.; and bound in neat cloth case, with gilt lettering. The predictions are classified under the respective headings of—Prophecies which might be attributed to natural shrewdness; Doubtful; Unfulfilled; Fulfilled; Partly Fulfilled; The Doom of Seaforth; &c., &c. In addition to this, a valuable Appendix, of about 70 pages, will be given by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., on "Highland Superstition, Druids, Fairies, Witchcraft, Second Sight, Hallowe'en, Sacred Wells, and other peculiar Practices and Beliefs, with several curious Instances"; making altogether a neat and handy volume of about 170 pages. For further particulars and Opinions of the Press see second page of cover. Parties wishing to secure copies should apply at once, as a great part of the issue is already subscribed for.

Literature.

AN T-ORANAICHE; OR, THE GAELIC SONGSTER. ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, and R. MACGREGOR & Co., Glasgow.

We have before us Part III. of this excellent publication, and can only say that it is quite up to its predecessors in the quality of its contents and general get-up. We have over one hundred pages of excellently-printed matter, the best value, both as regards quality and quantity, that ever issued from the Gaelic press. We are glad to see so many of Evan MacColl's gems in this part, also a few sweet songs by John Campbell, Ledaig. The Highlander who does not possess the "Oranaiche" alongside "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" cannot pretend to be posted up, even fairly, in our Gaelic storehouse of song. Mr Sinclair is earning for himself a reputation such as we are now commemorating in the case of his predecessor in the same field, John Mackenzie, of "Sàr Obair nam Bard." Let us give Mr Sinclair the benefit during his life by buying his excellent book, and so at the same time encourage similar exploits by others in the field of Celtic literature. After all, this is the most sensible and most useful way of testifying our appreciation of good work. This can unhesitatingly be called such, and all for one shilling and sixpence. We may, however, point out an error on page 304, where the song, "*Gun Togainn Fonn gu h-Aighearach*" is ascribed to Allan Macdougall, the Glengarry bard. We always understood that the song was composed by Mrs Campbell, Glenelg, better known as "*Bean Dubh Ailein*," who composed several other excellent pieces. A few alterations are made, which are not improvements. Such as in the first stanza, where we have

Turus dhomhsa mach air Chuairt
Thachair *mi air* Gleann-a-Cuaich,

for

Latha dhomsa mach air Chuairt
Thachair *rium fear Ghlinne*-Cuaich.

Again, we have in the second line of the seventh stanza "*fear* na croic" substituted for "*damh* na croic." The following stanza is ommitted altogether:—

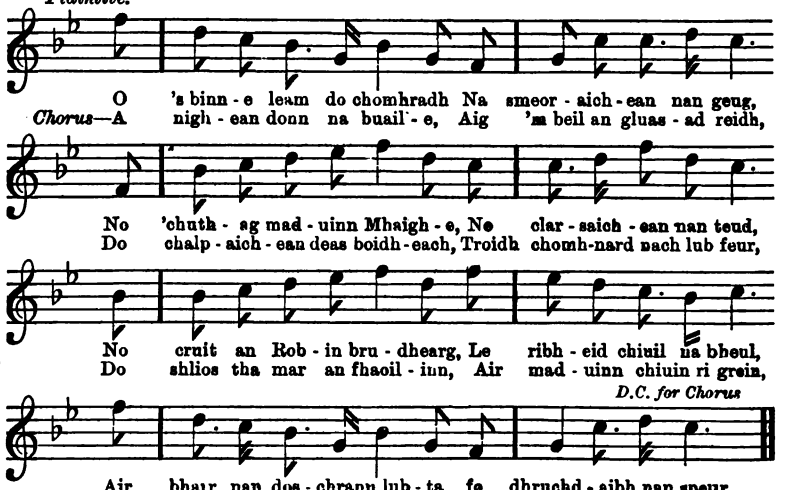
Chunna mise thu seachad suas,
'S feile preasach ort mun cuairt,
Boinaid gorm os cionn do chluais,
'S gun b' uallach am mac-athar thu.

There are several typographical errors, but this can hardly be avoided in a Gaelic publication, while the compositors are ignorant of the language.

THE sixth annual dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness came off on Tuesday evening, the 15th January, under the presidency of that excellent Highlander, Captain MacRa Chisholm, late of the 42d Highlanders, and was a great success. We hope to place one or two of the addresses on record in our next.

NIGHEAN DONN NA BUAILE.

Plaintive.


O 's binn - e leam do chomhradh Na smeor - aich - ean nan geug,
Chorus—A nigh - ean donn na buail - e, Aig 'm beil an gluas - ad reidh,
No 'chuth - ag mad - uinn Mhaigh - e, No clar - saich - ean nan teud,
Do chalp - aich - ean deas boidh - each, Troidh chomh-nard nach lub feur,
No cruit an Rob - in bru - dhearg, Le ribh - eid chiuil na bheul,
Do shlios tha mar an fhaoil - inn, Air mad - uinn chiuin ri grein,
D.C. for Chorus
Air bhair nan dos - chrann lub - ta fo dhruchd - aibh nan speur.
Mo thruaigh - e mi thug gaol dut, 'S nach fhaod sinn bhi reidh.

KEY B FLAT.

.s | m .r : d ., l, | d : l, . s,	l, . r : r ., m | r :-.
.s, | d .r : m .f | s : m . r	r ., m : s . m | r :-.
.d | d .r : m .f | s : m . s	f . m : r ., d | r :-.
	D.C. for Chorus.
.s | m ., r : d ., l, | d : l, . s,	l, : r ., m | r :-. ‖

Gabh beachd air rian an drobhair
'Tha 'n comhnaidh air an fheill,
'N uair chi e caileag bhoidheach,
A's moran as a deigh—
Bi'dh sid ag arach prois innt'
A's barail mhor dhi-fhein—
'S ro fhurasta 'our gorach,
Mar eil i stoildt i-fhein.

An uair a thig am Maighe
'S na pris fo bhlath gu leir,
Cha'n fhiosrach dhomh co's fearr dhiubh
No 's dacha 'thighinn gu feum;
Ach fuirich mios no dha
'S chi thu pairt dhiubh 'dol an eis,
'S cuid eile 's meas a' fas orr'
A' lubadh barr nan geug.

Comhairl' bheirinn-s' air gill' og
A bhios beo a mo dheigh—
Gun e 'dhol a phosadh
Ri og bhean gun speis,
An uair a gheibh i coir air
A's ordugh bho na chleir
Cha'n fhaod e cainnt no comhradh
Ri oigh ach i-fhein.

Och! 's mithich sgur dhe m' ghoraich
'S mo threoir air dol an eis,
Oir tha mo cheann air liathadh—
Tha fiacaill a mo dheud—
Tha'n Teachdair tighinn ga m' iarraidh,
'S sgeul fior e nach dean breug,
O! 's mithich dhuinn 'bhi striochdadh
Do Dhia a's do'n Eug.

Ciad soraidh leis na beanntan
'S na gleanntaichean mu thuath
Far 'n robh mi uair dhe m' shaoghal
'S mi aotrom, mear, gle luath,
A nise bho na phes mi,
'S mi 'n diugh na m' bhroinean truagh—
Mo chuibhrionn bho la m' oige
Mar sheoldairean a' chuain.

NOTE.—I took down the above words and air from the singing of a little boy in Lochbroom. The air is one of the sweetest of our Highland melodies, and is popular in different parts of the country. The words, I am informed, are the composition of Donald Fraser, who was at one time forester at Fannich, on the Dundonell Estate. Fraser composed many songs, some of which are of more than ordinary merit. The above song is given exactly as I got it, but I am inclined to think that it is not exactly as the Bard left it.—W. M'K.

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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

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[Continued.]

VII. COINNEACH A BHLAIR, or Kenneth of the Battle, was served heir to his father, at Dingwall, in 1488. He secured the cognomen "of the battle" from the distinguished part he took in the battle of Park already mentioned, fought during his father's lifetime, in the neighbourhood of Kinellan. His father was far advanced in years before Kenneth married, and arriving at the age of twenty, Alexander thought it prudent, with the view to establish and strengthen his peace with John of Isla, to match Kenneth, his heir and successor, with Isla's daughter Margaret, and so extinguish their ancient feuds for ever in that alliance. The Island chief willingly consented, and the marriage was not long afterwards solemnised in 1480. John, Isla's eldest son, soon after this came to Ross, and feeling himself more secure in consequence of this alliance, took possession of Balcony House and the adjacent lands, where, at the following Christmas, he provided a great feast for his old dependants, inviting to it most of the more powerful chiefs and barons north of the Spey, and among others, his brother-in-law Kenneth Mackenzie. The House of Balcony was at the time very much out of repair, so that he could not conveniently lodge all his distinguished guests within it. He therefore had to arrange some of them in the outhouses as best he could. Kenneth did not arrive until Christmas eve, accompanied by a train of followers numbering forty men, in accordance with the custom of the times. An official of the name of Maclean had the chief charge of the arrangements in the house. Some days previously he had a disagreement with Kenneth at some games, and on his arrival, Maclean, who had the disposal of the guests, told the heir of Kintail that, in consequence of his connection with the family, they had taken the liberty to provide him with lodgings in the kiln. Kenneth considered himself thus insulted, the more especially as he imagined the slight proceeded from Maclean's ill-will towards him, and Kenneth who was exceedingly powerful, instantly struck him a blow on the ear, which threw him to the ground. The servants in the house viewed this as an insult

directed against their Chief, Macdonald, and at once took to their arms. Kenneth though bold enough soon perceived that he had no chance to fight them successfully, or even to beat a retreat, and noticing some boats lying on the shore, which had been provided for the transport of the guests, he took as many of them as he required, sank the rest, and passed with his followers to the opposite shore, where he remained for the night. He took up his quarters in the house of a tenant "who haid no syrnam but a patronimick;" and Kenneth, boiling with passion, was sorely affronted at being from his own house on Christmas, staying with a stranger, and off his own property. He, in these circumstances, requested his guest to adopt the name of Mackenzie, promising him protection in future, that he might thus be able to say he slept under the roof of one of his own name. His host at once consented, and his posterity were ever after known as Mackenzies. Next morning (Christmas day) Kenneth went to the hill above Chanonry, and sent word to the Bishop, who was at the time enjoying his Christmas with others of his clergy, that he desired to speak to him. The Bishop, knowing his man's temper, and the turbulent state of the times, thought it prudent to meet the young chieftain, though he considered it very strange to receive such a message, on such a day, from such a quarter, and wondered what could be the object of his visitor. He soon found that young Mackenzie simply wanted a feu of the small piece of land on which was situated the house in which he lodged the previous night, and stated his reason to be, "lest Macdonald should brag that he had forced him on Christmas eve to lodge at another man's discretion, and not on his own heritage." The Bishop, willing to oblige him, and afraid to do otherwise, perceiving him in such a rage, at once sent for his clerk and there and then granted him a charter of the township of Cullicudden, whereupon Kenneth returned to the place, and remained in it all day, lording over it as his own property. The place was kept by him and his successors until Colin acquired more of the Bishop's lands in the neighbourhood, and afterwards exchanged the whole with the Sheriff of Cromarty for lands in Strathpeffer.

Next day Kenneth started for Kinellan, where the old Chief, Alexander, resided, and related what had taken place. His father was sorely grieved, for he well knew that the smallest difference between the families would revive their old grievances, and, although there was less danger since Macdonald's interest in Ross was smaller than in the past, yet he knew the Clan to be a powerful one still, even more so than his own, in their number of able-bodied warriors; but these considerations, strongly impressed upon the son by the experienced and aged father, only added fuel to the fire in Kenneth's bosom, which was already fiercely burning to revenge the insult offered him by Macdonald's servants. His natural impetuosity could ill brook any such insult, and he considered himself wronged to such an extent that he felt it his duty to retaliate, and personally revenge it. While this was the state of his mind, matters were suddenly brought to a crisis by the arrival, on the fourth day, of a messenger from Macdonald with a summons requesting Alexander and Kenneth to remove from Kinellan, with all their family, within twenty-four hours, allowing only that the young Lady Margaret, his own sister, might remain until she had more leisure to remove, and threatening war to the knife in case

of non-compliance. Kenneth's rage can easily be imagined, and without consulting his father or waiting for his counsel, he requested the messenger to tell Macdonald that his father would remain where he was in spite of him and all his power. For himself he was to receive no rules for his staying or going, but he would be sure enough to hear of him wherever he was; and as for his (Macdonald's) sister, Lady Margaret, since he had no desire to keep further peace with the brother, he would no longer keep the sister. Such was the defiant message sent to young Macdonald, and immediately after receipt thereof, Kenneth despatched Lady Margaret in the most ignominious manner to Balnagown. The lady was blind of an eye, and to insult her brother to the highest pitch, he sent her mounted on a one-eyed horse, accompanied by a one-eyed servant, followed by a one-eyed dog. She had only a short time before borne him a son, and being still in a delicate state, this inhumanity grieved the poor lady so much that she never after wholly recovered her health. Her son, and the only issue of the marriage, was also named Kenneth, and to distinguish him from his father he was called Coinneach Og, or Kenneth the younger.

It appears that Kenneth had no great affection for the Lady Margaret, for a few days after he sent her away he went to Lord Lovat's country, accompanied by two hundred of his followers, and besieged his house. Lovat was naturally much surprised at such conduct, and demanded an explanation, when he was coolly told by Kenneth that he came to demand his daughter Anne, or Agnes, in marriage now that he had no wife, having, as he told him, disposed of the other in the manner already described. He demanded a favourable answer to his suit without further deliberation, on which condition he would be on strict terms of friendship with her family; but if his demand was refused, he would swear mortal enmity against Lovat and his house. And as evidence of his intention in this respect, he pointed out to his Lordship that he already had a party of his men outside gathering together the men, women, and goods that were nearest in the vicinity, all of whom should "be made one fyne to evidence his resolution." Lovat had no particularly friendly feelings towards Macdonald of the Isles, and was not at all indisposed to procure Mackenzie's friendship on such terms, and considering the exigencies and danger of his retainers, and knowing full well the bold and determined character of the man he had to deal with, he therefore consented to the proposed alliance, provided the young lady herself was favourable. She fortunately proved submissive. Lord Lovat delivered her up to her suitor, who immediately returned home with her, and ever after they lived together as husband and wife.*

Macdonald was naturally very much exasperated by Kenneth's defiant answer to himself, and the repeated insults heaped upon his sister, and, through her, upon all her family. He thereupon despatched his great steward, Maclean, to collect his followers in the Isles, as also to advise and request the aid of his nearest relations on the mainland, such as the Macdonalds of Moidart, and Clann Ian of Ardnamurchan. In a short time they mustered a force between them of about fifteen hundred men,

* History of the Family of Fraser and Earl of Cromartie's MS. History of the Mackenzies.

and arranged with Macdonald to meet him at Contin, for they assumed that Alexander Mackenzie, now so aged, would not have gone to Kintail, but would stay in Ross, judging that the Macdonalds, so recently come under obligations to their King to keep the peace, would not venture to collect their forces and invade the low country. But Kenneth, foreseeing the danger from the rebellious temper of his brother-in-law, went to Kintail on the commencement of Macdonald's preparations, and placed a strong garrison in the Castle of Ellandonnan, with sufficient provisions; and the cattle and other goods in the district he ordered to be driven and taken to the most remote hills and secret places. He took all the remaining able-bodied men along with him, and on his way back to Kinellan he was joined by his dependants in Strathconan, Strathgarve, and other glens in the Braes of Ross, fully determined to defend him and his aged father at the cost of their lives, small as their united force was in comparison with that against which they would soon have to contend.

Macdonald had meanwhile collected his supporters, and at the head of a large body of Western Highlanders, advanced through Lochaber into Badenoch, where he was joined by the Clan Chattan; marched to Inverness, where they were joined by the young Laird of Kilravock and some of Lovat's people, reduced the Castle (which was then a Royal fortress), placed a garrison in it, and proceeding to the north-east, plundered the lands of Sir Alexander Urquhart, Sheriff of Cromarty. They next marched westward to the district of Strathconan, ravaging the lands of the Mackenzies as they proceeded, and putting the inhabitants and more immediate retainers of the family to the sword—resolutely determined to punish Mackenzie for his ill treatment of Lady Margaret, and recover possession of that part of the Earldom of Ross so long possessed by the Earls of that name, but now the property of Mackenzie by Royal charter from the King. Macdonald wasted Strathconan, and arrived at Contin on Sunday morning, where he found the people in great terror and confusion; and the able-bodied men having already joined Mackenzie, the aged, the women, and the children took refuge in the church, thinking themselves secure within its precincts from an enemy professing Christianity, but they soon, to their horror, found themselves mistaken, Macdonald having little or no scruples on the score of religion. He ordered the doors to be closed and guarded, and set fire to the building. The priest, helpless and aged men, women, and children were burnt to ashes, not a single soul escaping.

This sacriligious and cruel act has been confused with the diabolical burning of the Church of Cille-Chriost by the Macdonalds of Glengarry, at a later date, and of which hereafter. Some of those who were fortunate enough not to have been in the church immediately started for Kinellan, and informed Mackenzie of the hideous and cruel conduct of the advancing enemy. Alexander was sorely grieved in his old age at the cruel destruction of his people, but expressed his gratitude that the enemy, whom he had hitherto considered too numerous to contend with successfully, had now engaged God against them, by their impious and execrable conduct. Contin was not far from Kinellan, and Macdonald, thinking that Mackenzie would not remain there with such a comparatively small force, ordered his uncle, Gillespick, to draw up his followers to the large

moor known as *Blar na Pairc*, that he might review them, and send out a detachment to pursue Mackenzie. Kenneth Mackenzie, who commanded, posted his men in a strong position, on ground where he thought he could defend himself against a superior force, and conveniently situated to attack the enemy if he saw a favourable opportunity. His followers only amounted to six hundred, while his opponent had nearly three times that number; but he had the advantage in another respect, inasmuch as he had sufficient provisions for a much longer period than Macdonald could possibly procure for his larger force, the country people having driven their cattle and all provender that might be of service to the enemy out of his reach. About mid-day the Islesmen were drawn up on the moor, about a quarter of a mile from the position occupied by Kenneth, their forces only separated from each other by a peat moss, full of deep pits and deceitful bogs. Kenneth, fearing a siege, shortly before this prevailed upon his aged father to retire to the Raven's Rock, above Strathpeffer, to which place, strong and easily defended, he resolved to follow him in case he was compelled to retreat before the numerically superior host of his enemy. This the venerable Alexander did, recommending his son to the assistance and protection of a Higher Power, at the same time assuring him of success, notwithstanding the superior force of his adversary. By the nature of the ground, Kenneth perceived that Macdonald could not bring all his forces to the attack at once. He courageously determined to maintain his ground, and adopted a strategy which he correctly calculated would mislead his opponent, and place him at a serious disadvantage. He acquainted his brother Duncan with his resolution and plans, and sent him off, before the struggle commenced, with a body of archers to be placed in ambush, while he determined to cross the peat bog and attack Macdonald in front with the main body, intending to retreat as soon as his adversary returned the attack, and so entice the Islesmen to pursue him. He advised Duncan of his intention to retreat, and commanded him to be in readiness with his close body of archers to fall down and charge the enemy when they got fairly into the moss, and entangled among its pits and bogs. Having made all these preliminary arrangements, he boldly marched to meet the foe, leading his resolute band in the direction of the intervening moss. Macdonald seeing him, in derision, called his uncle Gillespick to see "Mackenzie's impudent madness, daring thus to face him at such disadvantage." Gillespick being a more experienced general than his youthful but bold nephew, said "that such extraordinary boldness should be met by more extraordinary wariness in us, lest we fall into unexpected inconvenience." Macdonald, in a furious rage, replied to this wise counsel, "Go you also and join with them, and it will not neid our care nor move the least fear in my followers." Meanwhile, Mackenzie advanced a little beyond the moss, avoiding, from his intimate knowledge of it, all the dangerous pits and bogs, when Maclean of Lochbuy, who led the van of the enemy's army, advanced and charged him with great fury. Mackenzie, according to his pre-arranged plan, at once retreated, but so masterly that in so doing he inflicted "as much damage upon the enemy as he received." The Islesmen soon got entangled in the moss, and Duncan observing this, rushed forth from his ambush and furiously attacked

the Macdonalds in flank and rear, slaughtering most of those who entered the bog. He then turned round upon the main body, who were taken unprepared. Kenneth seeing this, charged with his main body, who were all well instructed in their Chief's design, and before the enemy were able to form in order of battle, he fell on their right flank with such furious impetuosity, and did such execution amongst them, that they were compelled to fall back in confusion before the splendid onset of the small force which they had so recently sneered at and despised. Gillespick, stung at his nephew's taunt before the engagement commenced, to prove to him that "though he was wary in counsel, he was not fearful in action," sought out Mackenzie, that he might engage him in single combat, and followed by some of his bravest followers, he with signal valour did great execution among his opponents as he was approaching Kenneth, who was in the hottest of the fight; and who, seeing Gillespick coming in his direction, advanced to meet him, killing, wounding, or scattering any of the enemy that came between them. He made a signal to Gillespick to advance and meet him in single combat; but finding him hesitating, Kenneth, who far exceeded him in strength, while he equalled him in courage, would "brook no tedious debate, but pressing on with fearful eagerness, he at one blow cut off Gillespick's arm and past very far into his body, so that he fell down dead."

Just at this moment Kenneth noticed his standard-bearer, in his immediate neighbourhood, without his colours, and fighting desperately to his own hand. He turned round upon him and angrily asked what had become of his colours, when he was coolly answered, "I left Macdonald's standard-bearer, quite unashamed of himself, and without the slightest concern for those of his own Chief, carefully guarding mine." Kenneth naturally demanded an explanation of such an extraordinary state of matters, when Donald coolly informed him that they (the standard-bearers) happened to meet in the conflict, when he was fortunate enough to slay his oponent; that he had thrust the staff of his own standard through the other's body; and as there appeared to be some good work to be done among the enemy, he had left his other attendants to guard the standard, and devoted himself to do what little he could in aid of his master, and to protect him from his adversaries. Macdonald himself had now been taken prisoner, and Maclean of Lochbuy *(Lachlainn Mac Thearlaich)* was killed by Duncan Mor, Mackenzie's "great scallag," or ploughman. What remained of the Macdonalds were completely routed and put to flight, but most of them were killed, "quarter being no ordinar complement in thos dayes."

The night before the battle young Brodie of Brodie, accompanied by the accustomed train of retainers, was on a visit at Kenellan, and as he was preparing to leave the next morning he noticed Mackenzie's men in arms, whereupon he asked if the enemy were known to be so near that for a certainty they would fight before night. Being informed that they were close at hand, he determined to wait, in spite of Kenneth's pursuasion that he should not, and take a part in the battle, saying "that he was an ill fellow and worse neighbour that would leave his friend at such a time." He took a distinguished part in the battle, and behaved "to the advantage of his friend and notable loss of his

enemy," and the Earl of Cromartie informs us that immediately after the battle he went on his journey. But his conduct produced a friendship between the Mackenzies and the family of Brodie, which continued between their posterity, "and ever yet remains betwixt them, being more sacredly observed than the ties of affinity and consanguinity amongst most others," and a bond of manrent was entered into between the families. Some authorities assert that young Brodie was slain, but of this no early writer makes any mention; and neither in Sir Robert Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland, in the Earl of Cromartie's MS. History of the Mackenzies, nor Brown's History of the Highland Clans, is there any mention made of his having been killed, though all refer to the distinguished part he took in the battle.

Next morning, Kenneth, fearing that those few who escaped might rally among the hills, and commit cruelties and spoliations on those of his people who might lie in their way, marched to Strathconan, where he found, as he expected, that about three hundred of the enemy had rallied and were destroying everything in their path which they may have passed over in their eastward march; as soon, however, as they noticed him in pursuit they instantly took to their heels, but were all killed or taken prisoners. Among the latter was Alexander, son of Gillespick killed by Kenneth at the Battle of Park on the previous day. Kenneth now returned to Kinellan, conveying Alexander in triumph, where he had left Macdonald under guard. His aged father, old Alastair Ionraic, had now returned from the Raven's Rock, and warmly embraced his valiant son—congratulated him upon his splendid victory over such a numerically superior force; but, knowingly, and with some complaining emphasis, told his son that "he feared they made two days' work of one," since, by sparing Macdonald and his now apparent heir, Alexander of Lochalsh, they preserved the lives of those who might yet give them trouble. But Kenneth, though a lion in the field, could not, from any such prudential consideration, be induced to commit such a cowardly and inhuman act as was here inferred. He, however, had no great faith in his more immediate followers if an opportunity occurred to them, so he sent Macdonald, under strong guard, to Lord Lovat, to be kept by him in safety until Kenneth advised him how to dispose of him. He kept Alexander of Lochalsh with himself, but contrary to all the expectations of their friends, he, on the intercession of old John of Isla, released them both within six months, having first bound them by oath and honour never to molest him or his, and never again to claim any right to the Earldom of Ross, which Alexander of the Isles had formerly so fully resigned to the King.

Many of the Macdonalds and their followers who escaped from the field of battle perished in the River Conon. Flying from the close pursuit of the victorious Mackenzies, they took the river, which in some parts was very deep, wherever they came up to it, and were drowned. Rushing to cross at Moy, they met an old woman—still smarting under the insults and spoliations inflicted on her and on her neighbours when the Macdonalds were going north—and they asked her, "Where was the best ford on the river?" "Oh! dear," answered she, "it is all one ford together; though it looks black it is not at all deep" *(Oh! Ghaolaich, is aon ath an abhuinn; ged tha i dubh cha'n eil i domhain).* In their pitiful

plight, and on the strength of this misleading information, they rushed into the water in hundreds, and were immediately carried away by the stream, many of them clutching at the shrubs and bushes which overhung the banks of the river, and crying pitifully for assistance. This amazon and her lady friends had meanwhile procured their sickles, and now exerted themselves in cutting away the bushes on which the wretched Macdonalds hung with a death grasp, the old woman exclaiming, in each case, as she applied her sickle, "As you have taken so much already, which did not belong to you, my friend, you can take that into the bargain." This instrument of the old lady's revenge has been for many generations, and we are informed still is, by very old people in the district, called *Cailleach na Maigh*, or the old wife of Moy. The victors then proceeded to ravage the lands of Ardmeanach and those belonging to William Munro of Foulis —the former because the young Baron of Kilravock, whose father was governor of that district, had assisted the other party; the latter probably because Munro, who joined neither party, was suspected secretly of favouring Lochalsh. So many excesses were committed at this time by the Mackenzies that the Earl of Huntly, Lieutenant of the North, was compelled, notwithstanding their services in repelling the invasion of the Macdonalds, to act against them as oppressors of the lieges.*

A blacksmith, known as Glaishean Gow or *Gobha*, one of Lovat's people, in whose father's house Agnes Fraser, Mackenzie's wife, was fostered, hearing of the Macdonalds' advance to the Mackenzie territory, started with a few followers in the direction of Conan, but arrived too late to take part in the battle. They were, however, in time to meet those few who managed to ford or swim the river, and killed every one of them, so that they found an opportunity "to do more service than if they had been at it." There is another anecdote related in connection with this contest which is worth preserving. A raw, ungainly, but powerful-looking youth from Kintail was seen looking about as they were starting to meet the enemy, in an apparently stupid manner, as if looking for something. He ultimately fell in with an old, big, rusty battle-axe, set off after the others, and arrived at the scene of strife as the combatants were closing with each other. Duncan (for such was his name) from his stupid and ungainly appearance was taken little notice of, and was going about in an aimless, vacant, half-idiotic manner. Hector Roy noticing him, asked him why he was not taking part in the fight and supporting his Chief and clan? Duncan replied, "*Mar a faigh mi miabh duine, cha dean mi gniomh dulne*" (Unless I get a man's esteem, I shall not perform a man's work). This was in reference to his not having been provided with a proper weapon. Hector answered him, "*Deansa gniomh duine 's gheibh thu miabh duine*" (Perform a man's work and you will receive a man's share). Duncan at once rushed into the strife, exclaiming, "*Buille mhor bho chul mo laimhe, 's ceum leatha, am fear nach teich romham, teicheam roimhe*" (A heavy stroke from the back of my hand (arm) and a step to (enforce) it. He who does not get out of my way, let me get out of his). Duncan soon killed a man, and drawing the body aside he coolly sat upon it. Hector

* Gregory, p. 57. Kilravock Writs, p. 170, and Acts of Council.

Roy noticing this extraordinary proceeding, as he was passing by in the heat of the contest, accosted Duncan, and asked him why he was not still engaged with his comrades. Duncan answered, "*Mar a faigh mi ach miabh aon duine cha dean mi ach gniomh aon duine*" (If I only get one man's due I shall only do one man's work. I have killed my man). Hector told him to perform two men's work and that he would get two men's reward. Duncan returned again to the field of carnage, killed another, pulled his body away, placed it on the top of the first, and sat upon the two. The same question was again asked, and the same answer given, "I have killed two men, and earned two men's wages." Hector answered, "Do your best, and we shall not be reckoning with you." Duncan instantly replied, "*Am fear nach biodh ag cunntadh rium cha bhithinn a cunntadh vis*" (He that would not reckon with me I would not reckon with him), and rushed into the thickest of the battle, where he mowed down the enemy with his rusty battle-axe like grass, so much so that Lachlan MacThearlaich, a most redoubtable warrior, placed himself in Duncan's way to check him in his murderous career.. The heroes met in mortal strife, but MacThearlaich being a very powerful man, clad in mail, and well versed in arms, Duncan could make no impression on him, but being lighter and more active than his heavily mailed opponent, he managed to defend himself, watching his opportunity, and retreating backwards until he arrived at a ditch, where his opponent, thinking he had him fixed, made a desperate stroke at him, which Duncan parried, and at the same time jumped backwards across the ditch. MacThearlaich, to catch his enemy, made a furious plunge with his weapon, but it instead got fixed in the opposite bank of the ditch, and in withdrawing it he bent his head forward, when the helmet, rising, exposed the back of his neck, upon which Duncan's battle-axe descended with the velocity of lightning, and such terrific force as to sever MacThearlaich's head from his body. This, it is said, was the turning point in the struggle, for the Macdonalds, seeing the brave leader of their van falling, at once retreated and gave all up for lost. The hero was ever afterwards known as "Donnchadh Mor na Tuaighe," or Big Duncan of the Axe; and many a story is told in Kintail and Gairloch of the many other prodigies of valour which he performed in the after contests of the Mackenzies and the Macraes against their common enemies.

This insurrection cost the Macdonalds the Lordship of the Isles, as others had previously cost them the Earldom of Ross. At a Parliament held in Edinburgh in 1493, the possessions of the Lord of the Isles were declared to be forfeited to the Crown. In the following January the aged Earl appeared before King James IV., and made a voluntary surrender of everything, after which he remained for several years in the King's household as a Court pensioner. By Act of the Lords of Council in 1492, Alexander Urquhart, Sheriff of Cromarty obtained restitution for himself and his tenants for the depredations committed by Macdonald and his followers.*

* According to the Kilravock papers, p. 162, the spoil amounted to "600 cows and oxen, each worth 13s 4d; 80 horses, each worth 26s 8d; 1000 sheep, each worth 2s; 200 swine, each worth 3s; with plenishing to the value of £300; and also 500 bolls of victual and £300 of the mails of the Sheriff's lands."

Shortly after this, Kenneth's father having arrived at a great age, died, and was buried at Beauly, in the new aisle built by Kenneth during his father's lifetime, on the north side of the altar. His first wife, the Lady Margaret, also died in the same year, overwhelmed with grief, misfortune, illtreatment, and her brother's fate—now a prisoner in the hands of her unfaithful husband—leaving Kenneth with her only son, Kenneth Og, only a few years old. The Earl of Cromartie, to whose MS. History we are largely indebted for these details, says, "Kenneth raised great fears in his neighbours by his temper and power, by which he had overturned so great ane interest as that of Macdonald, yet it appearit that he did not proceid to such attemptts but on just resentments and rationall grounds; for dureing his lyfe he not only protected the country by his power, but he caryed so that non was esteemed a better neighbour to his freinds nor a juster maister to his dependers. In that one thing of his caryadge to his first wife he is justly reprowable; in all things else he merits justly to be numbered amongst the best of our Scots patriots. . . . . The fight at Blairnapark put Mackenzie in great respect thorough all the North. The Earl of Huntly, George, who was the second Earle, did contract a friendship with him, and when he was imployed by King James 3d to assist him againest the conspirators in the South, Kenneth came with 500 men to him in Summer 1488; but erre they came the lengthe of Perth, Mackenzie had nottice of his father Alexander's death, whereupon Huntly caused him retire to ordor his affaires, least his old enimies might tack advantage on such a change, and Huntly judgeing that they wer rather too numberous than weak for the conspirators, by which occasion he (Kenneth) was absent from that vnfortunat battl wher King James 3d wes kild, yet evir after this, Earl George, and his son Alexander, the 3d Earl of Huntly, keipt a great kyndness to Kenneth and his successors. From the yeir 1489 the kingdom vnder King James 4d wes at great peace and therby Mackenzie toock opportunity to setle his privat affaires, which for many yeirs befor, yea, severall ages, had bein almost still disturbed by the Earls of Ross and Lords of the Illes, and so he lived in peace and good correspondences with his neighbours till the yeir 1491, for in the moneth of February that yeir he died and wes buried at Bewlie. All his predecessors wer buried at Icolmkill [except his father], as wer most of the considerable cheiffs in the Highlands. But this Kenneth, after his marriage, keipt frequent dovotiones with the Convent of Bewlie, and at his owin desyre wes buried ther, in the ille on the north syd of the alter, which wes built by himselfe in his lyftyme or he died; after that he done pennance for his irregular marieing of Lovit's daughter. He procured recommendationes from Thomas Hay, Bishop of Ross, to Pope Alexander the 6, from whom he procured a legittmatione of all the cheildrein of the mariadge, daited apud St Petri, papatus nostri primo, anno Cristiano 1491."*

Kenneth of Kintail, who was knighted by James IV. "for being highly instrumental in reducing his fierce countrymen to the blessings of a civilized life," was twice married; first, as we have seen, to Lady Margaret, daughter of John of Isla, by whom he had one son, Kenneth Og; and

* This is corroborated by Anderson's Account of the Family of Fraser, where we are told that "Application was made to the Pope to sanction the second marriage, which he did, anno 1491."

secondly, to Agnes or Anne Fraser, daughter of Hugh, third Lord Lovat, by whom he had four sons—John, who succeeded Kenneth Og as Baron of Kintail; Alexander, the first of the family of Davochmaluag; Roderick, who was killed at Flodden, and was the progenitor of the families of Achilty, Fairburn, Ardross, Tollie, &c.; and Mr Kenneth, better known as "the Priest of Avoch," and from whom descended the families of Suddie, Ord, Corryvulzie, Highfield, Inverlaul, Little Findon, Scatwell, and others of lesser note. By the second marriage he had two daughters —Agnes, who married Roderick Macleod of the Lewis, who afterwards sent her away charging her with infidelity; and secondly, Catharine, who married Hector Munro of Fowlis.

Of Roderick, who was an exceedingly powerful man, the following story is told:—He was a man of great strength and stature, and in a quarrel which took place between him and Dingwall of Kildun, he killed him, and "that night abode with his wife." Complaint was made to King James the Fifth, who compelled Kenneth Mackenzie to give Rorie up to justice. He, however, denied the whole affair, and in the absence of positive proof, the judges declined to convict him; but the King, quite persuaded of his guilt, ordered him to be sent a prisoner to the Bass Rock, with strict injunctions to have him kept in chains. This order was obeyed, and Rorie's hands and legs were much pained and cut with the irons. The governor had unpleasant feuds with one of his neighbours, which occasioned several encounters and skirmishes between their servants, who came in repeatedly with wounds and bruises. Rorie noticing this to occur frequently, said to one of them, "Would to God that the laird would take me with him, and I should then be worth my meat to him and serve for better use than I do with these chains." This was communicated to the governor, who sent for Rorie and asked him if he would fight well for him. "If I do not that," said he, "let me hang in these chains." He then took his solemn oath that he would not run away, and the governor ordered the servants to set about curing Rorie's wounds with ointments. He soon found himself in a good condition to fight, and an opportunity was not long delayed. The governor met his adversary accompanied by his prisoner, who fought to admiration, exhibiting great courage and enormous strength. He soon routed the enemy, and the governor became so enamoured of him that he was never after out of his company whenever he could secretly have him unknown to the Court. About this time an Italian came to Edinburgh, who challenged the whole nation to a wrestling match for a large sum of money. One or two grappled with him, but he disposed of them so easily that no one else could be found to engage him. The King was much annoyed at this, and expressed himself strongly in favour of any one who would defeat the Italian, promising to give him a suitable reward. The governor of the Rock having heard of this, thought it an excellent opportunity for his prisoner to secure his liberty, and at the same time redeem the credit of the nation, and he informed the King that a prisoner committed to the Bass by his Majesty if released of his irons would, in his opinion, match the Italian. The King immediately answered, "His liberty, with reward, shall he have if he do so." The governor, so as not to expose his own intimate relations with and treatment of the prisoner, warily asked that time should be allowed to cure him

of his wounds, lest his own crime and Rorie's previous liberty should become known. When sufficient time had elapsed for this purpose a day was appointed, and the governor brought Rorie to Holyrood House to meet the King, who enquired if he "would undertake to cast the Italian for his liberty?" "Yea, sir," answered Rorie, "it will be a hard task that I will not undertake for that; but, sir, it may be, it will not be so easy to perform as to undertake, yet I shall give him a fair trial." "Well," said the King, "how many days will you have to fit yourself?" "Not an hour," replied Rorie. His Majesty was so pleased with his resolution that he immediately sent to the Italian to ask if he would accept the challenge at once. He who had won so many victories so easily already did not hesitate to grapple with Rorie, having no fear as to the result. Five lists were prepared. The Italian was first on the ground, and seeing Rorie approaching him, without any of the usual dress and accoutrements, dressed in his rude habit, laughed loudly. But no sooner was he in the Highlander's clutches than the Italian was on his knee. The King cried with joy; the Italian alleged foul play, and made other and frivolous excuses, but His Majesty was so glad of the apparent advantage in his favour that he was unwilling to expose Rorie to a second hazard. This did not suit the Highlander at all, and he called out, "No, no, sir; let him try him again, for now I think I know his strength." His Majesty hearing this, consented, and in the second encounter Rorie laid firm hold of the foreigner, pulled him towards him with all his might, breaking his back, and disjointing the back bone. The poor fellow fell to the ground groaning with pain, and died two days after. The King, delighted with Rorie's prowess, requested him to remain at Court, but this he refused, excusing himself on the ground that his long imprisonment quite unfitted him for a Court life, but if it pleased his Majesty he would send him his son, who was better fitted to serve him. He was provided with money and suitable clothing by Royal command. The King requested him to hasten his son to Court, which he accordingly did. This son was named Murdoch, and His Majesty became so fond of him that he always retained him about his person, and granted him, as an earnest of greater things to follow, the lands of Fairburn, Moy, and others adjoining; but Murdoch being unfortunately absent from the Court when the King died, he missed much more which his Majesty had designed for him.

There is also a good anecdote told of Kenneth, the fourth son, which is well worth recording:—He was Chaunter of Ross, and perpetual Curate of Coeirbents, which vicarage he afterwards resigned into the hands of Pope Paulus in favour of the Priory of Beauly. Though a priest and in holy orders he would not abstain from marriage, for which cause the Bishop decided to have him deposed. On the appointed day for his trial he had his brother Rorie at Chanonry, where the trial was to take place, with a number of his followers. Kenneth presented himself before the Bishop in his long gown, but under it he had a two-edged sword, and drawing near his Lordship, who sat in his presiding chair, he whispered in his ear, "It is best that you should let me alone, for my brother Rorie is in the churchyard with many ill men, and if you take off *my orders* he will take off *your head*, and I myself will not be your best friend," and then coolly exposed his "pen-knife," as he called his great

sword," which sight, with Rorie's proximity, and being a person whose character was well enough known by his Lordship, he was so terrified that he incontinently absolved and vindicate the good Chaunter, who ever after enjoyed his office (and his wife) unchallenged." *

There has been a considerable difference of opinion among the family genealogists as to the date of Sir Kenneth's death, but there is now little doubt that he died in 1491, having only ruled as actual Chief for the short space of three years. This is clearly proved from his tomb in the Priory of Beauly, where there is a full length recumbent effigy of him, in full armour, with arms folded across his chest as if in prayer, and on the arch over it is the following inscription :—"Jacet, Kennethus Mackenzie, Dominus de Kintaile, qui obit, 7th die Februari, Anno 1491." Mr William Fraser, in his history of the "Earls of Cromartie," gives, in his genealogy of the Mackenzies of Kintail, the date of his death as "*circa* 1506," and disposes of his successor Kenneth Og altogether. This is incomprehensible to readers of the work; for in the book itself, in various places, it is indubitably established that Mr Fraser's genealogy is untrustworthy in this, as well as in many other instances. There is no doubt whatever that Sir Kenneth "of the Battle" was succeeded by his only son, Kenneth Og, by his first wife, Margaret of Isla.

(To be Continued.)

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—We are glad to see this old and patriotic parent of all our Celtic Societies still exhibiting such signs of youthful vitality and vigour as evinced by the following attractive syllabus for the present session :—On the 13th February, Dr Charles Mackay, on "The Gaelic Origin and meaning of many English Patronymics"; 13th March, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., on "Some of the things Gaelic-speaking Highlanders are at present called on to do"; 10th April, Dr Roderick Macdonald, on "The Poems of Ossian"; 8th May, Mr Donald Campbell, "A Gaelic rendering of the Centenary Specches" (at the time reported in the *Celtic Magazine*); 12th June, Mr J. W. Campbell-Fraser, M.A., on "Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald"; 9th October, Mr R. G. Tolmie, on "Scotland in the 12th century, Introduction of Feudalism"; on 13th November, Mr John R. Macdonald, on "Proper Names." The usual Highland ball, under the direction of the Society, takes place on the 5th instant.

THE SECOND EDITION OF THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, by the Editor of this Magazine, greatly enlarged, with additional Prophecies; and with an Appendix of 66 pages by the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., on "Highland Superstition, Druids, Fairies, Witchcraft, Second-Sight, Hallowe'en, Sacred Wells and Lochs, and other Peculiar Practices and Beliefs, with several Curious Instances," has just been published by A. & W. Mackenzie, publishers of this Magazine.

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* The Earl of Cromartie's MS. History of the Mackenzies; and MS. Genealogy of the Mackenzies of Ord, for which we are indebted to the present head of the family, Thomas Mackenzie, the direct descendant of this Kenneth.

THE DOOM OF DUNOLLY.

By William Allan.

[Concluded.]

IX.

Right well Maclean had read her heart,
The maid was anxious to depart;
Her earnest gratitude of soul,
O'erpowering rushed beyond control;
She sobbing bade them all adieu!
And from the Castle slowly drew.
Young Hector lightsome led the way,
Where in the cove the galley lay;
Then as a gallant courtier lord,
He placed the weeping maid on board.
With skilful hands he plied the oars,
And shot beyond the sheltering shores;
Then hoisted up the broad, brown sail,
Which filled unto the gentle gale—
With favouring tide and favouring wind,
Grey Duart soon was left behind.
Right merrily the boat sped on,
And felt they now they were alone.
They spoke! 'neath Hector's voice the maid
The hidden mystery obeyed—
Her world, erst fair, seemed fairer now,
Her eyes beheld life's heaven below;
And yielding to the conqueror's sway,
They pledged eternal love that day.—
There is a music in the sea,
An everlasting melody,
An earnest chant of throbbing love,
An echo of God's voice above,
Which gives unto our hearts the peace
That bids our mutual loves increase.
The little dancing waves rejoice
To hear a maiden's love-fraught voice;
They leap with frenzied mirth and glee,
As fall her vows of constancy,
And fain their foamy crests would bless,
Affection's sacred, primal kiss.—
They sang with joy when Hector brave,
His heart unto the maiden gave;
They leapt with smiles on every crest,
To hear the maiden's vow expressed.

With hand in hand, eye fixt on eye,
The lovers kissed, and seemed to die
'Neath the enraptured bliss divine,
That springs when Love's great fountains join.
They neared Kerrera's rocky shore,
And round its northern headland bore;
Swift for Dunolly's curving bay,
The galley bounded on its way.
They saw upon the glistening sand
One solitary warrior stand,
Who marked Maclean's dread banner fly
Upon the nodding mast on high—
A whistle loud and shrill he blew,
Then from the cliffs Macdougalls flew;
But ere they bent a single bow,
He spied his daughter on the prow;
His hatred wilder, fiercer rose,
To mark her 'mid his deadly foes.
Ere slid the galley on the sand,
Hector beheld the threatening band,
Then lowered his sail, and seized the oar,
And slowly neared the dreaded shore.
One word of love he gave the maid,
Whose gestures all their vengeance stayed;
One look of hope beamed in her eye,
Which seemed to say "I all defy!"
Impatient now his child to free,
The chieftain rushed into the sea:
Before the keel had touched the sand,
He grasped again his daughter's hand,
Then in his frenzied, powerful arm,
He bore ashore her living form.
Hector he saw, and darkly flung
A scowl of hate from vengeance wrung,
Bold, standing with an oar in hand,
Before Macdougall's joyous band;
He forced th' unwilling boat astern,
And sadly could his love discern
Amid the throng of clansmen wild,
With joy at finding thus their child.
Remembering their hateful foe,
They ceased their cries and from each bow
They sent a shower of darts that fell
Harmless into the ocean's swell.
Far o'er the sea on southern tack,
Hector with wistful eye looked back—
A ceaseless longing o'er him stole,
A darkness settled on his soul.
The brightness of the moon had fled,
And left him gloomy fears instead,

The dawn-rise of Love's cheering ray
Had vanished all too soon away,
The golden links which hope impart
Seemed tightening round his lonely heart,
And as he neared his native shore
One burning wish alone it bore.
Maclean received with joy his son,
As if a victory he had won;
But Hector's heart was far away,
His Duart's charms seemed to decay—
Unrest's remorseless, cruel ban,
Had made him now an altered man.
He sought the shores in darkest night,
And ne'er returned till morning's light.
They watched, but none his paths could name,
Of how he went, or whence he came.
Ah! in his skiff he stole away
Across the Sound to Oban's bay,
Where, by King Fingal's rugged stone,
Macdougall's maid he met alone—
Renewed their vows, re-pledged their faith,
And kissed unswerving love till death.

X.

Not all a daughter's love assuaged the hate
That in Macdougall's bosom burned elate,
Not all her soft expostulations sweet
Could the dread demon of revenge defeat;
Unmoved, and coldly calm he heard her prayer,
For well he knew that Hector was her care.
His trusty warder oft in midnight hour
Saw two mysterious forms beneath the tower,
And oft of late had heard the sound of oars
Receding in the darkness from the shores.
To crush her love, to overcome his foe,
His clansmen nightly watched the beach below;
And when they heard her Hector's parting song,*
They swiftly stole by secret paths along,
And rushed upon the youth, whose ready blade
Gleamed but an instant, and their onslaught stayed—
With sudden swoop, and straight-delivered thrust,
Three warriors fell before him in the dust.
His light steel shield with cunning motion flashed,
And on its front their blows descending crashed.
Forward! and forward still they pressed combined,
Struck but one blow, and, wounded, reeled behind;
On every hand his sword appeared to see
The covert cuts of dark ferocity,

* See First Canto.

And instantly its ready guard essayed
To foil each stroke that fell and notched its blade.
Around him lay, in groaning, helpless rows,
The prostrate forms of his remorseless foes:
Some glared revenge; some cursed with dying breath;
Some strove to strike him in the throes of death;
Some drew their dirks in anguish of despair,
Upraised their arms, and, dying, struck the air;
Some tore, in agony, while life remained,
The clotted grass their own life-blood had stained.
Unwounded all, the youth unconquered stood,
Starred with the red drops of his foemen's blood;
Fired with the madness springing from defeat,
They blindly rushed, and struck, but to retreat.
Then forward stood amid the stiffening slain,
Macdougall's Chief, who fiercely hissed "Maclean!"
Awed by their Chief, the clansmen ceased to fight,
And viewed the combat with intense delight.
Revenge imbued his unaffected powers,
His blows descended on the youth in showers,
Who stood unwavering, and the onset foiled—
Yea, smote the Chief, who, wounded, back recoiled.
Implacable, and heedless of his wound,
He rushed on Hector with a sudden bound,
Whose sword hand. swol'n with conflict, filled the hilt,
And now, for once, he weakening Nature felt.
While raged the strife, loud from the cliffs above
A cry arose of agony and love:
The watching clansmen gazed in wild dismay:
Down from each crag, upon her headlong way,
Macdougall's daughter rushed, with frantic cries,
As Hector, wounded, fell no more to rise.
Swift through the silent horde she madly fled,
Oblivious to the dying and the dead;
And stooped o'er Hector, who, with fitful breath,
Smiled still his love, and whispered low "In death!"
Upon his dripping blade Macdougall leant,
As o'er the youth his weeping daughter bent,
Who kissed his blood-stained lips, and wildly cried
"Cursed is the blade that pierced my Hector's side!"
Then strangely gazed around, below, above!
And falling, died upon her only love.
Macdougall gazed, nor thought his daughter dead;
Then stooping, gently raised her lovely head:
Her cold, pale face, too truly told the tale,
Then burst a father's deep, heart-rending wail.
Her eyes were closed, and silent now her tongue;
Bright on her pallid cheeks her last tears clung,
The gentle hands, which oft had stroked his brow,
Clenched in their death-grasp Hector's bosom now;

The lips which oft had sung in joyous mood,
Bore the red imprint of his trickling blood.
With groans of terror, anguish, pain, and grief,
The clansmen gathered round their stricken Chief,
Who gazed in silence on his daughter's corse,
While o'er her fell his tears of deep remorse.
"Warriors!" he cried, "Behold my daughter—dead!
No more around us will her light be shed:
Heaven wars with me; oh! that I had but felt
The depth of love that in her bosom dwelt.
Here let the lovers lie, no more to part,
In dust united, slumbering heart to heart;
'Neath Fingal's stone let them be gently laid,
To rest for ever in its storied shade.
In coming years the warriors of our race
Will stand uncovered o'er their resting place,
And breathe the tale of how Macdougall's maid
Loved unto death, and, dying, love obeyed.
The mighty stone, untouched by time, will tell,
In voiceless, whisperings, 'Here Hector fell!'"
With folded arms, in stern and lowering mood,
Macdougall's Chieftain meditative stood;
While trembling, weeping, clansmen dug the grave
For all he loved, and for her Hector brave.
No song of woe burst from the anguished crowd.
When both were laid within their earthy shroud;
They placed with care the reddened sods above,
And all was hid from eyes of grief and love.—
The Chief in dreamy silence strode away,
Unto unutterable woe a prey.
Revenge and Hate had from his bosom fled,
He longed for love, but all of love was dead.
No joy or peace within his halls remained,
To Hell's unrest he felt for ever chained;
While Conscience, with red-burning beak and claws,
Devoured the heart which broke its Maker's laws.
E'en coming foes, led on by Scotland's King,*
Stirred not his soul, nor could war's pleasure bring—
His sword was sheathed, his path was towards the tomb,
And Brander's battle pealed Dunolly's Doom!

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

THE HIGHLAND ECHO, like the *Glasgow Highlander* and the *Highland Pioneer*, has already succumbed. Glasgow, where there are so many public-spirited Highlanders to be found, is, that of all others, the place where one would think a Celtic newspaper ought to succeed; but the robust and independent energy necessary to attain this object has hitherto been sought in vain. What has become of the *Gael?* Has it also breathed its last?

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* Bruce.

THE HIGHLAND CEILIDH.

By Alastair Og.

—o—

[Continued.]

When Eachainn had finished the last story, he left Gillespie to himself—who was now fast recovering under the kind treatment of *Somhairle Dubh* and his excellent wife. The host was in the Gauger's room, as often as he could, relating such stories as he knew; and thus enabled the patient to pass away the time more agreeably. I heard several of them, but the one about the *Each Uisg*, or the Water Horse, is the only one I can at present remember. *Somhairle Dubh* related it thus:—

When I was a little boy, I would sit for hours by the kitchen fire, listening to my grandfather, who used to while away the long winter evenings by telling us stories about witches and warlocks, ghosts and fairies, of which he had an inexhaustible stock. A very favourite one with me was the tale of the *Each Uisg*, or the Water Horse, a fearful demon in the likeness of a big, black horse, who inhabited Loch-Dorch, and woe to any one who ventured near the loch after nightfall; for the *Each Uisg* was always on the watch, and would rise out of the water, seize any intruders, and drag them to the bottom, to be devoured by him at his leisure. Sometimes he would assume other shapes, and try to lure people away to the water. One Hallowe'en night there was a party of young people gathered round the fire in the house of Duncan the weaver, burning nuts and ducking for apples, when Duncan's daughter, bonnie Catriana, proposed to go and dip her sleeve in the burn, to try if her sweetheart was true. None of her companions would go, for fear of the *Each Uisg*, and tried in vain to dissuade Catriana from her venturesome purpose, but laughing at their fears, she threw her plaid over her head, and ran off to the burn.

In a little they were startled by hearing a loud wailing shriek, and fearing some accident had happened to their favourite Catriana, rushed out of the house to look after her, but no trace could they find of the poor, wilful lassie. Her father and the lads were searching the whole night, and at the dawn of day they found her plaid at the side of the dreaded Loch-Dorch, and near it, in the clay, the mark of an unearthly hoof, which proved, beyond doubt, that she had fallen a victim to the monster water-horse.

Then there was young Allan MacSheumais, who, coming home in the dusk, after spending the day hunting the deer, heard a tramping sound which he soon found to proceed from the water-horse, which he could see rapidly galloping up to him. Poor Allan, though in a dreadful fright, did not lose his presence of mind, and knowing full well that ordinary shot would have no effect upon the demon, he rapidly loaded his gun with a small, crooked silver sixpence—that blessed metal from a cup of which the Saviour drank his last draught on earth—and exclaiming,

"The cross be betwixt me and thee," fired with a steady aim, while the cold sweat stood on his brow.

The *Each Uisg* gave one yelling neigh, so shrill, so dismal, and unearthly, that the cattle which had lain down to rest on the heath started up in terror; the dogs of the hamlet heard it, and, ceasing their gambols, ran cowering and trembling to the fireside; the roosted cock heard it, and essayed to crow, but could only scream. Never will those who heard that terrific cry forget it; but it had scarcely ceased ere the demon steed had sprung into the midst of Loch-Dorch, and as the water closed over him, a sound, as of a sarcastic, unearthly laugh, was heard from the middle of the loch, and then all was silent.

Yet notwithstanding all this, Lachlan Buachaille, the cow-herd, who was a wild, reckless fellow, would never believe the stories he heard about this dreadful being, and laughingly suggested that Allan had only been frightened by Rorie Mor's *gearran* broken loose from his tether; and bragged that *he* had never seen the *Each Uisg*, although he had lived for some years near the Raven's Peak, close to the haunted loch.

"And would ye wish to see him?" asked old Janet, as he sat by her fireside one evening; "would ye really wish to see that fearsome thing, Lachlan?"

"May I never taste oatcake or whisky again!" said Lachlan impetuously, "but I wish to see the beast, if there's one in it, and the sooner the better."

It was a gusty, rainy autumn night. Lachlan sat alone in his bothie, busily employed in twisting his oat straw *shiaman*, humming to himself, and listening to the sound of the torrent as it dashed over the rocks, the pattering of the heavy rain, and the sheughs of the north-west wind, moaning as it passed along, all of which only served to increase his sense of comfort as he drew his three-legged stool nearer to the bright peat fire.

He was just thinking of retiring for the night, when he heard a gentle knocking at the door. "Who is there at this time of night?" asked he, to which a feeble voice replied, "I am a poor old woman who lost my way this wild night; pray let me in, or I shall perish with cold and fatigue." Lachlan muttered anything but blessings on the old body's head for thus disturbing him, for he had a particular objection to *old* women. "Bad luck to her; were it a young one, or even an old man, I should not care," he grumbled; "but an old hag to come sorning on me, as I was about to step into my quiet bed." Then raising his voice, he said, "Wait, wait, carlin, I'll be with you directly, let me wind up my *shiaman* first; the *Diabhul* take you, have more patience, and don't keep croaking there with your ill-omened voice;" and, unfastening the latch, he continued, "There, enter now, and curses on you." However, with all his roughness, Lachlan was not a bad-natured fellow, and regretted his inhospitality, when he saw stepping in a poor, wretched, little, old woman, bent double with age and misery; she wore a dun cloak drawn tightly round her figure, with a kind of red hood attached to it, marked with strange characters, which quite covered her head, and shaded her face. She gave no salutation, good or bad, and as she crawled rather than walked up to the fire, it emitted a vivid spark, which hissed as it fell on the dripping clothes of the old dame; a hen on the roost

crowed discordantly, and a little mouse poked its head out of a hole and squeaked loudly. The old woman, noticing this, gave a queer kind of laugh, so grating in its sound that Lachlan turned quickly round and stared at her; but she met his gaze sharply, and with a peculiarity of expression which Lachlan felt, without knowing why, to be very unpleasant.

"Old dame," said he, "will you take something?"

"No," she gruffly replied.

"There's a little left of the bread and fish I had for supper," said Lachlan.

"I always have plenty of fish," answered she, sharply.

"Perhaps you like flesh better then?"

"Yes," she replied, in the same uncivil manner, while a strange, sneering smile flickered round her lips.

"Will you have anything to drink then?" continued Lachlan.

"No," abruptly answered the carlin.

"What! woman; nothing to eat or drink! Then I suppose you have had your supper, but it must have been with the Fairies, for I warrant you could have got none elsewhere between this and Beinn-ard, and that is a good twelve miles off."

"Perhaps," muttered the old hag.

"Perhaps what, *cailleach?*" questioned Lachlan; and, after a pause, finding she gave no answer, "Perhaps! I am afraid, you will catch cold, unless you throw off those wet clothes; and though I have no woman's gear, you can have my great-coat, and I can spare you a blanket besides."

"I need none of your coats or blankets," answered the crone, in the same ungracious tones as before, "for water can never hurt *me*."

"Leeze me on the hag," said Lachlan to himself, "but she is easily maintained at any rate, and yet I would rather have a more expensive and social guest."

The fire burned down, and Lachlan, as he occasionally glanced at the old *cailleach*, sitting on the opposite side of the hearth, could not help thinking that there was something repulsive, if not uncanny, about her altogether. There was a strange restlessness in her manner; her hard, dark eyes seemed to look everywhere and nowhere at the same time; while she sat rocking backwards and forwards over the ashes, and her long, crooked fingers twitched about her dun cloak in an odd and unpleasant manner. Lachlan threw another peat on the fire, and, by the reviving light, he thought the carlin's eye had acquired a wilder and sterner expression, while a grim smile played round the corners of her ugly mouth. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, she seemed to have really grown larger in stature and more erect since he first saw her. Rousing himself, he kicked off his boots, lay down on his bed, which was only a few steps from the fire, and settled himself down to repose for the night.

Lachlan, however, could not sleep, and turned from one side to another, courting in vain the drowsy god. Glancing at his unwelcome visitor, he saw, with a feeling akin to dread, the old creature sitting more and more erect; and, rubbing his eyes, as if he felt that he was under the influence of a dream, he was exceedingly startled to find that it was no delusion, but that she was really growing, as it were, rapidly larger and sterner,

under his very eyes. "Hout! carlin," he exclaimed, raising himself on his elbow, "you are waxing large."

To which she replied in a hollow voice, "*Umph, umph; omhagraich, 's mi 'g eiridh ris a bhlaths*" (Itomies and atomies—expanding to the warmth!).

Getting very drowsy, Lachlan again lay down to sleep, but presently was disturbed by the mouse running out of the hole in the wall, and running squeaking into and across his bed, almost touching his chin. He again raised himself on his elbow, was struck with the increased proportions of the strange hag, and again exclaimed, "Hout, carlin! you are getting larger!"

She again replied, but in a louder and harsher tone than before, "*Umph, umph; omhagraich, 's mi 'g eiridh ris a bhlaths*" (Itomies and atomies—expanding to the warmth!).

The fire was now nearly out, the light growing gradually less, and Lachlan became more and more sleepy. At length he began to snore gently, when all at once a spark flew out of the fire and alighted smartingly on his face. Irritated by the stinging sensation, he started, and opened his eyes, and became thoroughly roused by again hearing the old hen on the cross beam above him giving a most discordant crow, though the cock uttered not a sound. He sat upright in his bed, and, in the gloom, dimly saw the stranger's figure extended to fearfully gigantic proportions, while her eyes no longer retained a trace of human expression, but glared upon him with preternatural brilliance and malignity.

It was now with a feeling as if his blood were ice, as if his flesh had been turned into creeping and crawling things, and as if his hair all stood on end, that Lachlan, in a tone which fear rendered nearly inaudible, said for the third time, "Indeed and indeed, carlin, but you have waxed very large!"

"*Umph, umph; omhagraich, 's mi 'g eiridh ris a bhlaths*" (Itomies and atomies—expanding to the warmth!), shrieked the demon in a voice so terrible that it actually frightened the very ravens in the neighbouring rocks, who flew croaking away. "*Umph, umph omhagraich 's mi 'g eiridh ris a bhlaths*" (Itomies and atomies—expanding to the warmth); and the fearful creature stood erect. She gave a horrible laugh, a snort, and a neigh of terrific sound, while the features of the hag underwent a still more appalling change. The dark-grey locks that had peeped from under her red hood, now waved a snaky mane. On the forehead of the monster was a star-like mark of bright scarlet, quivering like burning fire; the nostrils breathed, as it were, flame, whilst the eyes flashed on poor Lachlan like lightening.

His knees smote together with terror, he saw that his hour was come, and that the fearful creature, the idea of whose existence he had laughed to scorn, now stood before him. He felt that at last he did indeed behold the *Each Uisg*.

Quicker than thought Lachlan found himself snatched up in the jaws of the monster. The door flew open of itself, and at one bound the steed of Ifrinn was on the top of the dizzy precipice—the Raven's Peak. At another he dashed down the torrent fall of Rowan Linn. The cold spray of the cascade falling on his face, now for the first time recalled

Lachlan to consciousness; and as the demon gave one gigantic rear, previous to that spring which would have engulphed him and his victim in the unfathomable depths of Loch Dorch, Lachlan remembered and pronounced aloud the Name of names that was engraved on the breast-plate of the High Priest of Israel. The shrill clarion of the cock was now heard, the demon lost all further power over his victim, and letting him drop with a mighty shudder and a neighing yell, instantly plunged into the Loch, the waters of which, for a long time after, boiled and bubbled as if it were a gigantic huntsman's kettle of the kind in which he dresseth the haunch of the red deer in the corrie.

Some people passing that way early in the morning, found Lachlan, bruised and insensible, at the bottom of the Raven's Peak, on a shelf of the rock, at the very edge of the water. They tried to rouse him, and after a short time he opened his eyes, sat up, and said, "Where am I?" and recollecting everything that had passed, he at once exclaimed, in broken accents, "Blessed be *His* name, safe, safe!"

They carried him to Clachan-nan-cno, where he lived for many years, a wiser and a better man, but he never again heard the *Each Uisg* mentioned without devoutly expressing the Name that saved him, and no wonder that neither he, nor any one else, has ventured ever since to sleep a night in the cottage near Rowan-linn.

The gauger, in his weakly state, heard the story throughout without expressing any doubt as to its truthfulness, and felt much relieved to find that poor Lachlan had escaped from the fearful *Each Uisg*. In spite of himself, he began to be less sceptical. Indeed, the simple manner in which the stories were related to him, the genuine warmth of heart and kind treatment bestowed upon him by the simple Highlanders, who themselves thoroughly believed in them, induced him to think that there must be some foundation after all for these extraordinary things. The continued attentions of *Somhairle Dubh* and his kind wife brought the Gauger rapidly round. We soon find him attending to his duties, but making no great attempts to discover the local Still that supplied his kind host with the excellent *Mac na Braiche* which helped not a little to invigorate and bring Gillespie himself additional strength and vigour during the latter weeks of his illness. *Somhairle Dubh*, the gauger, and Hector became fast friends, nor was there ever any of his cloth who was less capable of doing a mean thing in procuring a conviction against his neighbours. He did his duty to his King, without being unnecessarily harsh with those against whom he was obliged to enforce the law. *Beannachd leis.*

(To be Continued.)

A Good and Spirited Gaelic Song will be found on another page, composed by Mary Mackellar, Bard of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, to Captain MacRa Chisholm, late of the 42d Royal Highlanders (Black Watch), on the occasion of his presiding so successfully and acceptably at the recent annual dinner of the Society. The air and the music are supplied by Wm. Mackenzie, the excellent secretary of the Society.

WILLIAM ALLAN was born in Dundee on the 22d November 1837. Son of an engineer, he was himself bred to the profession of engineer. His apprenticeship being finished, it soon became manifest that "Scotland was too small to hold him;" and, like many another renowned Scot, "he set his teeth to the South, and followed the vision that led him on to fortune." But the success that at length crowned his efforts was only achieved after a series of brave and persistent struggles. To select two or

three points, we find him during the American Rebellion engineer of a blockade runner. His experiences in that capacity were in a high degree startling and exciting. After making several successful runs, the steamer was captured, and Mr Allan and the rest of the hands on board were sent to the Old Capitol Prison, Washington. On effecting his release, he returned to the old country; and we next find him engineer on board the famous "Iona," which foundered in the English Channel. Eleven years ago he became connected with the North-Eastern Marine Engineering Company, Sunderland, in which he is a partner, and of which he is sole manager. The extensive character of these engineering works may be imagined from the fact that they give employment to something like 1000 men. Under Mr Allan's energetic and persevering management the company has flourished in a remarkable manner, and from year to year they turn out engines of first-rate quality, ranging from 60 to 500 horse-power.

Most men with brains live double lives, and that is true of Mr Allan. The rule is to begin with poetry and end with prose; in Mr Allan's case it began with stern prose, and threatens to end with poetry, or with prose relieved by poetry. It is just some six years since, in a happy moment, he discovered almost accidentally that he had another string to his bow—a harp-string. At that time a series of dashing Scotch lyrics and poems began to appear in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, signed "Will o' the Wisp." Although rough and crude, and somewhat Will-o'-the-Wispish, they did not fail to attract attention. on account of their freshness and vigour. Who was their author? That was made clear in 1872 by their appearance in a volume under the title of "Rough Castings," by William Allan. One of the funniest things about "Rough Castings" is the fact that an ironfounder sent for a copy of it on the supposition that it related to his profession, and was intensely disgusted to find that it was only a book of songs! Having once begun to sing, Mr Allan could not stop, nor even pause, to take breath. The consequence of. his wonderful fertility is that he published another and larger volume of poems and songs in 1874, entitled "Hame-Spun Lilts." In the following year appeared a collection of still greater dimensions, under the characteristic name of "Heather Bells;" and in 1876 he tried his hand at a Highland drama named "Ian Vor." These volumes contain a surprising amount of poetical work. Mr Allan's style is characterised by extreme simplicity and masculine strength. He is not plagued by intellectual subtleties, and he does not aim at literary finicism. His thoughts come without effort; down goes "stumpie in the ink;" and before most poets could have time to think, Allan's song is finished, and off to London, Glasgow, or Inverness. In his poetry he is "a Scot of the Scots." His Doric can be sweet and tender; but it can also thunder like cataracts, and flash like claymores. One word more. Mr Allan's genius is essentially of the lyrical order. Even should his poems cease to be remembered, his songs will linger long and make music in the hearts of his countrymen.

We have copied the above from the *London Scottish Journal*, to whose courteous Editor we are also indebted for the woodcut of Mr Allan's portrait and signature. The Rev. George Gilfillan has kindly supplied us with the following additional remarks:—

In addition to the foregoing statements, I have been requested to say

a few words about my friend, Mr Allan. I regret that want of time, shortness of notice, and enormity of employment will prevent me from writing so fully on the subject as I would otherwise have done. I have been lately very much engaged in considering the works and character of Robert Burns; and I will say that the memory of Mr Allan often occurred to me while I was writing and thinking of Burns. The same hard-headed sagacity and strong-mindedness, blended with so much that is tender and plaintive—the same indomitable independence and untiring industry—the same devotion to his own proper calling, and the same delight in literary and poetic relaxation when the labours of the day are over—the same dramatic inferiority and lyric excellence distinguish both, and both resemble each other in that strong stamp of individuality which marks the self-taught man, as well as a little of that dogmatic self-assertion which is no less certainly his peculiarity. Of course I do not mean to put Mr Allan on the same level with Burns, who was a prodigy and a phenomenon such as Nature does not produce in less than a thousand years; but in the points I have mentioned he is like him, although fallen amidst happier circumstances. I have, on going over Burns' Works recently, been utterly amazed at his diligence in composition. Poetry came from him like perspiration. Give him but a deal table and pen and ink, and a dozen letters pour from him. No song, no supper, seems his motto. He buys every supper with a song. Mr Allan has a great deal of the same facility and necessity of production. We have been assured that he has MSS. by him sufficient for two volumes as large as his "Heather Bells," and that he has burned a cart-load of satires, songs, and verses, the accumulated fruits of six years versifying. He is, and has been, a regular contributor to the *Celtic Magazine*, to the *Glasgow Herald*, to the *Dundee Advertiser*, and the *London Scottish Journal*. In all he has written about 450 songs, more than 200 poems, some dozen of his songs have been set to music, and he has done all this in his spare hours in the evening.

I prefer, as I have already hinted, Mr Allan's songs, to his other poems. His genius is essentially lyrical, and some of his very smallest pieces, such as "Shall the Gaelic die?" and "The wee toom Shoon," are among the best; yet his narrative poem in course of publication in the *Celtic Magazine* is written with great fluency and fire, and will, I doubt not, when re-published, be highly popular.

Altogether, as Sir Walter Scott says of Allan Cunningham, "Honest Allan is a credit to Caledonia!" He is an admirable specimen of that class of true-blue Scotchmen whose perseverance, energy, and enterprise carry the name of their country so honourably to the ends of the earth, and who unite a love of literature and a power of song with the other masculine qualities and habits of their *natale-solum*.

Greatly respected as a man in Sunderland, adored by his workmen, having lately reared for himself a grand, solid edifice, which he calls Scotland House, with a wife who is in every way a fit companion, and highly intelligent helpmeet, with a rising fame, and a remunerative and honourable profession. Mr Allan occupies a most enviable position, and that he may long occupy it is the wish of all his friends, among whom I count myself one of the sincerest and most indebted.

DUNDEE, 12th February 1878.

THE ELEGIES OF ROB DONN.

No. III.

REFERENCE has already been made to Rob Donn's Elegies on Lord Reay and the Earl of Sutherland. It may be of some interest to notice now what were the qualities which won the love of the bard in the case of those who held the golden mean in the social scale of his country.

Of old it has been said that so long as the middle classes of a nation are sound, healthy, high-toned in thought and action, so long the nation is safe and flourishing. Their vigorous vitality is able to absorb, without much harm, a good deal of what is corrupt either in the extreme above, or in the extreme beneath them. If this be true, the peaceful, manly inhabitants of bonnie Strathnaver, of all the other glens of the Reay country were, Rob Donn being witness, in no danger of perishing in their own self-produced decay. A pleasing picture hangs before us in the verses of our bard, in which we see a noble, cultivated, simple, contented, class of men, at home alike in the society of noble and peasant, and bridging by their position the distance between these two. These men, in their honourable pride of birth, in their self-respect, in their independence, in their prejudices, were themselves the natural fruit of the spirit which breathed among the people, and at the same time helped by their presence and example to give stability, visibility, and permanence in living flesh and blood to that spirit. Haughtiness from superior they would not brook; kindly attention to those who clung to them, and were dependent upon them, was their pride and joy. An able writer in the *Gael* says that Rob Donn is comparatively unpopular among southern Celts for the reason, among others, that the heroes of his song were unknown beyond the limits of their own country. That is true, and yet a man who blesses his own parish may be worthy of praise, may be such as to show that only opportunity was awanting to him to win laurels on a field to which the eyes of an empire are directed. Nor must it be forgotten that not a few sprang from such families who proved themselves not unworthy of higher trusts than could be their lot at home.

But every coin has its reverse side. Rob Donn leaves us no glowing description of a golden age, where no weeds spoilt the garden, where no mud defiled the tinkling brooks of an Arcadian Reay country. Nay, he tells us, as he told themselves, that some of its gentlemen were unworthy of the name—coarse, brutal, offensive, tyrannical, and mean. The poet laid his scourge on these while they were yet alive and able to take revenge, nor did their death prevent him, notwithstanding the venerable adage *de mortuis*, from giving expression, sometimes fierce enough, to the infamy which was their just reward. He would have the living take heed, and so he refused to decorate with immortelles the grave of the unworthy, but rather flung into it the emblems of rottenness and disgrace. To win the homage of the bard, something more was needed than mere abstinence from the seven deadly sins. This could be bestowed only on

those whose life was beneficence, whose death was a painful loss to friends and neighbours. Illustrations are not far to seek.

In the bard's own parish, for example, there lived in a snug house on the neck of land which projects in magnificent boldness into the Atlantic, at the northern angle of the southern shore of the splendid Loch Eriboll, two old bachelors, with plenty of sheep in their folds, and ever so many black cattle on their pasture lands. These brought gold to their chests, but no gladness to the poor. We don't expect laughter in an elegy, but if we turn to that composed on the tacksmen brothers of Rispond we shall find that the unexpected does happen—that an elegy may be amusing. These two men were not only united as springing from the same father and mother, but, says the bard, they were one as comrades, one in death which cut their thread almost at the same time, their life in time was one, their cloth was spun from the same wool, their characters were of a piece, and as a suitable conclusion to this unity the two worthies were stretched at the same time in the same grave! But this unity was a unity in meanness, a unity in hoarding, but not in dispensing, and so their memory is held up to ridicule by the poet, and becomes a text from which, by contrast, a nobler view of life is poetically enforced. Not even Horace himself is happier in describing the rich miser, whose gold might have been still in the mine, for any good it does its owner, or any other, than is Rob Donn in summing up the character of the outwardly decent, but selfish, masters of Rispond. "They never," says he, "to the knowledge of others, did anything immoral, but they were innocent of anything like grace, but were begotten, born, bred, and grew! The world held them for a time, and then death came and took them!" As a characteristic of the practical tendencies of Rob Donn's poetry, notice that he passes from his humorous description of the greedy heroes of Rispond to point out the absurdity of living for unused gold, of sacrificing comfort and beneficence to this graceless idol. In the moral which he preaches from the story which moves his muse, the poet shows us that there was not only poetry but far-reaching speculation actively at work behind those piercing eyes of his. He, too, had his thoughts on the ways of God to man. In particular, he came to the conclusion that poverty was due to the wise arrangement of the God of all. But why? The answer of the bard will not satisfy either the revolutionary, liberty, fraternity, equality dreamers, nor yet the over righteous, cast-iron supply and demand philosophers. It is that poverty exists for the good of the rich, for keeping alive their humanity, for developing within, and training to perfection the power to guide, instruct, comfort, and elevate their struggling brethren.

Let us follow for a moment the muse of Rob Donn as he deals out poetic justice to the memory of one who not only was grasping, like the men of Rispond, but who, unlike them, grasped by foul means. The scene in this case is placed at Rogart. The hero is a Robert, who was a substantial tacksman in that attractive region of hill and dale. Poor Robert finished the journey of time far away from home. His career was cut short somewhere in Perthshire, and though the sad news brought tears to the eyes of many from Cape Wrath to Dornoch, yet these tears were not the tears of the good, but of villains who had lost their guide, counsellor, and friend! We would fain hope that the unfortunate Grey

was not altogether so wicked as the savage lines of the poet make him out to be. Indignation truly makes the verse here. The poet avows that he strikes the guilty with delight, and repudiates the wish to persecute a gentleman. I suppose he means us to understand that his muse will not resign her freedom to the accident of her subjects being dead or alive. Anyhow, Grey's virtue did not entitle him to honour when he was in the flesh, and could not protect him when only his memory walked the earth. The concentrated bitterness of this satirical elegy might lead a German critic to argue that the poet was not merely castigating a bad man, but a man whose roguery had made a successful assault upon himself—had "done" him in the practical matters of trade in black cattle. Be that as it may, let us glance at the way in which this poor shade, erst of Rogart, is exposed *in terrorem* of all liars and crafty villains. Our Exchanges in the present day might be none the worse were there one or two Rob Donns in their vicinity, able and willing to turn their angry light and pungent ridicule on some ugly deeds which find a home under their splendid ceilings. "Every villain," says the poet in effect, "in the two counties wears to-day a gloomy countenance because of the message which has come from Perth. Their chief is dead. Clothed in the lying colours of truth, no right man ever put any faith in his word, even to a syllable, just as he himself never believed one word from the Almighty. Death is strong, but never gave such proof of his prowess as he did when at a stroke he laid Rogart in the dust. Satan, too, refuses to be comforted, and no wonder, even tho' his servant is now with himself, for as yet he has found no one worthy to be his successor! It is an old story that death is a messenger of gloom; but some to whom he was disgusting regard him now with a measure of kindly feeling. Indeed, the men of Caithness and Sutherland think they cannot praise death sufficiently for being the first to cheat the man who cheated others by the hundred. Let small and great, old and young, pay good heed to death, especially if the paw be full of prey and of wealth, for he comes as a thief, will surprise even at the festive table, and who can cheat him who cheated the Captain of the rogues. Devils and scoundrels in flesh and blood wanted to choose the most potent hypocrite, the best in wiles, deceit, and fraud, the neatest in polishing a lie. Satan, the oldest judge in that line, with a world wide experience, decided that such a man could not be found, unless among the Greys!!"

The poet, however, qualifies this savage attack on the whole race of the Greys, by making an exception in favour of Captain Grey, who had the honour of being rejected by the Father of Lies as unworthy to take the place of his departed namesake. He takes care to add, however, that the nobility of mind, and outspoken manliness which disqualified him for the vacant office of Captain of Liars were not his own by nature as a Grey, but were acquired from his happy connection by marriage with the Munroes. The poem concludes with a parting shot to individual Greys. The Captain's brother has vice enough to entitle him to the vacant leadership, but he is too young to receive its honours, but when his friend at Creich goes, then his time will have come!

This poem, as might have been expected, brought a nest of hornets about its author's head. The Greys showed some fight, and were not

without some formidable allies. Satire was revenged with satire. There were plenty poets in the land, and though their lesser light has been extinguished in the glory of the Reay Bard, they were by no means contemptible. One of these espoused the cause of the Greys, and ran a poetic lance through our poet's character and poetry. That his name was Rob the Brave was no cause of terror to the greater Rob. He was delighted at the new chance given to his faculty for satire. At once he pours forth a torrent of abuse on his brother poet, dwelling with shameful gusto on physical peculiarities. In his rage he withdraws some concessions formerly made to the good qualities of Captain Grey, and now declares that his marriage into a truly noble family did not secure for him its distinguished virtues—that in character each remains separate. The neatest verse in the poem is a description of Rob as one who would make a good priest for a man without religion; a good secretary for a circumventing knave; a steward for a merciless oppressing family; a tutor for the children of the barren!! With an expression of sincere regret that time has not dealt more kindly by the whitewasher of the Greys, so detestable to Rob Donn, that the other side of the question might be heard, we bid a peaceful adieu to the memory of those for whom our bard had nothing but war, and pass on to a serener atmosphere.

The next Elegy we shall glance at is intensely interesting, not only for the soft beauty of its poetry, but for the nature of its contents. The poet celebrates the virtues of one of the middle class ladies of his own day and country. Her name is Eliza Sutherland. Intelligence, morality, religion, must have prevailed among a people which produced a woman like her, and a bard capable, though technically illiterate, of appreciating her worth, and of embalming her fame in such strains as these. There is nothing mean, vulgar, or ostentatious, either in the subject of the Elegy, nor yet in the style and thought of the Elegy itself. We rise from the perusal of it, grateful to the poet for letting us see that culture, refinement, winning manners, are older than shooting boxes, colossal fortunes, and the march of intellect. Particularly pleasing is the revelation it makes of the influence wielded by the gentlewomen, to use a good old word, whom our bard knew, of the deep and tender reverence, freely rendered to them. If we turn to the Elegy, we discover the secret of their gentle power, the qualities in detail which won for them honour and affection. They found a fit home for themselves in the person of the wife of the tacksman of *Raoin*. The poet sings with a soft, subdued note the praises of that beautiful home. Elizabeth's history and character evidently made a deep impression upon his mind. He was, besides, admitted to her circle. He found in her no ordinary woman, and he describes what he saw with a firm, gentle hand. He would, if possible, keep alive her fame, not so much for her sake as for the sake of those still alive, in order to stir them up to emulate her goodness. Rob Donn had no sympathy with those who say that men owe nothing to their ancestry, as he dwells with delight on her fortune in being of a good family. He is ever proud of the present, in so far as it is linked to the past, grows out of it, and in its own life preserves what had accumulated in the traditions of family and clan. For this reason he loves to see in the moral beauty and personal attractions of the subject of his poem a fair copy of what had adorned in times

past the lives of a long line of ancestors on either side. To be interested in the past, as the poet was, is to be careful of the future—careful that the inheritance received shall be transmitted without dishonour to those who shall come after. This honour, too, was due to the memory of his departed friend. She had left behind her children who, unless their noon would belie the bright signs of their morning, would not disgrace the pure blood in their veins. Surely we may fearlessly say, that the singing of such sentiments in their hearing, as the bard teils us would be done by the bereaved husband, should greatly help to bring about a realisation of the bard's anticipations.

Rob Donn lays much more stress upon beauty of character, than upon beauty of person. The moral attracts him more than the sensuous. He cares little for elaborate painting in colours taken from the external. This may account for what his masterly critic in the *Gael* says of the comparative *unmusicalness* of his lines. Fine metaphors, subtle and melodious combinations of sound, gave him no concern. Neatness, brevity, point, antithesis, were his delight, and in these he need fear no comparison. Thus he disposes of the external attractions of his heroine in a line or two, and he does so by saying that these in their various forms, were such that they needed no mention from him. Such is not the manner of many other Gaelic poets, who are not unfrequently minute to trifling in their description of the external, though that habit, when at its best, has given a richness of colour, a fulness of style, a wealth of melody, to their poems, to which Rob Donn can lay no claim. In the poem before us, Donn is true to his genius. He would have a picture of the Lady of Raoin placed in the chamber of every young wife—a written picture of her actions, her speech, her understanding, her piety. He could not *write* such a picture, but he could, and did, reduce it to speech, if the mixed metaphor be forgiven. In doing so, he takes care that the virtues he describes are not lost sight of in the gorgeousness of the terms in which they are clothed. We may give a short sample in bold prose of some of the graces which adorned the "daughter of the Laird of Langwell." "Thy good breeding gave thee mildness and courtesy in the society of lowly Gaels; thy rich culture introduced thee to the highest English society; thy bearing was dignified in every company—whether it was haughty or genial; thy countenance beamed in presence of one who bore the seal of a religious spirit. . . . Thy hands were deft; thine intellect was keen, for nature and culture met both together there." There are ladies still in the land of the Reays who might be described in the very same terms, at home, in cottage, and hall, with Gaelic for the one, and English for the other. The more is the pity that there are others who affect the foolish pride of thinking the language of Rob Donn beneath their notice.

KINBRACE.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—First article on Ian MacCodrum received, and will appear in an early issue.

THE MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE, OF THE "BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."

—o—

THE following letter appeared in *The Inverness Courier;* and afterwards in *The Highlander, The Inverness Advertiser, The London Scottish Journal,* and *The Ross-shire Journal:*—

Celtic Magazine Office, Inverness, Feb. 4, 1878.

SIR,—Will you kindly permit me to appeal, through your widely circulated paper, to the admirers of the language and literature of the Gael at home and abroad, for their aid in erecting a decent monument to one to whom we all owe so much. If he had done nothing else than to collect the materials for, and compile "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," he would have deserved this at the hands of his Gaelic countrymen; but he has done much more: he has written, or translated, over thirty volumes of poetry and prose—secular and religious—many of which his countrymen daily peruse in their Gaelic vernacular, without having the slightest idea to whom they are indebted for placing these within their reach in their own language.

The monument is already ordered—a granite obelisk, 12 feet 6 inches high, on which it is intended to place an inscription in Gaelic and English —and will be ready in July next. In addition to this it would be most agreeable to place a slab at the head of his grave in the ruined old chapel in which he is buried, and in which it is impossible to erect the monument itself. At present there is nothing to indicate his last resting-place. This is a positive shame; but I feel sure that it only wants to be known to be at once rectified by his many admirers. A sum of about £50 has been already promised, but a few pounds more are necessary to enable us to carry out the proposed monument *and tablet.* The Gaelic Society of Inverness has collected about £10 among its members. Could not other Celtic societies do themselves the honour to follow the example?

The following extract from a letter just received from Evan M'Coll, the Bard of Loch-Fyne, is, I trust, sufficiently interesting to secure a place in your columns; and at the same time to rouse the interest of Highlanders in this movement. Mr M'Coll writes from Kingston, Canada:—"From a few words in your letter of last May, in reference to your relative, John Mackenzie, of 'The Beauties,' and the monument about to be erected in commemoration of his achievements as a Celtic writer, I would infer that you think John and myself were not personally known to one another. Unknown indeed! Why, my dear sir, John and I have eaten at the same table and slept in the same bed hundreds of times between the winter of 1835 and the spring of 1839, at which latter date I left Scotland for Liverpool, never again to meet with him in this life. We, however, continued to occasionally exchange letters up to within a year or two of his death. It was in the town of Greenock that we first met each other, and that at

the hospitable evening fireside of a most estimable friend of mine, and his too—Hugh Fraser, a citizen of Inverness, although at that time resident in Greenock, where he did business as a bookseller. Many a time have I listened, under Mr Fraser's roof, to our friend's favourite *Feadan* (chanter)—that inseparable companion of his, that often afterwards helped to chase dull care away from us both, when together in Glasgow 'cultivating literature on a little oatmeal.' Poor John! when I think of all the privations he endured in pursuit of his favourite object—the cold shoulder so often given to him by men who, if he were now living, would be proud to call him their friend—I may well admire the perseverance which enabled him eventually to make himself 'a name which the world will not willingly let die.' His works are his best monument, and yet I cannot help honouring you for your efforts to have his last resting-place marked by a memorial cairn worthy of so genuine a Gael; and as it would be very ungracious in me not to fling a stone in among the rest, I purpose sending you a guinea towards the general fund."

Trusting that others will follow such a good example and intimate their subscriptions to the honorary treasurer, Alex. Fraser, Esq., Drummond Estate Offices, 16 Union Street, Inverness; or to yourself, perhaps, sir, for John Mackenzie had, early in his career, an engagement on the *Courier*.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

ALEX. MACKENZIE.

TEACHING GAELIC IN HIGHLAND SCHOOLS.—The patriotic member for the Inverness burghs, Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, who has made this question peculiarly his own, and been busy in season and out of season forcing its attention at headquarters, has at length been successful in securing some recognition of its claims from the Education Department. His motion on the subject was fixed for Tuesday the 19th ult. in the House of Commons, when he had made every arrangement to secure influential support from hon. members in the House, but at the last moment it was announced that Lord Sandon and the Lord Advocate could not attend owing to indisposition, and that the discussion would have to be further delayed. This looked apparently fatal to the cause, but Mr Fraser-Mackintosh set to work, and after much correspondence and an interview with Sir F. Sandford, the Education Department has agreed, on his representation, to recognise Gaelic in the Code of 1878 to the extent of permitting it to be taught at least two hours a week, and to be utilised as a means of instruction in other branches. In this way the permitted time will be paid by Government grant, and the school funds may be applied in special payment to teachers. As these alterations met to some extent the object of Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's resolution, he has thought it advisable to accept them and to wait their effect before again moving in the matter. A number of petitions in favour of teaching Gaelic in the schools have been presented from various parts of the Highlands by School Boards and others, among the rest from parishioners of Tarbat, the Glasgow Highland Association, Glasgow Sutherland Association, Helensburgh Highland Association, Gaelic Society of Glasgow, Gaelic Society of Edinburgh, School Board of Tyree, parishioners of Barvas, parishioners of Moy, School Boards of Killearnan, of Boleskine and Abertarff, of Latheron, of Clyne; School Boards and parishioners of Assynt and of Contin; parishioners of Shieldaig, of Kilmuir, and of Stenscholl, Isle of Skye; South Ballachulish, and Glencoe, Gairloch, and Kilcalmonell; Gaelic Societies of Inverness and London, Ossian Lodge of Good Templars, Glasgow; and office-bearers of the Free Church, Portree.

WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M. INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS, ON GAELIC LITERATURE AND THE CELTIC CHAIR.

—o—

At our request, Mr Jolly has considerably expanded the remarks he made on these subjects, at the recent annual dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, so as to give fuller expression to his opinions in regard to them than was possible in an after-dinner speech. The paper will be found, as it now stands, a most valuable contribution to the discussion on the desirability of teaching Gaelic in Highland schools, and is exceedingly well timed.

When Mr Jolly rose to propose the toast of "Celtic Literature and the Celtic Chair," he was received with loud applause. He said the toast he had to submit to them was one he had particular pleasure in proposing, as he would endeavour to remove certain misapprehensions regarding the subjects included in it, speaking as a Saxon to Saxons, and mayhap to not a few Celts. He continued :—

It is not unfrequently asked, in real sincerity, Is there a Gaelic Literature other than the doubtful Ossian? Certainly, and a rich and good one. That has been shown to some extent in Gray's specimens from the Welsh bards ; by Matthew Arnold, when, in Oxford, he opened up in some measure this unknown field ; by Pattison, in his translations from the Gaelic poets ; but it has been proved beyond cavil or question, by our chief, Professor Blackie, in his brilliant sketch of that literature, and his more brilliant examples of its power and pathos. That one book is a sufficient answer to the question, an answer so good that it has taken our literateurs by surprise, and caused astonishment to the *Times*—that here, for generations, we have been neglecting and despising, with English self-sufficiency, a rich fountain of song, a mine of poetic wealth, at our very door. Henceforth, no history of British literature will be complete that does not include a Celtic chapter, merely as a statement of fact, if for no higher poetical, literary, or national reasons. I remember well when first I was introduced to this fountain of lyric fire and feeling, many years ago, away at the back of Schiehallion—when a Gaelic friend and myself, after ascending the great mountain cone, found a selection of Gaelic poetry in English, in Rogers' work, in an empty shepherd's sheiling at the foot of the mountain, along with the Bible, and Madeleine Smith's trial ! There we sat and read Dugald Buchanan's Last Day and other pieces ; and there I first got a glimpse into a vista of real poetry—in that lone Highland glen, a fitting place for a first experience of a literature that mirrors the grand, the sublime, the solitary, and the beautiful, among the wild glens and bens of the north. Since then, I have gone into the subject, and it is my simple conviction that it is a poetry and a literature

of remarkable power, high poetic fervour, wide sweep of emotional range —a proud possession for any people to have; which, as a nation, we have done ourselves an injury to have neglected. I am sure that this will be the opinion of all who study the subject, and this I assert, without fear of gainsaying.

The lyric fire burns in the heart of the Highland people, and poets amongst them are sown as wide as their native heather, and as much the native product of the mountains. Gaelic poets are so numerous, that a Highlander could challenge any one to name a district, almost a glen, in which, and of which, a poet has not sung. If we were even merely to *enumerate* the sons of song, from the Bard of Loch Fyne and Alister Macdonald in the south-west; to William Ross, the Gaelic Burns; and the sarcastic and clever Rob Donn in the north, who lies by his monument, in the old churchyard near Cape Wrath; and west to Mary Macleod at Dunvegan and MacCodrum in the Machars of North Uist, who rests near the hamlet of Houghary, under the rough gneiss flag, which Professor Blackie and I religiously visited: we should have a list surprisingly extended and honourable, which few peoples could show, in the same narrow and rugged territory.

The character of the poetry itself is also of no common order. It touches, delicately and powerfully, most strings of the human heart—from death and the battle ode, through fierce and terrible vengeance, manly independence, proud scorn, deepest sorrow, sarcastic and sparkling humour, to the sweetest feelings of home and country and nature, and the tenderest utterances of dearest love. Then its descriptions of nature antedated and anticipated Wordsworth and Burns and the modern naturalistic school by many a year. Witness the careful and beautiful delineations of the varied phases of nature, in the immortal poem of Ben Doran, and many more; the lovingly minute observations of natural scenes, wild animals, notably the graceful deer, and native flowers.

But poetry does not exhaust the wealth of the literature. There is strong and capital prose, of which the excellent *Teachdaire*, with its fine humour, powerful delineation of character, first-rate style, and high tone, is an excellent example. Look also at the floating song and proverb and story still existing among the people—a people in this respect both ancient and modern—which have been gathered, in part, in the four volumes of Campbell of Islay, which appear in the Celtic Magazines, and of which our good friend, Mr Carmichael, in Benbecula, has such a store, and to which he is constantly adding.

It is the knowledge of all this, amongst other things, that makes me contend for the need and wisdom of teaching Highland children, before leaving school, this rich educative literature. We require to rise above the bare utilitarianism of the three R's, to the greater functions of education—those of the higher intellect and heart; and these cannot be trained in any people except through their native tongue, the language of home, the fireside, and the field, and of the thousand memories of childhood and youth, the language of love and devotion—the only medium, therefore, of the culture of the heart and higher nature. This is a function of education which requires to be more realised than it is, and which Professor Blackie does well so strongly and so constantly to press on public attention, even that of the

Highlanders themselves. There is no doubt that Allan Cunningham speaks the truth felt by the universal human heart, when he says, "I cannot feel my heart's-blood coming warm, and my soul leaping to my lips, in any other music than that of my native country;" and the same is true of its literature, especially of its lyrical poetry, "the beauteous alliance of words with music" as he calls it. And where there is a literature in the native tongue of such power for such ends as exists in Gaelic, it is an educational and a national mistake to ignore it, as too many Highlanders themselves do. Not a Highland child should leave school, without being at least introduced to this wonderful source of enjoyment, and means of higher culture; just as no English child should leave school, without some possession of a similar kind in English literature: and, with *both* languages well taught, what a fine prospect Highland children might have, with access to the riches of both languages!

But there is a higher aspect of the question of teaching Highland children to read their native tongue. Is it not a vital loss, and a source of gravest regret, that any Highland man or woman should be found—as they are unhappily too often found—unable to read the words of the Sacred Volume, the source of their devotion and deeper feelings, and of the breathings of their souls in daily prayer? Surely no one, however utilitarian or anti-Celtic, will deny the advantage, nay, the imperative need, of every one being able to read the language of his pious aspirations, and the Book in which his highest hopes are centred, the language round which play the thousand hallowed memories and emotions that belong only to the tongue of early devotion and childish prayer. The Gaelic is the language of the Bible and the religious life of the Gaelic people, and the cry that Gaelic should not be taught means the shutting out of thousands from the possibility of using and knowing these with any intelligence.

Do let opponents of Gaelic observe that the question of teaching Gaelic, *while it is a spoken language*, is altogether apart from the question of the desirability of the extinction of Gaelic, for national or progressive purposes. This extinction might be, and would be, an advantage to the people in many ways which we cannot here speak of, as an integral portion of a great nation with a common life and daily literature. But that is not the point. Gaelic *is* the daily language of half-a-million people, and, *while it exists*, its higher educative power should be acknowledged and used. "The posies of our fathers and mothers it is not seemly to let wither!"

To do otherwise is a practical and educational mistake. Here, again, certain distinctions require to be made. In pleading for the teaching of Gaelic, I do not mean that English should be less taught than it is: English will be, and should be, taught as the language of the country, current thought, general intercourse, and national life. Being a foreign tongue to the Gaelic speakers, it requires as much time given to it from the first as possible, to gain any intelligent or practical power over it. I am glad the general Highland mind is what I consider sound on this question, and that only a very few contend for the educational heresy of beginning with the reading of Gaelic, a notion that has roused even sensible people against the *whole* subject, and made them condemn a good

thing on account of an ultra-enthusiastic advocacy of it. Use Gaelic as it should be used, to train the intelligence all through, *and there is no other way;* teach the child to read it, when he has gained a fluent reading power; introduce him then to his rich native literature, and through that natural medium, *and it is the only one*, thrill his soul with high poesy, fervid emotion, and the practical wisdom of his race; accustom him also to know the literature of the richer English speech, and, gain increased cultivation from its noble stores; and you follow nature, make use of a living lingual instrument of the highest power over the man, and give him the possibilities of higher education and a generous culture.

All this can easily be done, with a little practical knowledge of education, and it is to be hoped that our educational legislators will be enlightened enough, and patriotic enough, to help it. The demand is not a great one, to ask Gaelic to be make a *special subject*, like other languages, dead and living. But whether this is conceded or not, it becomes the Highland people, and friends of the Highlands, to do something themselves in order to secure greater justice to the native tongue and literature. Why wait for external Saxon help, if the thing is so dear to them? Let them talk less about it and do more for it!

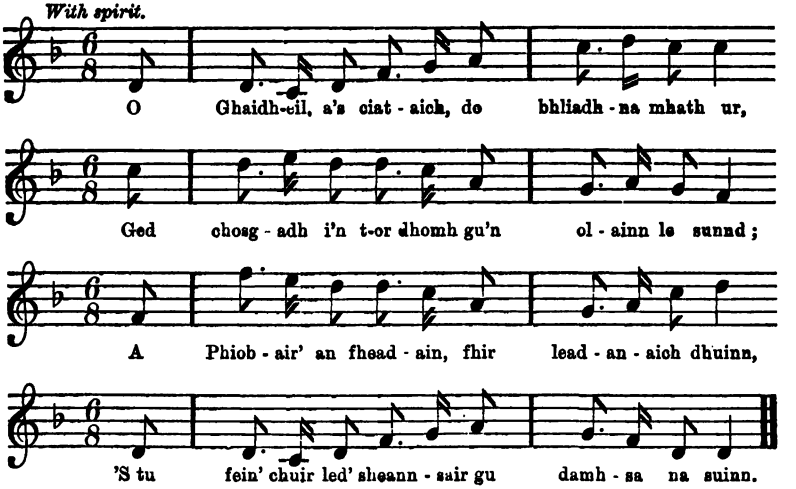
As to the Celtic Chair, that requires no commendation from me in such an assembly, or indeed for that matter in any gathering of Englishmen. It is now a great and an accomplished fact; and who could have done it but our redoubtable, enthusiastic, practical, poetical, broad-hearted, and high-toned Chief himself? Professor Blackie is not the mere impracticable enthusiast he is too often thought to be. He knows where he stands in this matter, as well and as clearly and practically as the hardest and driest among his critics. The Chair has been confounded and mixed up with many little questions, that have obscured its meaning and purpose. It has no relation to the question of the life or death of the tongue, which it will not accelerate or retard one single hour; it seeks to recognise a great factor in European speech, a wonderful philological instrument, as has been done in Germany, Wales, and Oxford; it wishes, while Gaelic is a living speech, to make it better understood, especially by those who have to use it in teaching and preaching; and it will help to gather, ere they perish, the still existing rare fragments of folk-lore and ancient thought and feeling, so as to be permanently preserved.

I beg to couple with the toast the names of Mr Murdoch, of the *Highlander*—a true Highlandman, with high, out-spoken, honest purpose, working well to rouse his people to real self-help and independence—and Mr Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, who has proved that Celtic subjects can pay even in the market; is rousing in the country an interest in Highland history and literature and in the more difficult problems affecting the Highland people, and has had the honour of starting the recent interest and inquiry into the vital subject of Highland crofts, which we all only wish will issue in the good of an over-humble and too submissive people.

[It will be observed, by reference to another page, that the principle of paying for teaching Gaelic in Highland Schools has been conceded by the Government.—Ed. C. M.]

LITERARY FAME!—OUR GAELIC DICTIONARIES.—There are peculiar facts connected with the history of our standard Gaelic Dictionaries which deserve to be better known. Macleod and Dewar's was entirely compiled by the Macfarlanes (father and son) of Glasgow; and the late Mr Macphun, the well-known publisher, for whom the work was got up, to secure the Dictionary a literary status and rapid sale, offered "Tormod Og" and Dr Dewar £100 each for the mere use of their names on the title-page. These gentlemen accepted the bribe, and robbed the Macfarlanes of their well-merited reputation; although it is well known that the Rev. Norman, of "*Teachdaire Gaidhealach*" celebrity, was not a Gaelic Scholar—could only spell the language phonetically. And the Macfarlanes not only compiled the Dictionary, but also did the main part of the work of the "*Teachdaire Gaidhealach*," for which our enthusiastic Celtic apostle, Professor Blackie, heaps so much posthumous laudation on the famous Norman, altogether ignoring his more deserving lieutenants. Armstrong's Dictionary, which is considered by competent judges to be the best, is mainly the work of another. We have been informed by a fellow-student of Dr Armstrong's that it was almost entirely got up by the famous Celtic scholar, Ewen Maclachlan, who was Rector of Aberdeen Grammar School when young Armstrong and our informant were students at the University. The future Doctor at this time had no Gaelic, but was beginning to study it, and discovering that Ewen Maclachlan had a MS. Dictionary—who was then, as he continued through life, in straitened circumstances—he offered him a small sum for it, which Maclachlan accepted. Armstrong made enquiries, and secured the aid of other Celtic scholars throughout the country; made additions and alterations; issued his Dictionary: and ultimately became famous on the strength of Maclachlan's scholarship. The Highland Society's Dictionary is also mainly the work of the same distinguished scholar, who brought it down, if we remember correctly, before his death to the letter O. A special part of the design—learned derivations from the Hebrew, and comparisons with other languages, had to a great extent to be given up, as no one could be found at the time capable of continuing the work in keeping with Maclachlan's original plan. It was finally entrusted to the Rev. Dr Macdonald, Comrie, and the late Dr Mackintosh Mackay, who was then schoolmaster at Portree. They, to a great extent, dispensed with Maclachlan's learned disquisitions, and completed the work as we now have it. Macalpine's Dictionary, though called after his name, is only his in part—the Gaelic-English. The English-Gaelic is entirely the work of the late John Mackenzie, Inverewe, the compiler and editor of "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." A peculiarity of this work is a preface by the latter to the Gaelic-English part, in which Macalpine's work is severely criticised. Such is the way by which some people become distinguished in literature—by appropriating the brains and the works of their less fortunate contemporaries.

ORAN DO CHAIPTEAN SIOSAL, FEAR ALLT-NA-GLAISLIG.

With spirit.

O Ghaidh-eil, a's ciat - aich, do bhliadh - na mhath ur,
Ged chosg - adh i'n t-or dhomh gu'n ol - ainn le sunnd ;
A Phiob - air' an fhead - ain, fhir lead - an - aich dhuinn,
'S tu fein' chuir led' sheann - sair gu damh - sa na suinn.

KEY F.

:l_1	l_1 :-.s_1	:l_1	d :-. r	:m	s :-.l	:s	s :—
:s	l :-.t	:l	l :-. s	:m	r :-. m	:r	d :—
:d	d' :-.t	:l	l :-. s	:m	r :-. m	:s	l :—
:l_1	l_1 :-.s_1	:l_1	d :-. r	:m	r :-. d	:l_1	l_1 :-‖

Bu shiubhlach an ribheid, 's bu mhilis an gleus
A's b' fhileant' na meoir 'thug an ceol a bha reidh ;
Gu'm b'uaibhreach an aigne 'bh'aig gaisgeach mo ghaoil,
'S bu rioghail an Gaidheal mac aillidh nan laoch.

O Shiosalaich ghasda, 's ceann-feachd thu le buaidh,
Sar shaighdear gun ghealtachd gun mheatachd dhuit dual ;
Thu shiol nam fear calm' agus dhearbh thu do choir
Air giulan ard ainm agus meamna do sheors'.

'S i 'n deise bu mhiann leat, an deise bu dual,
An deise 'bha gradhach le armuinn do shluaigh :
Cha bi 'bhriogais lachdunn a thaitineadh ribh
Ach feile cruinn socair an cogadh 'san sith.

O Fhir Allt-na-glaislig gur math thig dhut fhein
A' bhoineid 's am breacan aig clachan no feill,
Am feile beag cuaiche 's do shuaicheantas ard,
'S do leugan a' beillsgeadh mar dhaoimean gu h-aillt' !

A lasgaire chiataich 's tu 's fiachail' 's gach cuis,
Tha seirc agus maise a' lasadh na d' ghnuis ;
O c'ait an robh cuachag 'measg ghruagach na tir
Nach rachadh am fuadach leat, uasail mo chridh' !

'S tu sealgair an fheidh agus sealgair an eoin,
'S tu sealgair na h-eal' agus sealgair a' gheoidh,
Le d' ghunna neo-chearbach 's tu dh' fhalbhadh an fhrith,
'Sa shiubhladh an fhuar-bheinn air cruaidhead na sion'.

Do mhiann 'bhi 'sa' chreachan 'sam faighte 'n damh donn—
Ged 's luthor e 'leum bithidh e reubt' air an fhonn
'Nuair 'chuireas tu 'n cuilbhear gu cuimseach ri d' shuil
'S a shradas gu buadhor do luaidhe mu 'chul.

A Phiobair' an fheadain, ged 's beadarach binn
'Bhi d' eisdeachd 'an seomar 'n am ceol bhi ga sheinn,
Tha d' aigne cho ard ann an ar-fhaich nan tuagh,
'S an taobh air am bi thu gur cinnteach dha buaidh.

O ard biodh do bhratach a's tartrach do phiob
Fhir labhairt na Gailig gu manranach binn;
Tha m' earbsa, 'fhir chalma, a d' ainm 'bhi ga ghairm
Le eliu mar as coir dha, na d' choirneil air airm.

O 's rioghail an Gaidheal thu, ghraidh nam fear treun',
'Se caismeachd do phioba 'chuir m' inntinn gu gleus,
Thu leantuinn seann dualchas nam fuar bheannaibh fraoich—
An tir ghlan a b' abhaist 'bhi 'g arach nan laoch!

A mhor Ghaidheil chiataich, do bhliadhna mhath ur,
Ged chosgadh i 'n t-or dhomh, gu'n olainn le sunnd;
A phiobair' an fheadain, fhir leadanaich dhuinn
'S tu fhein 'chuir le d' sheannsair gu damhsa na suinn!

NOTE.—It is not necessary to say a word in praise of the above. The air is old and deservedly popular. The words are the composition of Mrs Mary Mackellar, the bard of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and are in praise of Capt. Archibald MacRa Chisholm, Glassburn, Strathglass, who discharged the duties of chairman with so much success at the last dinner of the Society; and their merit augurs well for their future popularity. As an illustration of his thoroughly Highland spirit, it may be stated that when asked for a song, the gallant Captain responded by saying he would give them "a song on the bagpipes." Then taking a *piob-mhor*, which belonged to the last Marquis of Seaforth, he played, in excellent style, several tunes, which had the effect of creating so much genuine Highland enthusiasm as is rarely witnessed anywhere Again, when the programme was finished, the Captain took his pipes to play a parting tune, and so soul-stirring did the music prove, to quote the words of the *Highlander*, "that the table which stood in the middle of the hall seemed to be whisked to a side, as if by magic, and a party of nimble Celts were irresistibly drawn into the mazes of the Reel of Tulloch, which closed the proceedings." Suffice it to say that when the Bard read the account of the proceedings in the newspapers, the muse had to find expression in the above song. —WM. MACKENZIE.

A SLUMBERING FAIR.

BY EVAN MACCOLL.

—o—

Hush! wild birds, hush your songs! Be still,
My throbbing heart, for pity's sake!
I fear me thy wild beating will
On Mary's rosy slumbers break.

Such sacred calm surrounds her bower—
So rich the balm its blooms dispense,
I marvel not *my* fairer flower
Thus sleeps the sleep of innocence.

She dreams, methinks. Ah! can it be
The vision of some chaste embrace
That causeth that warm blush I see
Quick-crimsoning her neck and face?

My beautiful, my darling one!
How gladly round thy neck I'd throw
My arms, save that no mortal man
Seems pure enough to touch its snow!

Those lips of Phidian curve divine,
That bosom, too, soft-heaving nigh,
Once, only once, to press to mine,
Methinks that I could gladly die!

Cease, cease, my heart, so vain a thought;
Here but to breathe on her would be
A sin 'gainst her and heaven, I wot,—
So pure, so holy seemeth she.

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CLUNY MACPHERSON AT CLUNY CASTLE.

High up in Badenoch, nine miles from Kingussie, on a slight eminence on the right of the road leading to Fort-William, stands Cluny Castle, the residence of Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, Chief of Clan Chattan. It is a plain but substantial building, commanding a magnificent prospect. The situation and its surroundings are just such as a great Highland Chief would be expected to choose for his home—retired, yet, for the district, central; the country subdued, open, and fertile in the immediate vicinity; but in the distance, on all sides, bold, majestic, grand, the Grampian range and the Cairngorms standing out in their magnificent "snow-capped towers," and forming a prominent and awe-inspiring scene. The furnishings—warlike instruments, illustrative of the past: targets, battle-axes, claymores, swords, dirks, guns, pistols, old armour, banners, stag and rams' heads, wild cats, swans, foreign heads and birds, and numberless other trophies of the battle and the chase—old relics and curiosities—evidence the taste of its occupant and the warlike predilictions of the old cavalier race from which he sprang. The old Chief himself—a well-knit, erect, sturdy Highlander, about the middle height, dressed in full Highland costume—salutes you in the Gaelic vernacular of his ancestors, which he speaks with purity and ease. He begins to show signs of advancing years, but still looking twenty years younger than he really is. The natural affability and courteous ease of manner characteristic of him, in spite of an unconscious air of dignity of countenance and of motion, at once puts his visitor at perfect ease, who soon finds himself discoursing on old Highland feuds and clan battles which naturally lead up to the doings and history of the Risings of the Fifteen and the Forty-five, in which his ancestors had taken such a prominent but unfortunate part.

The present Chief, Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, is one of the few genuine remaining links that connect the "good old days" of the patriarchal chiefs, who cherished and were proud of their people, and the

present, when generally the lairds look upon the ancient inhabitants of the soil much the same way as a cattle-dealer looks upon his herd—to make the most of them. The House of Cluny has a history and a genuine respect among the Highlanders of which he may well be, and is, justly proud; for the family have always taken a distinguished share in everything calculated to advance the interests of the country. The origin of the House of Macpherson is lost in dim antiquity. By the genealogy known as the "MS. of 1450"—the oldest Gaelic genealogy in existence —we find that Cluny is descended from "Muirich, or Murdoch, son of Swen, son of Heth, son of Nachtan, son of Gillichattan, from whom came the Clan Chattan."

There has been a long and warm controversay between the Chiefs of Mackintosh and the Chiefs of Macpherson, and others interested in them, regarding the chiefship of the great Clan Chattan, with the result that it is allowed by all disinterested parties that Cluny is undoubtedly the chief and male heir of that powerful and numerous Clan, while the Mackintoshes were for centuries its actual leaders or "Captains," in virtue of the marriage of Angus Mackintosh, sixth chief of that Ilk, with Eva, daughter and only child of Dugall Dall, the undoubted and acknowledged Chief of Clan Chattan in his day. There are various instances in Highland history where the husband of the heiress of the chief became the leader or "Captain" of the clan, but we are not acquainted with a single instance where the chiefship descended through a female.

Murdoch above-named, from whom the Macphersons derive the patronimic of MacMhuirich, became chief in 1153. On the death of Dugall Dall the representation of the family devolved upon his cousin and male heir, Kenneth, eldest son of Ewen Bàn, Murdoch's second son. Kenneth's son, Duncan Macpherson of Cluny, fought with Bruce, at the head of his Clan, at the battle of Bannockburn. He was granted a commission to expel the Comyns from Badenoch, and on their forfeiture, as a reward for his services, obtained a grant of their lands in the district, and was allowed to add a hand holding a dagger to his armorial bearings. Duncan's grandson, Donald Mòr, was chief in 1386, when a battle was fought at Invernahavon between the Clan Chattan and the Camerons, on which occasion a dispute arose as to the precedency of the respective chiefs of the principal families of Macpherson and Davidson, Cluny and his followers claiming the right wing, as the eldest branch. Mackintosh in an evil hour decided in favour of the Davidsons, when Cluny and all the Macphersons, highly indignant, withdrew from the field. The Clan Chattan was defeated, many of the Mackintoshes and nearly all the Davidsons having been killed in the conflict. Cluny, seeing this, though greatly offended, forgot his wounded pride and next day attacked the Camerons, completely routed them, and slew a great many of their number, including their commander; and it is generally believed that this quarrel was the original cause of the celebrated combat between the two Clans on the Inch of Perth so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott in the "Fair Maid of Perth."

The Macphersons adhered to the unfortunate Queen Mary throughout her disastrous reign; supported Charles I., and suffered much for their attachment to him; and, ever after, they continued, true as the dial to

the sun, unwavering and staunch Royalists, always supporting the Stuarts in whose interest Cluny took a prominent part in the '15.

In 1722 the chiefship devolved on Lachlan Macpherson of Nuide, whose eldest son, Ewen, was chief and became celebrated as a follower of Prince Charlie in 1745. In that year he was appointed to a company in Lord Loudon's Highlanders, on the side of the Government, and had taken the oaths; but on the arrival of Prince Charles, Cluny threw up his commission, and with six hundred Macphersons joined the Prince after his victory at Prestonpans. In the retreat from Derby the Clan greatly distinguished themselves, especially by their indomitable gallantry in the skirmish with the Government troops at Clifton. Lord George Murray commanded on the occasion, with Cluny at his side, at the head of the Macphersons, and when, receiving the fire of the Dragoons full in the face, and the balls whizzing about their ears, Cluny exclaimed, "What the devil is this?" at the same moment crying out "Claymore," and rushing, sword in hand, down to the bottom ditch of the enclosure, leading his men, and clearing the hedges as they went, they fell upon the King's troops, killing many of them and compelling the rest to fly for their lives. The Macphersons, commanded by their brave chief, formed part of the first line at the battle of Falkirk, but they arrived too late for the battle of Culloden—just after the Prince had fled from the field.

During the subsequent devastations and cruelties committed by the King's troops, Cluny Castle was burnt to the ground. when the other members of the family had to take shelter in a kiln in the neighbourhood,

For some time after this Cluny lived in hiding with Lochiel, in a retreat at Benalder, on his own property, near Rannoch. Wishing to see the Prince, he some time after this set out for Achnacarry, where he supposed him to be, and afterwards returned to Benalder, where he found His Royal Highness in a miserable hovel with Lochiel. On entering the hut Cluny was in the act of kneeling, when the Prince graciously prevented him, and kissed him, saying, "I am sorry, Cluny, you and your regiment were not at Culloden; I did not hear till very lately that you were so near us that day." They spent two nights together, and Cluny afterwards took the Prince to a more secure hiding-place, known as the Cage, which he had suitably fitted up for him, and where he remained concealed for several weeks, until the French frigate arrived, in which he ultimately made his escape to France.

The Government were so determined to capture Cluny, that they offered a reward of one thousand guineas and a company in one of the regiments of the line to any one who would bring him in, dead or alive; but the same faithful and loyal spirit which induced the Highlanders not to betray their Prince for thirty thousand pounds protected Cluny among his own followers, in spite of every attempt made to capture him. Every effort was made, and all imaginable means used for seven years, to discover his whereabouts, but all without avail. The Government now determined upon a final effort, and commissioned Sir Hector Munro, specially qualified for such a post, as he afterwards fully proved by his many desperate but fruitless efforts for two years to capture the fugitive. Munro was himself a Highlander, and knew the language of the people. He placed a detachment in almost every hamlet in the parishes of Laggan and Kingussie, and was

often, by various stratagems and sudden surprises, within an ace of being successful. Cluny's abilities, however, and the devoted attachment of his Clan, defied the whole power of Government and Sir Hector Munro. No sooner was an order issued, or any movement made by the troops, than intimation was made to the fugitive. He had many hairbreadth escapes, in which he exhibited resource and boldness of no mean order. Though every gentleman in the country knew his various haunts, and that he was occasionally the guest of his tenants, he never allowed more than one family at a time to know his place of concealment; and if by accident he was observed by any person, he at once removed to another. There were only four persons who knew where he could be found on all occasions, of whom one, James Macpherson, was his piper. These four always kept him supplied with food and other necessaries, and it was to one or other of them that any of his friends, even his wife, had to apply when they had anything in particular to communicate or send to him.

The following incident illustrates his great coolness and presence of mind in extreme danger:—After the burning of the castle, the family resided in a small cottage. On one occasion the Chief was on a visit, when the house was suddenly surrounded by the Government troops, commanded by Munro, who received such correct information, and managed the surprise on this occasion with such secrecy, that there was scarcely any possibility of escape. But Cluny's presence of mind stood him well, and saved him in this perilous emergency. Though he found himself on the brink of destruction, and about to fall into the clutches of his persecutors, in whose hands a certain and ignominious death awaited him, he maintained his coolness—deliberately stepped into the kitchen, and instantly changed clothes with one of his own men servants, walked outside to meet the officer in command as he marched up to the door, and, without the slightest hesitation or apparent concern, held the stirrup while the officer dismounted, walked the horse about while he searched the house, and on his return again held the stirrup while Munro mounted. The officer asked him if he knew where Cluny was? and received for answer, "I do not; and if I did I would not tell *you*." "Indeed, I believe you would not," returned the other. "You are a good fellow; here's a shilling for you."

Another noteworthy instance, out of many marvellous such, deserves to be told:—On one occasion as the soldiers were returning home from a fruitless search for Cluny, they met a young lad carrying what turned out on investigation to be a savoury dinner of venison; and correctly surmising that the dish was intended for the fugitive chief, they threatened the boy with instant death if he did not at once conduct them to his hiding-place. The boy led them over the hills for several miles, and their rigour towards him having somewhat abated by the exertion, following him in a rough, long, and dreary mountain walk, he began to gather a little more courage, and asked several curious questions regarding their arms and accoutrements, especially expressing great wonder at the weapon carried by the drummer. In broken English he asked him what kind of animal he carried inside such a large cage. In reply the drummer beat a tatoo, which, to all appearance, greatly delighted the Highlander; so much so, that he offered the drummer the dinner he was still carrying if he would

allow him to handle the wonderful instrument. The drummer, quite innocent of the *ruse*, slipped the belts round the boy's neck, who no sooner got possession of it, than he seized the drumsticks, and applied them with such vigour and effect, that the hills, far and near, echoed with the sound. They were soon almost in the immediate vicinity of the cave in which Cluny was in concealment. He heard the sound of the drum, as his faithful clansman had anticipated, thought the troops were close upon him, and hurriedly made his escape. The soldiers, led by the lad, were soon at the mouth of the cave, only to find it empty. They were naturally much chagrined and disappointed after such a long and difficult journey; but no suspicion fell on the boy, for in his innocent appearance there was nothing to suggest the clever device by which he had saved his master.

During the summer months he chose caves and hiding-places far up in the mountains, while in the winter he occupied artificial caves nearer home, one of which was made under the floor of a clansman's house at Ralia; another at Biallidmore, under the floor of a sheep-cot, belonging to a special confidant; but it was at Nesssintully he found the greatest comfort, quietness, and security, until this place of concealment was accidentally discovered by a worthless fellow, who divulged the secret, after which the unfortunate chief never again occupied it. This cave was constructed in a most unlikely place, in the wood, by James Dubh Leslie and his brother Peter, working at it only during the night; carefully carrying the soil in sacks, and depositing it at a considerable distance in the river Spey. The inside was lined with boards, the roof covered with tanned cow-hides, over which was placed a thin layer of gravel, covered over on the level surface with green sods. Inside was placed a comfortable bed, a table, two chairs, and a small press or cupboard, while a pane of glass was placed in an out-of-the-way corner to admit the light—the whole so ingeniously constructed as to make discovery almost impossible. It was in this manner that the famous Cluny of the Forty-five spent the last ten years of his eventful life. In 1755 he effected his escape to France, and died at Dunkirk in the following year.

Duncan, his son and successor, was born in 1750, in the kiln already mentioned, in which his mother, a daughter of Simon Lord Lovat, found shelter after the destruction of the castle. Being only six years of age when his father died, his uncle, Major Macpherson of the 78th Highlanders, acted as his guardian during his minority.

In 1793 he received back the forfeited estates; entered the army; afterwards became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3d Foot Guards; and, on the 12th of June 1796, married Catherine, youngest daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassifern, Baronet. On the 1st of August 1817, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Ewen Macpherson, the present Chief of Clan Chattan—twenty-third chief from MacGillichattain Mòr—who has now occupied that honourable position for the long period of sixty-one years. He was born on the 24th April 1804, and is therefore in the 74th year of his age, but still active and vigorous, looking, in his Highland dress, the very picture and embodiment of the really genuine and warm-hearted Highland Chief and gentleman he is universally admitted to be. He is well up in the history of his family, full of Highland traditions

and folklore, and delights his visitor by relating such reminiscences as are here presented to the reader. For several years he served in the 42d Highlanders—the Black Watch—of which his eldest son and heir, Duncan Macpherson, younger of Cluny, is the present Colonel; also in the First Royal Scots. He is Lieutenant-Colonel of the Inverness-shire Highland Rifle Volunteers, Deputy-Lieutenant and Magistrate of the County, Permanent Steward of the Northern Meetings, Governor of the Caledonian Bank, Director of the Highland Railway; and he takes a lively and intelligent interest in all questions affecting the Highlands—agriculture, and in the breeding of pure Highland cattle and blackfaced sheep, for both of which he obtained prizes at the Highland Society's Shows. In appreciation of his interest in everything Celtic, his kindness to his tenants, his encouragement of the Gaelic language in the wide district over which his influence extends, the Gaelic Society of Inverness in 1871 elected him their first Chief, and re-elected him for a second year. He more than once presided at their annual festivals, and is a life member of the Society. The town of Inverness in 1874 presented him with the freedom of the burgh, as a distinguished Highland Chief, one of the best landlords in the Highlands, and a good neighbour; while, at the same time, a similar honour was conferred on his gallant son, on his return from Ashantee, for his distinguished bravery while serving as senior Major, and in actual command of the famous Black Watch at the battle of Amoaful, where he was severely wounded. Cluny is a Presbyterian in religion, takes a deep interest in the Free Church, of which he is a member, and uses his influence in the School Boards of his district in favour of teaching Gaelic in the schools. He is, in short, a model chief, of whom, unfortunately, few are now to be found in the Highlands.

He, as befits the Chief of Clan Chattan, keeps up many of the ancient customs of the Highlands, encourages all the manly sports—shinty and shooting matches, tossing the caber, putting the stone—music (especially bagpipe music), and Highland dancing; and never sits at table without having his piper, according to the good old custom, playing on the great Highland bagpipes, and every morning the inmates are aroused by the piper marching round the Castle from seven to eight playing "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wakin' yet?" an appropriate tune, in more ways than one; for it was within two miles of Cluny Castle that Sir John Cope commenced his famous retreat in 1745. Cluny naturally delights and takes great pride in his large and unique collection of ancient relics and curiosities, many of which have an interesting connection and many touching associations with the warlike annals of his race; while others—trophies of the forest and the chase—indicate the sporting proclivities which were in the past associated with the warlike and cavalier spirit of the gentlemen of Clan Chattan. Here is the target made of wood in France for Prince Charlie, and worn by him at the battle of Culloden, covered with leather, studded with silver ornaments, and richly chased. It is surrounded in the hall by seven basket-hilted swords used by the Frasers in 1745. *There* is the shirt frill of lace left by the Prince at Fassifern the morning after raising his standard at Glenfinnan. Yonder are shirt studs and silver mountings. Here is the old MS. in the charter chest with Prince Charlie's autograph; and yonder, carefully treasured, are, perhaps the most interesting of all,

the Prince's autograph letter to Cluny, dated 18th September 1746, and the bronze plate for engraving notes, or paper money, which were never issued, found by a shepherd a few years ago at the west end of Loch Laggan, where it was lost by one of the Prince's followers while on their way to the cave at Loch Ericht.

The following is Prince Charlie's autograph letter:—"Macpherson of Cluny,—As we are sensible of your and Clan's fidelity and integrity to us during our adventures in Scotland and England in the years 1745 and 1746 in recovering our just rights from the Elector of Hanover, by which you have sustained very great losses, both in your interest and person, I therefore promise, when it shall please God to put it in my power, to make a grateful return suitable to your sufferings."

(Signed) CHARLES, P. R.

Is it to be wondered at, looking at these and the many other relics of the same description, and connected as they are with the same unfortunate period of our country's history, that the highly interesting historical incidents connected with the Fifteen and the Forty-five, to which reference has been already made, should have become the subject of mixed reflections and conversation!

The "Black Chanter" of Clan-Chattan—which has a peculiar interest for the family, and is highly prized by its possessor—is exhibited and handled with great care, for the prosperity of the House of Cluny is supposed to depend upon its possession. Of the many peculiar traditions related regarding it, one is—that its original fell from heaven during the famous Clan battle between the Macphersons and the Davidsons on the Inch of Perth; and that, being made of crystal, it was broken by the fall, when this one was made in *fac simile*. Another tradition has it, that this is the genuine original, and that the cracks in it were occasioned by its violent contact with the ground. The belief that it brings prosperity to the family, so long as it remains in their possession, was considerably strengthened by the fact that it was carried away in the eighteenth century—which might be called the black century for the House of Cluny—by the Laird of Grant, but was many years afterwards restored to its original possessors by one of his descendants. James Logan says regarding the "Feadan Dubh," that on a certain occasion when the Clan Grant were sorely disheartened, in consequence of the defeat of a body of them by three of the brave Macdonalds of Glencoe, "to re-animate them the chief sent to Cluny for the loan of the Feadan Dubh, the notes of which could infallibly rouse every latent spark of valour. Cluny is said to have lent it without hesitation, saying his men stood in no need of it. How long it remained with them at this time does not appear; but after it had been restored, the Grants again received it, and it remained with them until 1822, when Grant of Glenmorriston presented it to Ewen Macpherson, Esq. of Cluny, the present worthy chief. . . . . The Macphersons assuredly, whether in consequence of the fortunate talisman or their own bravery, have never been in a battle which was lost, at least where their chief was present. Before the battle of Culloden, an old witch, or second seer, told the Duke of Cumberland that if he waited until the bratach uaine, or green banner, came up, he would be defeated." Among the various specimens of ancient weapons in the castle there are no less

than twenty-four very fine claymores, and several swords, among which are not a few Ferraras. Here is the "Charmed Sword," worn by the present Colonel of the Black Watch during the Indian Mutiny, so-called from the tradition that no one using it was ever killed in an engagement. *There* are two, taken respectively by Cluny and an ancestor of Macpherson of Biallid, from their adversaries at Penrith; and yonder is a weapon not much less interesting—the claymore worn by the present chief himself while serving in the Black Watch, the 42d Royal Highlanders. Here, carefully treasured, is a piece of the colours of the same celebrated regiment carried at Waterloo; of another, carried in the Crimea and in the Indian Mutiny; as also a piece of the colours of the 93d Sutherland Highlanders—of which Cluny's second son, Ewen, is Major—carried at Balaclava. Here is the brass candlestick used by Cluny of the Forty-five, and carried about by him to his various places of concealment; also, the snuff-mull, bound with an iron hoop, made and fixed on by himself—his constant companion during those eventful years. These, with numberless other relics of the past—trophies of the chase at home and in foreign lands—the position of the Castle and its natural surroundings, impress the visitor with the complete propriety of the place and its contents as a suitable and appropriate home for the courteous, spirited, and genuine Highlander, and, withal, proud chief who lives in it—whose greatest delight in his old age is to glance at, and ruminate on the eventful history of the past through his warlke and sporting surroundings; at the same time priding himself not a little, and not without good cause, upon his proved loyalty to his sovereign Queen Victoria, having personally served her in the line and the reserve, and furnished her army with three gallant sons —a colonel, a major, and a captain—than whom there are no braver in Her Majesty's Service. A. M.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Simon Mackenzie, Penola, Australia—Copy of notice of the "Ministear Laidir," from Statistical Account, received with thanks; but we had a Memoir prepared, in which the particulars are given at greater length, which will appear in our next; also, "Notes on Celtic Philology," by Hector Maclean, Islay; and the first of a series of papers on "Ian MacCodrum," the Hebridean Bard.

THE HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.—We may answer several enquirers at once by saying that it *is* our intention to publish the "History of the Clan Mackenzie" with several important additions, and valuable original documents, in book form, if a sufficient number of subscribers are forthcoming to insure us against loss. It will form a bulky volume of at least from 400 to 500 pages. demy octavo.

PRESENT CLAIMS ON GAELIC-SPEAKING HIGHLANDERS.*

By Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A.S., M.P.

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Institutions like that of the Gaelic Society of London have two main and leading objects—the one, to preserve all that is interesting in the past, and the other to foster and develop vitality in the present.

We have had, as a rule, hitherto a great deal of the first, and until lately, but little of the second, though I cannot but think it is the more immediately important. Therefore I have selected it as the subject of the present paper.

Now (1st), what is our position at present as Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, and (2d) what are we called upon to do?

Upon these two points I now offer some observations. First, springing from a limited locality as the source, we find our race scattered not only over Great Britain, its Colonies and Dependencies, but also, in a lesser degree, found in all parts of the civilized world. We are of course Scotsmen, and this is a great bond of union; but we are something more, we are Highlanders, with distinctive dress and language. In these respects, while differing from other Scotsmen, and thinking it right to preserve these distinctions, we, at the same time, do not arrogate to ourselves such an exclusive or superior position as could be held offensive to our brother Scots. But are we allowed unquestioned to take up this proper and legitimate position, and assert our distinction? Not so. Anything of the kind is sometimes resented, more frequently scouted and ridiculed, and this not always by Saxon or stranger, but, alas! by some dwelling in the very Highlands, and not without influence there.

The old feeling of the Lowlander against the Highlander is far from being extinct. No stronger illustration of this could be found than the article which not long ago appeared in that respectable publication, *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, and said to be written by the chief proprietor. Some of those I address may have seen the article, and like myself been pained by its narrow, irritating, and mischievous aim and character. This, then, is our position at present. We find our race scattered all over the world, with a bond of union distinct and exclusive, hallowed to us by all the recollections of a glorious past. This it would be traitorous to resign or forget, even if we inclined or desired so to do, which God forbid.

At the same time, we find that the moment we assert our distinctiveness we are opposed—the most favourable feeling entertained, probably

* Delivered before the Gaelic Society of London on the 13th of March 1878.

being that of a kind of good-natured, but contemptuous indifference. I think it will be generally admitted that what I have said is a correct representation of the present position of Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, and it sufficiently exhausts the first part of the subject as I purpose treating it.

Second, What are we called upon to do? This point may be considered under two heads, the first sentimental, the second practical. Under the first, How many races and nations exist on the globe? Many of these have great advantages of climate, of historic renown, and otherwise. Would any of us, had we our free choice, have selected being born other than we have been—Highlanders? I should say No. Cradled it may have been midst the rude tempests and blasts that scourge our Western Isles, or midst the biting cold of the mountain sides, nursed, it may be, in poverty; yet would we not exchange our birth land for the fairest portion of God's earth. Our position then, in these circumstances, is never to lose sight of, nor forget that we are Highlanders. Let it be no wearing on the sleeve, as the saying is, to be thrown off when convenient or expedient. No, it must be the leading, guiding, animating spirit of our whole life, only to be relinquished with our last breath. By so doing we give tone to our life, stamp our individuality, and vindicate the undyingness of our race. Further, this will sweeten our enjoyments, cheer and console us under discouragements and difficulties.

But let us come to the main part of this paper, and which I purpose treating of more fully, viz., the practical part of the question, What are we to do? What ought we, what are we bound to do? 1st, I should like to say one word as to dress. This, in my view, is of some consequence. We ought to encourage the wearing of the dress as much as possible, in especial among the young—not as is frequently the case, with too much ornament, but in a simple, becoming manner. It is well known that to him accustomed to it, the Highland dress gives an ease and dignity not found attaching to any other garb. 2d, Every Gaelic-speaking Highlander should belong to a Highland Association in his neighbourhood, and if none exist he should set himself, should there be but two or three within reasonable distance, to form such an Association. The objects of these Associations should be principally to preserve everything to themselves historically interesting, connected with their respective localities, and to promote, at the same time, present interests. In the next place, to federate and affiliate themselves with larger and more important Societies in the great centres of population. Nothing can be more pleasant to the true Highlander than to hear of, and read the accounts of the annual and other meetings held by numerous Associations and Societies of Highlanders in Scotland and elsewhere, all breathing the same spirit of that nationality, union, and clanship which we love to cherish. But these ought also to have higher and more practical and present ends and aims. If I may so describe my meaning there must be federation in order to united action, and the assertion, vindication, and bringing to bear of Highland sentiment and demand upon questions and exigencies of the day. We have several important questions to deal with, such as the present state, and desired amelioration of the Highland crofter, the necessity of emigration in some cases, its disadvantage in others. I might also point to the desirability of having a new, uniform, and cheap

re-publication, competently edited, of every Gaelic work hitherto printed, in order to be within reach of all, and to place our literature in a position of prominence and easy reference. All these are objects which will demand, not only the time and thought of local Societies, but also the combined efforts of federation, before they can be successfully attained and worked out. Of old, the appointment of chiefs and leaders was elective, and it is quite in consonance with these ancient views, that now the elective principle should with us be so largly in operation, and chiefs and chieftains be elected from time to time to preside over our Associations. 3d, Local Associations should do everything in their power to assist poorer brethren. In some cases, for instance those of the old and destitute, help may well take a pecuniary form; in others, kindly counsel and warning will prove highly advantageous; and as regards the young, assistance and united effort in procuring them a start in life, may be found invaluable, and the ladder to ultimate fame and success.

Again, we have the most clamant call to place our language on a sound and secure basis. We do not grudge to the English language that predominance which it has and deserves, but our knowledge of Gaelic does not in the least unfit, but rather assists us in appreciating the full benefits of the dominant language.

As regards Gaelic in its higher educational aspect, we now have every prospect that the Celtic Chair will be established, and with a fair endowment. The sum subscribed is highly satisfactory—thanks to the vigorous and sustained efforts of Professor Blackie and other patriotic men. But the value of money, we know, is diminishing, and, to do the Chair justice, the Professor ought to have one or two assistants. I should say that an income of £1000 a year is the minimum which should be kept in view in name of annual endowment. Possibly Government might give a grant in supplement of the present funds, but if this were done, a voice in the appointments would be asked, and it would in many respects be preferable that we were free from Government patronage. Many have subscribed liberally at home and abroad; still a great number have not, and I do not see why every person speaking the Gaelic language all over the world should not subscribe, even although in many cases it were but a shilling. Societies like yours should find out in your several localities who have not subscribed, and by means of canvassers and visitors, leave not a single Gaelic-speaking person without being directly appealed to; and you should not rest satisfied until the Celtic Chair, as regards funds, is found placed on a sure and permanent footing. Next, I would advert to the necessity of all magazines, newspapers, and publications devoted to the Gaelic language and to Highland interests being vigorously supported by Associations and Societies, corporately and individually. These publications have a deal to contend with, and by being to some extent devoted to the interests of a limited number, they have not therefore general support. The greater reason, however, that Highlanders should make it a point, not only of supporting them by subscription, but also of relieving them of some expense by contributing such information as they may be possessed of, and which would be interesting to their countrymen.

I come now to the last part of my subject, and certainly not the least important, viz., the teaching of Gaelic in our National Schools, where this

is necessary. You are aware that this subject, since the passing of the Act of 1872, has excited great interest. The Education Department would at first concede nothing, and, until the Code of 1878, just issued, the only reference to the Gaelic language was this, viz., that the intelligence of the children might in certain districts be tested by and through that language. In localities where Gaelic is the mother-tongue, it would be superfluous, if not impertinent in me, to adduce argument to support the view that education without making any use, in fact ignoring that language, must be defective, and a gross injustice to the children. There had been for years such a desire to stamp out the language as a barrier to knowledge, that those who adopted that view would listen to neither reason nor argument. They declined to recognise that Gaelic did exist as a mother-tongue, and that it must be fairly dealt with, at the very least, during the period of transition, which education generally, and the Gaelic language as a spoken tongue, is now undergoing. We may have our views and ideas as to the preservation of Gaelic, but none of us can desire that it continue to be the sole language of a people. If it were, as long as it so remained, such people would be placed at great disadvantages. To bridge over the period during which Gaelic is the mother-tongue, we must in every way utilize the language in those localities where it prevails.

For the last four years pressure has been brought to bear upon the Education Department to recognise Gaelic, and at last we have been enabled to get substantial concessions. But unless School Boards do their duty, no result will follow. We wanted, amongst other things, that the Gaelic language be made a special subject, to be paid for by Government Grant. That point has not been conceded, but it is open for re-consideration and remonstrance in the future. What has been obtained is this—that Gaelic may be taught during school hours, and the time in so doing, which is not restricted, counts in the Attendance Grant. Further, the School Funds, other than Government Grants, may be lawfully applied in paying teachers and for results. These concessions are substantial, as I have said, but we must see that they are not allowed to remain a dead letter. Action must be taken by the School Boards, and it should be one of the paramount objects of Societies like yours, and of every Highlander, to see that the 300 schools, which have either directly declared, or are known to be favourable to Gaelic instruction, shall forthwith take steps to have Gaelic taught for such time in the day as is best suited for each particular locality and case, so that, at least, every Highland child shall hereafter be able to read their Bible in the mother-tongue; and next, to see that a reasonable part of the school funds are paid to efficient teachers of Gaelic. Upon this point of teachers, I am glad the objection so generally urged, that Gaelic teachers could not be had, has been disproved by the Parliamentary Return. This conclusively shows that such teachers are available, but they deserve more encouragement than that sanctioned by the Code, or which is likely to be granted by School Boards, unless these Boards are looked after carefully. It should be made well worth while to the teachers, that Gaelic be taught efficiently; and as regards Government Inspectors in Highland districts, if imbued with true Celtic spirit, like Mr Jolly of Inverness, they ought to receive encouragement and support from every Highlander and Association in the discharge

of their important duties. After satisfying ourselves that School Boards do their duty strictly in these respects, we can with great propriety and effect, supplement their exertions by giving prizes of books, or granting small sums of money, to the best scholars; and I should not rest satisfied myself until every school where Gaelic was taught came to be under the immediate inspection of some of our Societies for the objects I have indicated. The smartest and cleverest boys in Gaelic would then come to the front, and a few of the best of them might be helped to enter secondary schools and Universities, in due time to become worthy ministers, inspectors, and teachers, and fill other responsible positions. Some efforts in this direction have already been made, and with great success. But I aim at its being universal, and that not a single Highland school, however remote, poor, or small, should want the assistance and superintendence I have referred to.

Further, with regard to those School Boards which decline to satisfy our just aspirations and wishes, and it will be found in the Returns laid before Parliament that there are some rather glaring cases, and in purely Highland districts, very decided action should be taken to bear upon them, and if without effect, to take steps at the first new election to return members truly representing popular desire. Lastly, I would allude to the immediate necessity of having Gaelic primers and other elementary works suitable for being used as Gaelic lesson books prepared by competent scholars and sold at suitable prices. Some of our principal Gaelic scholars would no doubt be glad to give their assistance in this matter, and in a manner suited to present circumstances and requirements. Much of the success of teaching in schools must depend on these books being of a suitable character.*

These, gentlemen, are some of the points I think Gaelic-speaking Highlanders are called upon to attend to. There are many others, which I ought to refer to, had I not wished to confine my observations within reasonable bounds, and to refrain from requesting your attention except to suggestions which are of practical, immediate importance, and within your province and power, at once, to take up and deal with. I shall have more than fulfilled the object I had before me if I awaken attention, followed by action, to those I have alluded to. You, the Gaelic Society of London, who last year so happily celebrated your Centenary, have much in your power, and should worthily, as of yore, take a lead in the preservation and development of everything that concerns and interests *Tir nam Beann nan Gleann 's nan Gaisgeach.*

* Since the foregoing was written, I am delighted to hear something has already been done in this matter. That most zealous and earnest Highlander, the Rev. J. Calder Macphail of Pilrig, Edinburgh, writing to me under date 2d March current, says:—"Upon being satisfied with the changes made in the Code, I went at once to the Nelsons, publishers, to get them to prepare suitable books. They have entered most cordially into the matter. A beautiful illustrated Gaelic Primer, revised by Dr Maclauchlan, is already in type, and I hope to have the pleasure of sending you a copy of it next week. It has the Gaelic and English page for page. They are to do the whole series of their 'Royal Readers' in the same way; and when these are ready and put into the hands of the Gaelic-speaking children, I think it is not too much to say, that the youth of the Highlands will then have an opportunity of learning both Gaelic and English, such as they never had before."

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

—o—

[Continued.]

VIII. COINNEACH OG, or Kenneth the Younger, was also called Sir Kenneth. When King James the Fourth in 1488 succeeded to the throne, he determined to attach to his interest the principal Chiefs in the Highlands. "To overawe and subdue the petty princes who affected independence, to carry into their territories, hitherto too exclusively governed by their own capricious or tyrannical institutions, the same system of a severe, but regular and rapid administration of civil and criminal justice, which had been established in his Lowland dominions, was the laudable object of the King; and for this purpose he succeeded, with that energy and activity which remarkably distinguished him, in opening up an intercourse with many of the leading men in the northern counties. With the Captain of the Clan Chattan, Duncan Mackintosh; with Ewen, the son of Alan, Captain of the Clan Cameron; with Campbell of Glenurghay; the Macgilleouns of Duart and Lochbuy; Mackane of Ardnamurchan; the lairds of Mackenzie and Grant; and the Earl of Huntley, a baron of the most extensive power in these northern districts—he appears to have been in habits of constant and regular communication—rewarding them by presents, in the shape either of money or of grants of land, and securing their services in reducing to obedience such of their fellow chieftains as proved contumacious, or actually rose in rebellion."* In accordance with this plan he determined upon taking pledges for their good behaviour from some of the most powerful Clans, and, at the same time, educate the more youthful lairds into a more civilized manner of governing their people. Amongst others he took a special interest in Kenneth Og, and Farquhar Mackintosh, the young laird of Mackintosh; both of whom were closely connected with the disinherited Lords of the Isles, and with one another, on the mother's side.† They were both powerful, the leaders of great Clans, and young men of great spirit and reckless habits. They were accordingly apprehended in 1495, and sent to Edinburgh, where they were kept in custody in the Castle, until a favourable opportunity occurring, in 1497, they escaped over the ramparts by the aid of ropes secretly conveyed to them by some of their friends. This was the more easily managed, as they had liberty granted them to roam over the whole bounds of the castle within the outer walls; and the young gentlemen, getting tired of such restraint, and ashamed to be idle while they considered themselves fit actors for the stage of their Highland domains, resolved to attempt an escape by dropping over the walls. In going over Kenneth injured his leg to such an extent as to incapacitate him from

* Tytler, vol. iv., pp. 367-368.

† Gregory at p. 91 says:—"The mothers of these powerful chiefs were each the daughters of an Earl of Ross, Lord of the Isles."

rapid progress; but Mackintosh manfully resolved to run the risk of being captured rather than leave his fellow-fugitive behind in such circumstances. The result of this accident, however, was that after three days' walking they only managed to reach the Torwood, where, suspecting no danger, they put up for the night in a private house. The laird of Buchanan, who was at the time an outlaw for some murder he had committed, happened to be in the neighbourhood, and, meeting the Highlanders, entertained them with a show of kindness, by which means he induced them to divulge their names and quality. A proclamation had been recently issued promising remission to any outlaw who would bring in another similarly circumstanced, and Buchanan resolved to procure his own freedom at the expense of his fellow-outlaws; for he was well aware that such they were, knowing them previously as His Majesty's pledges from their respective Clans. He therefore watched his opportunity until they had retired to rest, when he surrounded the house with a band of his followers, and charged his captives to surrender. This they declined; and Mackenzie, being of a violent temper, and possessed of more courage than prudence, rushed out with a drawn sword "refusing delivery and endeavouring to escape," whereupon he was shot with an arrow by one of Buchanan's men. His head was severed from his body, and forwarded to the King in Edinburgh; while young Mackintosh, who made no further resistance, was secured and sent on as a prisoner to the King. Buchanan's outlawry was remitted, and Mackintosh was confined in Dunbar, where he remained until after the death of James the Fourth at the battle of Flodden Field.* Buchanan's base conduct was universally execrated, while the fate of young Mackenzie was lamented throughout the whole Highlands, having been accused of no crime but the natural forwardness of youth and having escaped from his confinement in Edinburgh Castle.

Under our last heading—Kenneth of the Battle—we have shown pretty conclusively, in spite of various authorities to the contrary, that Kenneth Og succeeded his father in 1491; but we shall now place the question of his doing so absolutely beyond dispute by the following extract from the published "Acts of the Lords of Council," p. 327, under date "17th June 1494. The King's Highness and Lords of Council decree and deliver that David Ross of Balnagown shall restore and deliver again to Annas Fraser, the spouse of THE LATE Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, seven score of cows, price of the piece (each), 20s; 30 horses, price of the piece, 2 merks; 200 sheep and goats, price of the piece, 2s; and 14 cows, price of the piece, 20s; spuilzied and taken by the said David and his Complices from the said Annas out of the lands of Kynlyn (? Kinellan), as was sufficiently proved before the Lords; and ordain that letters be written to distrain the said David, his lands, and goods therefor, and he was present at his action by this procurators." It is almost needless to point out that the man who, by this unquestioned authority, was THE LATE Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail in 1494 could not possibly have died about, or "*circa*, 1506," as Mr Fraser asserts in his "Earls of Cromartie." It is admitted on all hands that Kenneth Og was

* Gregory, p. 93; and MS. History by the Earl of Cromartie.

killed, as above, in 1497, and must, therefore, have ruled as one of the Barons of Kintail, though, possibly, he was never formally served heir. He was not married, but left two bastard sons—the one by the daughter of the Baron of Moniack, known as Rorie Beag; and the other by the daughter of a gentleman in Cromar, of whom are descended the Sliochd Thomais in Cromar and Glenshiel, Braemar, the principal families of which are those of Dalmore and Renoway. He was succeeded by his eldest brother by his father's second marriage with Agnes or Anne, daughter of Hugh, third Lord Lovat,

IX. JOHN, known as "of Killin," from his having generally resided there, was, as we have seen, the first son, by Agnes or Anne, of Lovat, and there being no regular marriage between the parties, the main body of the clan looked upon him as illegitimate. Hector Roy Mackenzie, John's uncle, and progenitor of the House of Gairloch, was a man of great prudence and courage, and for that reason was appointed, by Alexander, tutor to Sir Kenneth, who was killed in the Torwood, though Duncan, being an elder brother of Hector Roy, by Alexander's first wife, had, according to custom, a prior right to this honourable and important trust. Duncan is, however, described as one who was "of better hands than head"—more brave than prudent. On the death of Kenneth Og, Hector found himself in possession of great estates. He had already secured great popularity among the clan, whom he had often in the past led to victory against the common enemy. He objected to John's succession on the ground of his being the illegitimate son of Lovat's daughter, with whom his father, Kenneth, at first did "so irregularly and unlawfully cohabit," and John's youth encouraging him, Hector, it is said,* proposed an arrangement to Duncan, whom he considered the only legitimate obstacle to his own succession, by which he would transfer his rights as elder brother in Hector's favour, in return for which he was to receive a considerable portion of the estates to himself and his successors. Duncan declined to enter into the proposed arrangement, on the ground that the Pope had, in 1491, the year in which Kenneth's father died, legitimised the marriage with Agnes Lovat, and thereby restored the children of this union to the rights of succession. Finding Duncan unfavourable to his project, Hector declared John illegitimate, and held possession of the estates for himself; and the whole Clan, with whom he was a great favourite, submitted to his rule. It cannot be supposed that Lord Lovat would have been a disinterested spectator of these proceedings, and in the interest of his sister's children he procured a precept of *clare constat* from James Stewart, Duke of Ross,† and Arch-

* MS. History by the Earl of Cromartie.

† After the forfeiture of the ancient Earls of Ross, the district furnished new titles under the old names, to members of the Royal family. James Stewart, second son of King James the Third, was created in 1487 Duke of Ross, Marquis of Ormond, Earl of Ardmanach, and Lord of Brechin and Navar. The Duke did not long hold the territorial Dukedom of Ross. On the 13th of May 1503, having obtained the rich Abbey of Dunfermline, he resigned the Dukedom of Ross into the hands of the King. The Duke reserved for his life the hill of Dingwall beside that town, for the style of Duke, the hill of Ormond (above Avoch) for the style of Marquis, the Reidcastle of Ardmanach for the style of Earl, and the Castle of Brechin, with the gardens, &c., for the name of Brechin and Navar. The Duke of Ross died in 1504. It was said of him by Ariosto, as translated by Hoole—

bishop of St Andrews, in favour of John as heir to the estates. The precept is "daited the last of Apryle 1500 and seasin thereon 16 Mey 1500 be Sir John Barchaw and William Monro of Foulls, as Baillie to the Duk."‡ This precept included the Barony of Kintail, as well as the lands held by Mackenzie of the Earldom of Ross, for the charter chest being in the possession of Hector Roy, Lovat was not aware that Kintail was at this time held direct from the Crown; but notwithstanding all these precautions and legal instruments, Hector kept possession and treated the entire estates as his own property. Sir William Monro, the Duke's Lieutenant for the forfeited Earldom, was dissatisfied with his conduct, and resolved upon punishing him. Munro was in the habit of doing things with a high hand, and on this occasion, during Hector's absence from home, he, accompanied by his Sheriff, Alexander Vass, went to Kinellan, where Hector usually resided, held a court at the place, and as a mulct or fine took away the couples of one of Hector's barns as a token of his power. When Hector discovered what had taken place in his absence, he became furious, and sent a message to Fowlis to tell him that if he were a man of courage and a "good fellow" he would come and take away the couples of the other barn when he was at home. Monro, sorely offended at this message, determined to accept the bold challenge conveyed in it. He promptly collected his own followers, with the Dingwalls, and the Maccullochs, who were then his dependants, to the number of nine hundred, and started for Kinellan, where he arrived much sooner than Hector, who hurriedly collected all the men he could in the neighbourhood, anticipated. He had no time to advise his Kintail men or those at any distance from Kinellan, and was therefore unable to collect more than one hundred and eighty men. With this small force he wisely deemed it imprudent to venture on a battle on such unequal terms, and decided upon a strategy which, if it proved successful as he anticipated, would give him an advantage that would more than counterbalance his enemy's superiority of numbers. Having supplied his small but resolute band with provisions for twenty-four hours, he led them secretly, during the night, to the top of Knock-farrel, a place so situated that Monro must needs pass near its north or south side in his march to and from Kinellan. Early next morning Fowlis marched past, quite ignorant of Hector's position, and expecting him to have remained at Kinellan to implement the purport of his message. He was allowed to pass on unmolested, and, supposing Hector had fled, he proceeded to demolish the barn, ordered its couples to be carried away, broke all the utensils about the place, and drove away all the cattle, as trophies of his visit. In the evening he re-

"The title of the Duke of Ross he bears,
No chief like him in dauntless mind compares."

The next creation of the title of the Duke of Ross was in favour of Alexander Stewart, the posthumous son of King James the Fourth. The Duke was born on the 30th April 1514, and died on the 18th December 1515. In the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, John, Earl of Sutherland, acquired from Mary, the Queen Dowager, a certain right in the Earldom of Ross, which might ultimately have joined in one family both Sutherland and Ross. Lord Darnley, on the prospect of his marriage with Queen Mary, was created Earl of Ross, a title by which he is little known, as it was only given to him a short time before he obtained the higher titles of Duke of Albany and King of Scotland.—*Fraser's Earls of Cromartie.*

‡ MS. History by the Earl of Cromartie.

turned, as Hector conjectured, carrying his plunder in front of his party, accompanied by a strong guard, while he placed the rest of his picked men in the rear, fearing that Hector might pursue him, little imagining that he was between him and his destination. On his way to Kinellan, Monro marched through Strathpeffer, round the north side of Knockfarrel, but for some cause or other he returned by the south side where the highway touched the shoulder of the hill where Hector's men were posted. Munro had no fear of attack from that quarter, and his men feeling themselves quite safe marched loosely and out of all order. Hector discovering his opportunity, allowed them to pass until the rear was within musket shot of him. He then ordered his men to charge, which they did with such force and impetuosity, that most of the enemy were cut to pieces before they were properly aware from whence they were attacked, or could make any effectual attempt to resist the dashing onset of Hector's followers. The groans of the dying in the gloaming, the uncertainty as well as the unexpectedness of the attack, frightened them so much that they fled in confusion, in spite of every attempt on the part of Fowlis, who was in front in charge of the spoil and its guard, to stop them. Those flying in disorder from the rear soon confused those in front, and the result was a complete rout. Hector's men followed, with great violence and impetuosity, killing every one they met; for it was ordered that no quarter should be given to such a number, who might turn round again, attack and defeat the victors. In this retreat almost all the men of the Clan Dingwall and Maccullochs capable of bearing arms were killed, and so many of the Monroes that for a long time after "there could not be ane secure friendship made up twixt them and the Mackenzies, till by frequent allyance and mutuall benefitets at last thes animosities are setled; and in ordor to a reconciliation, Hector, sone to this William of Foulls wes maried to John Mackenzie's sister." At this conflict, besides that it was notable for its handsome contrivance, inequality of forces, and the number of the slain, there were two little circumstances worth noting. One was that the pursuit was so hot, that they not only fled in a crowd, but there were so many of them killed at a place on the edge of the hill where a descent fell from each shoulder of the hill to a well, and most of Hector's men being armed with axes and two-edged swords, they had cut off so many heads in that small space, that, tumbling down the slope to the well, nineteen heads were counted in it; and to this day the well is called *Tobar nan Ceann*, or the Fountain of the Heads. The other incident was that one, nicknamed "Suarachan," otherwise better known as *Donnchadh Mor na Tuaighe*, or Big Duncan of the Axe, a servant of Hector, pursued one of the enemy into the Church of Dingwall, to which he had fled for shelter. As he was entering in at the door, Suarachan caught him by the arm, when the man exclaimed, "My sanctuary saves me!" "Aye," returned Suarachan, "but what a man puts in the sanctuary against his will he can take it out again;" and so, pushing him back from the door, he killed him with one stroke of his broadsword.*

In 1499, George, Earl of Huntly, the King's Lieutenant, granted a

* MS. History by the Earl of Cromartie.

warrant to Duncan Mackintosh of Mackintosh, John Grant of Freuchie, and other leaders, with three thousand men, to pass against the Clan Mackenzie, "the King's rebels," for the slaughter of Harold of Chisholm, dwelling in Strathglass, "and for divers other heirschips, slaughters, spuilzies, committed on the King's poor lieges and tenants in the Lordship of Ardmeanoch,"* but Hector Roy and his followers gave a good account of them, and soon defeated and dispersed them. He seems to have held undisturbed possession until the year 1507, when John, then about eighteen years of age, and his brother Roderick were on a visit in the Aird, at the house of their uncle, the Lord of Lovat, when a fire broke out at the castle. According to the Earl of Cromartie, when the house took fire, no one was found bold enough to approach the burning pile except John, who rushed boldly through the flames and carried away the Lovat charter chest, "a weight even then thought too much for the strongest man, and that cheist, yett extant, is a load sufficient for two. His uncle, bothe obleiged by the actione, and glad to sie such strength and boldnes in the young man, desyred (him) to do as much for himself as he haid done for him, and to discover his (own) charter cheist from his uncle, and that he should have all the concurrance which he (Lovat) could give to that effect." Anderson, in the "History of the Family of Fraser," ascribes this bold act to Roderick, for which he was "considered amply recompensed by the gift of a bonnet and a pair of shoes." It matters little which is the correct version, but probably Lovat's valuable charter chest was saved by one of them, and it is by no means improbable that his Lordship's suggestion that they should procure their own chest, and his offer to aid them in doing so, was made on this occasion.

John, who had proved himself extremely prudent, even in his youth, considered that his uncle Hector, who was a man of proved valour and wisdom, in possession of the estates, and highly popular with the clan, could not be expelled without great difficulty, and extreme danger to himself. Any such attempt would produce feuds, slaughters, and depredations among his own people, with the certain result of making himself unpopular among the clan, and his uncle more popular than ever. John therefore decided upon what turned out a more prudent course. Resolving to strike only at Hector's person, judging that, if his uncle failed, his claims and the personal respect of his followers would fall with him. To carry out his resolution, he concocted a scheme which proved completely successful. He had an interview with Hector, who then resided at Wester Fairburn, and pleaded that since he had taken his estates from him, and left him in such reduced circumstances, it was not in accordance with his feelings and his ambition for fame to remain any longer in his native country, where he had neither position nor opportunities to distinguish himself. He therefore begged that his uncle should give him a galley or birlinn, and as many of the ablest and most determined youths in the country as should voluntarily follow him in his adventures for fame and fortune in a foreign land. With these he would pass to Ireland, then engaged in war, and "there purchase a glorious death or a more plentiful fortune than he was likely to get at home." The idea pleased

* Kilravock Papers, p. 170.

Hector exceedingly, who not only gave him his own birlinn or galley, but furnished him with all the necessary provisions for the voyage, at the same time assuring him that, if he prosecuted his intentions, he should annually transmit him a sufficient portion to keep up his position, until his own personal prowess and fortune should place him above any such necessity; whereas, if he had otherwise resolved or attempted to molest him in what he called his rights, he would bring sudden and certain ruin upon himself. Thirty brave and resolute young men joined the supposed adventurer, after he had informed them that he would have none except those who would do so of their own free will, from their affection for him, and determination to support him in any emergency; for he well judged that only such were suitable companions in the desperate aims which he had laid out for himself to accomplish. These he dispatched with the galley to Corristone (? Coire-dhomhain) one of the most secluded glens on the West Coast, and distant from any populated places; while he remained with his uncle, professedly to arrange the necessary details of his journey, and the transmission of his portion, but really to notice "his method and manner of converse." John soon took farewell of Hector, and departed with every appearance of simplicity. His uncle sent a retinue to convoy him with becoming respect, but principally to assure himself of his nephew's departure, and to guard against surprise or design on John's part. Accompanied by these, he soon arrived at Corristone, where he found his thirty fellow adventurers and the galley awaiting him. They at once set sail, and with a fair wind made for the Isles, in the direction of, and as if intending to make for, Ireland. The retinue sent by Hector Roy now returned home, and informed their master that they saw John and his companions started before a fair wind, with sails set, in the direction of Ireland, when Hector exclaimed, referring to Anne of Lovat, "We may now sleep without fear of Anne's children."

John, sailing down Loch Corristone,* and judging that Hector's men had returned home, made for a sheltered and isolated creek; landed in a wood; and dispersed his men with instructions to go by the most private and unfrequented paths in the direction of Ault Corrienarnich, in the Braes of Corristone, where he would meet them. This done, they followed Hector's men, being quite close behind them by the time they reached Fairburn. He halted at some little distance from the house until about midnight, when, calling his men together, he feelingly addressed them thus:—"Now, my good friends, I perceive that you are indeed affectionate to me, and resolute men, who have freely forsaken your country and relations to share in my not very promising fortune; but my design in seeking only such as would voluntarily go along with me was that I might be certain of your affection and resolution, and since you are they whom I ought only to rely upon in my present circumstances and danger, I shall now tell you that I was never so faint-hearted as to quit my inheritance without attempting what is possible for any man in my capacity. In order to this I feigned this design for Ireland for three reasons: first, to put my uncle in security, whom I have found ever hitherto very circumspect and well guarded; next, to find out a select, faithful number to

* Loch Long (?)

whom I might trust; and thirdly, that in case I fail, and that my uncle shall prevail over my endeavours, that I might have this boat and provisions as a safe retreat, both for myself and you, whom I should be loath to expose to so great a danger without some probability in the attempt, and some security in the disappointment. I am resolved this night to fall on my uncle; for he being gone, there is none of his children who dare hope to repone themselves to his place. The countrymen who now, for fear, depend on him and disown me, will, no doubt, on the same motives, promoved with my just title, own me against all other injurious pretenders. One thing I must require of you, and it is that albeit those on whom we are to fall are all related both to you and to me, yet since on their destruction depends the preservation of our lives, and the restitution of my estate, you must all promise not to give quarter to my uncle or to any of his company." To this horrid resolution they all agreed, disregarding the natural ties of blood and other obligations, and marching as quietly as possible they arrived at Hector's house, surrounded it, and set fire to it—guarding it all round so that not a soul could escape. The whole house was soon in flames, and the inmates, Hector and his household, were crying out for mercy. Their pitiful cries made an impression on those outside, for many of them had relatives within, and in spite of their previous resolution to give no quarter, some of them called on their nearest friends to come out and surrender, on assurance of their lives being spared. John, seeing so many of his followers moved to this merciful conduct, and being unable to resist them, exclaimed, "My uncle is as near in blood to me as any in the house are to you, and therefore I will be as kind to him as you are to them." He then called upon him to surrender and come forth from the burning pile, assuring him of his life. This he did; but Donald Dubh MacGillechriost vic Gillereach attempted to kill him in spite of John's efforts to save him and secure him quarter. This Donald was Kenneth Og's foster-brother, and imagining that Hector was accessory in an underhand manner to Kenneth's captivity in Edinburgh Castle, and consequently to his death in the Torwood, he conceived an inveterate hatred for Hector, and determined to kill him in revenge on the first opportunity. Hector, knowing that his resolution proceeded from fidelity and affection to his foster-brother and master, not only forgave him, but ultimately took an opportunity to reward him; for on his recommendation John afterwards gave Donald Dubh his choice of all Kenlochewe. He is also the same person who afterwards killed the Laird of Buchanan at the Battle of Flodden in revenge for the murder of Kenneth Og, as related hereafter.

John immediately sent word of what had taken place to his uncle of Lovat, and next day marched for Kintail, where all the people there, as well as in the other parts of his property, recognised him as their chief. The Castle of Eilean Donan was delivered up to him, with the charter chest and other evidence of his extensive possessions.

(To be Continued.)

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MARY MACLEOD OF MARRIG;

OR, HOW THE CAMPBELLS WENT TO HARRIS.

—o—

MARRIG HOUSE stands on a gentle declivity near the upper end of Loch Seaforth, a bay of some miles in length, in the Outer Hebrides. It was in olden times a structure of the most primitive description. Its walls, which were some six feet in thickness, and about four feet in height, were built of sods, earth, and mountain boulders; and its roof of pieces of wreckage found on the shore, covered over with sods, ferns, and rushes. It had neither window nor chimney, save a rude opening at the top of the wall, and an old creel stuck into the ridge, which served the double purpose of admitting light and emitting the dense volumes of smoke which invariably darkened the interior. The fire was in the centre of the clay-made floor. The cooking utensils were suspended from the rafters by a heather rope. The partitions, made of boards, pieces of wreckage, and old sails, did not extend higher than the level of the walls.

Being on a portion of the estate of Harris—which was from time immemorial possessed by the branch of the Macleods known as *Siol Thormaid*—Marrig House was occupied by a Macleod; and not unfrequently did it afford temporary shelter and entertainment to the Chief of *Siol Thormaid* himself, when following the chase in the adjoining forests. It was from this house that Sir Rory Mor Macleod of Dunvegan and Harris, while laid up with a sore leg, wrote, on the 2d September 1596, a letter to King James, acknowledging receipt of the King's charge on the 18th of the same month commanding him to be at Islay with all his forces on the second day thereafter, under pain of treason, and explaining that it was impossible to comply with His Majesty's orders, even "althocht my hail force haid beine togidder, and wund and widder serued one at eiverir airt." But the house which was then at Marrig has long since disappeared, and a more substantial and modern one now stands in its place. The tenant of Marrig was always locally called "Fear Mharig," or the man of Marrig, a term which was and still is applied in the Highlands to large tenants.

Marrig at the time of which we write was tenanted by a near relation of the Chief of Siol Thormaid, a brave, prudent, and upright man. He had an only daughter, his heiress, upon whom Nature had bestowed no small share of her favours; she was as modest and tender-hearted as she was beautiful. She was courted and sought after by all the young gentlemen of the Island; but being devotedly attached to her father, whom she idolized, and on whose advice and counsel she invariably acted, their

proffered suits were always rejected; until circumstances which took place in the neighbourhood of Glasgow at that time brought a new and more successful suitor on the scene.

It happened, while a son of the then Earl of Argyll was prosecuting his studies in the University of Glasgow, that a dispute arose between him and one of his fellow-students regarding the superiority of their respective clans. The quarrel ultimately assumed such proportions, that it was resolved to decide it by an appeal to arms. The weapons chosen were the broadsword and target, these being the common weapons of war in those days. At the proper time the combatants, with their seconds, appeared at the appointed place. A fearful attack immediately began, and continued with unabated fury for some time; and so well were the warriors matched that it became doubtful latterly which of them would carry the day. Campbell, however, ultimately made a clever and skilful thrust, which secured him the victory—he having split his adversary's head almost in two. Campbell was thus, according to law, guilty of manslaughter, and being "wanted" for that offence, he and his second, who was a son of Macleod of Dunvegan and Harris, fled to the latter island for refuge.

Campbell was not long in the Island when he became acquainted with Mary Macleod, the fair heiress of Marrig, and became deeply enamoured of her; and being a handsome man of prepossessing appearance, refined address, winning manners, and, withal, of an illustrious family, his love was soon warmly returned, and with the full concurrence of the young lady's father, the day of their marriage was fixed for an early date. But it happened soon afterwards that the old gentleman casually received a full account of the cause for which his daughter's affianced came to Harris, and, his whole nature revolting at the idea of marrying his daughter to a man guilty of manslaughter, he at once resolved to break off the alliance. He well knew this could not be accomplished without encountering some serious difficulty—possibly a bitter and deadly feud. Not that he apprehended any serious opposition on the part of his daughter, who, he was sure, would sacrifice almost anything to please her father; but her suitor was a very different person. He was proud, and easily irritated, and that he was of a violent disposition was sufficiently demonstrated in the fact that he had already fought a duel and had slain his opponent for the honour of his name. He belonged to a powerful family, whose chief might feign offence at his son's proffered suit and engagement being thus summarily rejected and violated, and might come to make reprisals, or, peradventure, declare open war with the Siol Thormaid, the result of which might be disastrous. Carefully considering all these questions, which operated strongly on his feelings, the good man of Marrig called his daughter to his presence, and told her in an affectionate and feeling manner what he had discovered of the history of her lover; and then, in a tone sufficiently firm to manifest that he meant what he said, he made known his resolution. "You must not," he said, "have any further communication with Campbell. Sorry indeed am I to be under the necessity of thwarting my dear Mary's affections, but ten times more would it pain me to see her wedded to a man whom my soul loathes. My darling Mary is still very young. Let her trust in Providence, and she

will yet get a husband, in whom she may safely repose her trust, and whom her aged father can love as he loves his daughter."

"Never have I attempted to go against my father's commands," answered she, weeping bitterly, "nor shall I do so now; but as my heart bleeds for my beloved, I trust you have authentic information before you can act so harshly. Shall I, Oh! shall I be permitted to see him once more?"

"I have no reason to doubt the correctness of my information," replied he, "for I received it from young Macleod, who witnessed the duel. You may see Campbell once more, but once for all."

A meeting had previously been arranged between the lovers for the very evening of the day on which the above conversation took place between Mary Macleod and her father; and with buoyant spirits, and a step so light that it scarcely bent the purple heather, Campbell walked from Rodel to Marrig—a distance of between twenty-five and thirty miles—that day, to meet his affianced Mary. Little, alas! did he think, while performing his journey, that she would greet him with such heart-rending words to both as "My dear, I must see you no more." The lovers embraced each other when they met. "How happy am I to meet you and see you, my darling Mary, once more," said Campbell, who was the first to speak; "but, thank God, we shall soon meet to part no more while we live."

"Happy, thrice happy would I be," sobbed the maiden, "if that were so; but, alas! it cannot be." And in broken accents she recapitulated all that her father said to her, adding with a groan, "I must never see you again."

"What!" exclaimed Campbell in great excitement, "must I never see my dear, my own Mary again? It cannot be. The very thought would kill me. I will not part with my own, my darling Mary."

They both burst into tears, and continued to weep and sob for a long time; but the young lady, who, on the whole, considering the trying nature of it, bore the ordeal with remarkable fortitude, and remarked that as her father's word was inexorable as the laws of the Medes and Persians which altered not, they must be reconciled to their fate.

"If it must be so, then," Campbell replied, "I shall try to submit to it. But the Island of Harris will henceforth have no attraction for me. I shall depart from it at once, and go to the seas, where I can muse in melancholy silence on the maid who first stole my heart and afterwards rejected me."

"Restrain thy plaint, my dear Archy," rejoined the maiden, as she proceeded to assure him that the step she had taken was entirely in obedience to the wishes of her father, without whose consent she would never marry while he lived; but she would faithfully promise that if he would wait for her until her father had paid the debt of nature she would be only too happy to fulfil her engagement and become his wife. "And," she continued, "I shall never marry another while you live."

Campbell replied that since he found that her love to him was still unaltered, he would become more reconciled to his hard fate; that her kind and loving words had infused him with fresh hopes; that her father, in the natural course of things, must, before many years had passed

away, go to his fathers, and that till that event took place he would patiently wait for his loving Mary. He then handed her the ring which he intended placing on her finger on the day of their nuptials, saying, "Take this, and keep it till we meet again."

She took the ring with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow—of joy, because she could look at it as a memento of their engagement; of sorrow, because it would remind her of an absent lover. After looking intensely at it for some time she carefully placed it in her bosom, saying, "I too will give you a pledge of our betrothal, it was intended to be worn on your breast at our wedding," and she then handed him a knot of blue ribbon, made by herself, and having both their initials wrought in it with golden silk thread. Taking a parting embrace of each other, they wept long and bitterly, and with heavy hearts separated, it might be, for ever.

During this conversation they sat on the south side of an elevated spot overlooking Loch Seaforth, and afterwards she went direct to Marrig House, while he immediately left in the direction of Stornoway, where he went with the view of procuring employment as a seaman on board some vessel. Many a look did he give towards Marrig, between Athline, at the head of Loch Seaforth, and Araidh Bhruthaich, the shealing of the Ascent, in Lochs, where the Irish plunderers lifted Donald Cam Macaulay's cattle in his absence, while he was away on business at the Flannel Isles, and for which act they paid with their lives; for Donald overtook them at Loch Seaforth, and slew every one of them.

Stornoway is twenty-six miles north of Marrig; and although the evening was far advanced ere Campbell left, he arrived at the Capital of the Lews before many of the good citizens had retired for the night. One would have thought that Campbell, after travelling upwards of fifty miles that day, would have slept pretty soundly; but such was not the case. The thoughts of what had occurred at Marrig disquieted his mind so much, that it almost became unhinged. Sleep, usually the sweet and refreshing balm to the weary traveller, left him to writhe on a sleepless pillow all night. No wonder, then, that the first peep of daylight found him in the neighbourhood of the old castle of Stornoway —then the seat and stronghold of the once famous Chief of Siol Thorcuil —sauntering on the sandy beach, and peering out into the placid blue water of the bay, in the hope of descrying some ship to take him away from the scene of his present sorrow. He did not long look in vain, for he soon noticed a vessel lying some distance off; and presently a small boat for a supply of water left her for the shore. The ship, which had shortened her cable before the boat put off, he found was bound for Holland.

"Short of men?" exclaimed Campbell, as the boat touched the beach.

"Would ship one good hand," one of the sailors replied.

"All right; here he is," responded Campbell, who, as soon as the casks were full, accompanied the sailors to the vessel. He was engaged as soon as he went on board; the ship weighed anchor, and proceeded to sea. Campbell having now left the Hebrides, we shall return to Harris and note affairs at Marrig.

It was several years before Mary Maclood thoroughly recovered from the effects of the shock produced by her disappointment. She mourned

long and sorrowfully for her absent lover, and feared she would never see him again. Her lamentations were so pitiful, she grew so terribly thin and wan, that her father was sorely grieved that he could not undo what he had done. "Woe to me," he often exclaimed, "for killing my daughter. She is rapidly sinking to an untimely grave." Although some of Mary's former admirers returned with the full ardour of their love as soon as Campbell had left the Island, and pressed their suits with renewed zeal, she politely but firmly rejected their proposals, with the saying, "I am not yet a widow."

Five years had now nearly passed away since Mary Macleod and Archy Campbell parted, and still no tidings reached her of his whereabouts. She knew not whether he was dead or alive. At that time some of the sailors belonging to a large ship which came into Loch Seaforth for shelter called one evening at Marrig House for milk; and in conversation with them it transpired that their vessel, then in Loch Seaforth, was the identical ship in which Campbell sailed from Stornoway five years previously; that he never left her until he was accidentally drowned in the Bay of Biscay four years afterwards; that, by his kind and obliging manner, he became a general favourite with all his comrades, who deeply lamented his loss. This unexpected intelligence acted upon the forlorn and broken-hearted maiden as if struck by a thunderbolt. She uttered a wild and piercing scream, and fell fainting on the floor. During the excitement that followed the sailors made their exit, and proceeded to their ship, which weighed anchor next morning and disappeared; so that the fair maiden had now lost any further opportunity of obtaining any additional information she might desire about her lover. Sad and melancholy as she had been hitherto, she was now depressed and cheerless in the extreme. Refusing to be comforted, she moaned and sighed day and night for weeks and months together. Nothing apparently could rouse her spirits from the deep melancholy which had taken possession of her. She continued thus for nearly two years, during which time she was all but a hermit. She was often visited, it is true, during those solitary years by many admirers, who used all the fair words at their command to press their suit upon her, but she invariably answered that she did not yet tire of her widow's weeds. Eventually, however, she became gradually more cheerful, and took some pleasure in society; and she ultimately sang and danced at balls and other fashionable gatherings as in days long gone by.

Of all Mary Macleod's admirers Macleod of Hushinish was her greater favourite; and some three years after she obtained intelligence of Campbell's death, she consented to become his wife, with the full consent of her father and other relations, and the day of their espousal was fixed. The preparations for the wedding, which was to be on a grand scale, were necessarily extensive. The liquors consisted of whisky, rum, gin, and brandy. The marriage ceremony was, according to the usual custom, to be performed in her father's house, whither the officiating clergyman had been invited several days previously. For some days prior to the marriage a strong gale of wind blew from the south and the barometer gave every indication of its continuance. This proved a fortunate circumstance for the bride's father, whose stock of gin and brandy had become

somewhat limited at the time when it was most required; for, two days previous to that of the marriage, a foreign vessel had put into Loch Seaforth for shelter from the storm, and from this ship he procured a supply of the necessary supply of spirits. On account of the liberal terms on which the captain supplied him, Fear Mharig invited him and the first mate to the wedding. The captain—a middle-aged burly man, with a well tanned face—was, as became his position, dressed in a suit of clothes corresponding to his rank; but the mate, who seemed about thirty years of age, with brown, but well-fared face, of ordinary height, and handsome figure, was dressed in the garb of an ordinary seaman.

The number of people which collected at Marrig was so large that the marriage ceremony had to be performed in the barn, where as many as it could contain were requested to go to witness the proceedings. In the general rush the captain and his mate were left outside. But being the greatest strangers, and anxious that they should see the ritual, some of the leading Harris men gave up their own seats in favour of the sailors, who thus received front positions. They had scarcely occupied them when the bride and her maids entered, followed almost immediately by the bridegroom and his party. The bride, attired in her magnificent marriage robes, looking beautiful and spotless as an angel, was greeted with vociferous cheering. This enthusiastic welcome over, and just when the minister was about to commence the service, the mate, who chanced to be exactly opposite to the bride, interrupted the proceedings by saying in the blunt but pointed manner peculiar to sailors, "I presume that all the ladies and gentlemen present have already presented the bride with their presents. I haven't yet had a proper opportunity of giving mine; and although it is but small, and apparently trifling, I trust the young lady will, nevertheless, accept and appreciate it as a token of my constant love and devoted affection." He then handed the bride a neatly folded paper parcel, about the size of a small-sized envelope. She nervously tore it open, and on examining the contents, she, to the great astonishment of the assembly, exclaimed, "Archy, Archy, my dear! my long absent Archy," and springing forward she embraced him again and again. It is needless to say that the sailor's present was the identical knot of blue ribbon given by Mary Macleod to Archibald Campbell some eight years before. Mary and her betrothed, Archibald Campbell (for it was he) were for several minutes locked fast in each other's embrace, and she, after the commotion produced by this unexpected meeting had somewhat subsided, said, in an audible tone, that she was now ready to fulfil her original engagement to her first love, Archibald Campbell, and that her father, she was quite sure, would now offer no objections to their marriage. Fear Mharrig at once replied that he had already suffered quite enough of harrowing remorse for the part he had previously taken in their separation to offer any further objections. He would therefore give his full consent, for the whole thing seemed to him to have been arranged by Providence. Young Macleod of Harris, Campbell's University companion, now stepped forward, and shook the sailor warmly by the hand, giving him a thousand welcomes to Harris, and congratulating him on coming so opportunely to claim the hand of Mary Macleod; and Fear Mharig suggested that, as all the arrangements were ready, and the clergyman stand-

ing there, the marriage ceremony had better be proceeded with, which proposal was acted upon, and Archibald Campbell and Mary Macleod were there and then made man and wife. During the proceedings, young Hushinish, the disappointed bridegroom, stood a silent spectator, and quite dumfoundered.

The marriage ceremony over, Campbell entertained the company, relating his travels and all the peculiar incidents which occurred during the eight years that elapsed since he left Harris, one of which was how his ship came to Loch Seaforth three years before, as already noticed, how that he himself formed one of the party of sailors who then called at Marrig House for milk, and personally reported that he had been drowned in the Bay of Biscay. His object in making this false statement was to test his love's affection; for finding that her father was still alive, he deemed it prudent not to make himself known. He then solemnly assured them, corroborated by his Captain, that his coming to Loch Seaforth two days ago, driven by the storm, was by the merest chance.

It need hardly be told that the vessel left Loch Seaforth minus the first mate, who was from his marriage-day henceforth called Fear Mharig. From Mary Macleod and Archibald Campbell, the sailor, descended all the Campbells in Harris, Lews, Uist, and Skye, many of whom became famous in their day and generation.

MAC IAIN.

THE *SCOTSMAN* EATING THE LEEK.—In a leading article on the Education Code for 1878, he says:—"There is one other addition in the Code, of special interest to Scotland, which should not be passed without acknowledgment—namely, the permission to teach Gaelic in Highland schools during the ordinary school hours. It is only right that every British child should have his education carried on in that which is his mother tongue, as well as in the national language; and as long as there are districts in which Gaelic is the dominant language, it is the duty of the State to recognise the fact in its educational arrangements. This concession will probably be as gratifying to the enemies of Gaelic as to its friends. If the latter see in it the beginning of a new lease of life for their favourite tongue, the former may console themselves by reflecting that English is likely to make more progress alongside of Gaelic systematically taught, than if it were left to push its way without an interpreter. It is not the starting-point of a new life-term, but the beginning of a struggle for existence. Thus do Codes and Education Acts bring their influence to bear on minute points in the national history." We have not the heart to grudge our friend, considering that he has hitherto been one of the most inveterate "enemies of Gaelic," and of the Gaelic people, the slight gratifying and consoling reflection which he so endearingly hugs in the latter part of this quotation.

THE ELEGIES OF ROB DONN.

No. IV.

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IAIN MACEACHAINN—THE CLERGY.

The genius of Rob Donn has snatched from forgetfulness a name or two worth remembering for the manliness, benevolence, and general usefulness which they displayed in their own remote and quiet spheres. But Iain MacEachainn is inseparably linked in memory with the Bard himself. Horace, when we think of him, recalls his Mecenas, and so does Rob Donn MacEachainn of Mussel. MacEachainn stood high in the social scale of his clan, the Mackays, and showed his gentle breeding, and pure blood, by his kindly attention to his brethren who did not live in ceiled houses, but in turf huts. The cottage where Rob Donn saw the light was not far from the mansion-house of Mussel, and MacEachainn often pulled-up his horse at its door. He loved poetry as well as driving, and, it is believed, penned songs as well accounts. A talk with Rob Donn's mother was always a delight, for she could sing songs as old as Gaelic itself, and could recount old world traditions in the purest language and the softest accents. By and bye, MacEachainn's attention was arrested by a precocious bright little fellow who played like a kitten around his mother's knee, and let fall now and then expressions which were the wonder of all. The mother, no doubt, would, with maternal pride, quote verses which had already flowed from the lips of the boy, not yet seven years old. Mussel must have the boy transferred to his own house, and transferred he was—bare headed, bare legged, and bare footed, with his mother's blessing, feeling new sensations of wonder and novelty, not so unlike, after all, those which agitate the bosom of the well-equipped young gent who leaves home for a fashionable school. Thus the foundation was laid on which MacEachainn afterwards built what made him the pride and the glory of the poet's heart, and in some respects the "pillar of his fortunes."

In MacEachainn's house Rob Donn received that education which, judged by its fruit, might have been worse. There are men, we know, who are poets at heart, but want the accomplishment of verse; there may, and have been, men of well disciplined intellects, with stores of varied knowledge at their command, who never turned over a page of a book. Rob Donn belonged to the latter class. His knowledge of nature, of men, of the workings of the human mind in its numberless passions and desires was superior to many who are proud because they can write an hexameter of faultless scansion. The young poet was sent to the fields to watch the "wandering kine"—an employment not considered base in times when wealth was represented to a large extent by sheep, oxen, and horses. Rob's mind was thus enabled to drink in the lessons taught by brook,

glen, mountain, clouds, and sky. The living facts which these taught him were grasped—his knowledge of animal and vegetable life grew from day to day. He was too natural to strain his mind to see in the mountain where his cattle grazed, where the deer roamed, a reflection of his own thoughts and feelings. He received what he *saw*, and did not pretend to receive what he had himself brought.

But if the rich and magnificent landscape over which as a boy, a lad, and a full-grown man, the bard roamed brought him into contact with many beautiful and interesting facts in God's creation, MacEachainn took care inside the house to teach his youthful charge in common with his own children principles of morals and religion which, as Job taught, cannot be found in the earth we inhabit, or in the depth of the sea. We owe the Tacksman of Mussel a grudge for not teaching his gifted herd the art of reading and writing, which, had he thought of it, would certainly have cost him little trouble. But let us remember to his credit that he put Rob Donn in possession of much of the history and doctrines of the sacred Scriptures. There were cottars' Saturday nights to be found in the land of Rob Donn as surely as in that of Burns. There was the big ha' Bible, but not in Gaelic, so the master of the household had to translate as well as read. That habit has still survived in the far north, and an admirable discipline it has been found to be. We have ourselves listened to a peasant translating to his neighbours assembled in solemn meeting works like those of Owen and others. There were mistakes, but happy, apt, and accurate translation was the rule. In this way MacEachainn communicated to the bard the best knowledge at his own command.

Plato insisted on the necessity of music to a complete education, and MacEachainn cultivated this delightful art in his household. He must have been an enthusiast in this respect, for Rob Donn laments in his Elegy that by his death musicians lost much of their respect, and more than that were gradually loosing their skill for want of practice. The bard soon learned to sing, and could even weave simple native melodies of his own. These must have been pleasant evenings in MacEachainn's hall, now a new song, fresh as dew, from the poet, now an old one but ever young from other times, and anon a tale of superstition, or mythology. In those days it was not considered profane for the same lips to sing a song of Zion, and a song of home or country. By and bye earnest men began to think otherwise, and the shameful license in which the poets indulged did not make their action irrational who excluded them and their works from the pale of those who respected religion. But mischief followed this severe separation of the sacred and profane. Music became a lost art in the north Highlands, and is to a large extent in that state still among the peasantry. The old culture in song was forgotten, and the new has not yet been acquired. Rob Donn flourished at a time when ancient manners had not disappeared, and gained a good deal by that circumstance, and, it must be admitted, lost by it also, in more respects than one.

MacEachainn has also the honour of bringing another important element of education to bear on Rob Donn's mind. The poet accompanied his master to what was then, before steam had become the slave of man, the far away south. Thus, like Ulysses, he became in his own way acquainted

with many men and many cities, and so rose superior to many of the narrow prejudices which are apt to cling to those who stay at home at ease. These periodical journeys were keenly relished by bard and drover alike. MacEachainn's delight in his long rides in the saddle to the markets of the Lowlands, in bargaining there, and making friends, is reflected in a poem which Rob Donn puts into his mouth when age compelled him to remove his spurs and seek the chimney corner. In very good poetry, the enthusiastic veteran laments the misfortune of age, with its glance directed backwards to the excitement of markets, which for him will never return. He mourns over his lonelinesss, gives expression to his envy of those who are in the stir of drover life while he sits moodily under a melancholy bush. He makes desperate efforts to escape the inevitable by imagining himself to have the reins once again in his hand, to see the old faces, but especially the face of his friend of Bighouse mounted for the fair, and tries to make himself believe that his retirement is not real, but a dream! In these departed scenes, the absence of which was like the absence of the sun and the presence of darkness, the poet had his share, drank in their life and gladness, and responded with a poet's quickness to their influence for good or for evil.

Ere we part with MacEachainn it may be allowed us to say that he or his family figures in several happy efforts of the poet. "Briogais Mhic-Ruairidh" will immediately come to mind. Nor will the poetic debate *versus* town and country, the old fashions and the new, natural simplicity and stylish manners, between MacEachainn's daughters, be forgotten. One of these had been to Thurso to school, and brought home with her airy ideas which made her sniff at everything pastoral, to look with disdain on home bred ways, as well as on her simple country neighbours. The other had evidently not been exposed to the temptations of the fashionable schools of Thurso, and so still had a heart to love the song of the lark, still retained her taste for the duties and pleasures of the milk-maid's life. Right vigorously does she maintain the delights and interests of her unsophisticated position, though we are sorry to say the last word is allowed to her who thinks peat-reek and all its belongings an abomination. We would fain believe that that the famous *piobaireachd* "Iseabail NicAoidh" was composed in honour of the sister who preferred the freshness of nature to the glitter and artificiality of city life.

The course of true friendship did not always run smoothly in the case of the bard and his patron. They sometimes infringed on each other, and hot, angry sparks glanced in the air, which soon were cold again. When death came, and MacEachainn's place was empty, the poet soothes his unaffected sorrow in a melody unusually sweet, tender, and instinct with poetic power. The practical, more worldly side of MacEachainn is commended. But there was an ideal, self-denying element, working effectively beneath that shrewd energy and business capacity. That separated him entirely from the cold, unsympathetic exactness which rigidly insists on its due, and scrupulously pays every debt except the debt it owes to God—the charity of a warm and magnanimous soul. Such righteousness, plumb when tested by the letter, but wretched work when tried by the spirit, the poet characterises in happy phrase as a bastard, maimed sort of honour. MacEachainn could calculate as well as the

men who could "sell eternity for threescore years," but he could feel, love, bless, which they could not; and so in glowing terms he is described as a helper to the distressed, as a counsellor to the perplexed, as a man who could not enjoy his bread if he knew another to be hungry, as one who preferred to lose a pound rather than have to carry an ounce of self-reproach on his spirit. With the poet we see, since MacEachainn has gone home, the needy gentleman with a deeper melancholy on his countenance; the widow with her tears flowing afresh, the orphan's rags becoming more ragged; the minstrel with his harp silent, and, as now no one cares for him, in danger of losing his cunning; men in his own profession starting into prominence like the stars when the sun has gone down. We are moved with all this, and are glad to have the poet's word that the story is true.

It remains now that we turn the attention of our readers to the judgment which Rob Donn passed in his poems on the preachers of his country and age. In every period the priest has occupied a prominent position in the productions of poetry, just because he has always held, and will continue to hold, a high place amid the multiform agencies which serve to mould our common humanity. Very frequently, too, the poet and the priest are at drawn daggers. Sometimes the poet hates the preacher, because he hates the ideas on which the office rests—because the sun is all he cares for, and so believes in nothing else. Sometimes his anger is kindled at the faithlessness of the minister of God to his high calling. Hence "The blind watchmen," "The dumb dogs" of Isaiah; hence the woe of another against shepherds who feed themselves and not the flock, who foul with their feet the pure waters of truth; hence the terrible indictment of Milton in his Lycidas:—

Blind monks, that scarce themselves know to hold
A sheep hook, or aught else the least have learned
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs.
What lists it them? What reck they? they are fed;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed;
But swollen with mist and the rank wind they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.

Rob Donn once and again bent his bow with lusty arm against the clergy of his time, and made his arrows quiver in their flesh. This he did not because he was at variance with the office which they held, or the doctrines which it represented, but because they were disloyal to its spiritual duties, and traitors to its spirit. He attacked ministers of the gospel, not as such, but as men who thought that gain was godliness, and who betrayed their thought by their actions. Mentally, Rob Donn was always in intelligent sympathy with the facts, and teaching, and hopes of the gospel. True, he saw the good, and sometimes debased his speech by words which should not be named, but let him that is without sin, tho' that is no apology for him, cast the first stone at him. In the highest, then, of all interests our poet spared not, as necessity arose, the feebleness, the time-serving, the indolence, of some of the religious leaders of his shire. For the same reason he held in reverence the men whose heart was in their work, who were ready to be offered up in the Master's service,

and when they were dead, he helped by his song to keep their memory fresh. In his "Oran na Cleire," he lashes the one as heartily as Professor Blackie himself would delight to do; in his Elegies to the Rev. Messrs Munro and Macdonald, he pays a tribute of warmest admiration to the character of the other.

The editors have not told us what gave occasion to the composition of this poem, which must have made the Presbytery too famous for their comfort. We gather, however, from the poem itself that a member of the Presbytery, who is named Mr George had fallen under the displeasure of his brethren who were bent on his condemnation. What was his fault or guilt we are not told, and possibly Mr George had something more to answer for than the sin which, according to the poet, kindled the ire of his Presbytery—namely, the sin of generosity, which the Presbytery hated! Anyhow, from this text Rob preached a sermon to the ministers such as they did not often hear, and which must have turned the laugh against them for some time. They are represented as offensive in their conduct, want as much religion and no more as shall serve their turn with decency, and keep them in the fashion. The worst introduction a man could have to them would be through religious earnestness, and although their good advice should not be rejected, notwithstanding that they despise it themselves, still one naturally cannot heartily sit down to food with which the cook himself is disgusted. Further, if their example will not bear examination, their teaching has not much to show for itself. It is presented as if they cared not whether it was taken or left. Their devotion is performed for glebe and stipend, like a child who, under threat of losing his breakfast, mumbles hurriedly a short grace. Survey them, and you shall find that like the pearl fisher's shells there are twenty empty for one which has a pearl. Then you may hear this Sabbath one of them preach that Christ is the only Saviour, then seven days after that nothing will save but good works. He soars high and creeps low, and, as he is neither bird nor mouse, becomes a disgusting bat. Their bitterness is rebuked by the affection shown even by the birds of the desert to their mates.

One stanza deserves a literal translation—"Converse with them, and you will find many of the *pack* who would make a merchant, or sailor, a drover or factor, an industrious farmer, a careful manager—admirable in everything except the profession they were bound to by their oath!" The last lines of the poem, too, call for remark. They tell us that the poet himself need want nothing, as he could get *morality* at Ruibigill; *reason* at Melness; *amusement* at Scourie; and greed in the very heart of the Presbytery. If the places here mentioned correspond with the parishes, we should be tempted to infer that he characterises here the peculiarities of their respective ministers. Moral maxims were the forte of one, the other was strong in logic, and the third was funny, perhaps witty. Possibly, however, he was furnished by lay friends with these pleasures, while the Presbytery had its treasure filled with covetousness, and which could be furnished him there in plenty. Evidently our bard had small veneration for a Geneva gown apart from the man who wore it. Clearly the minister who should secure his regard must be something more than a slave of soulless routine. And there were men in the very

Presbytery which he lashes whose worth he rejoiced in, and celebrated to the utmost of his power. Turn to Macdonald's Elegy, and you may see the sort of preacher our poet delighted to honour. Besides the elegy, Rob Donn composed a touching lament to the memory of his friend. It is full to the brim of genuine feeling. There is a very fair rendering of it in an interesting paper by Mr John Mackay,* Ben Reay, Montreal, though of necessity much of its tender melancholy has evaporated in the translation. The elegy is much more elaborate, more descriptive of its subject, and consequently is greatly suffused with the inward emotion of the author. There are lines in it of which neither Chaucer, Cowper, nor Goldsmith would be ashamed though, of course, the picture of the good parson is not so rich, varied, and finished here, as those produced by these masters. Rob Donn spoils the artistic unity of his piece by too many general reflections, but that which the critic may feel as a disturbing element was the delight of those serious and simple persons who first heard it sung. What strikes us, both in this elegy and in that to the Minister of Edderachillis, is the breadth of their sympathies. Earnest, laborious, faithful to the peculiar duties of their profession, they at the same time rejoiced in and appreciated human interests and human gifts which in common speech are relegated to a domain outside the boundaries of religion. Instead of drawing a hard and fast line, as a perverted asceticism tries to do, between the religious and the secular sphere, they endeavoured to make the spirit of religion pervade, elevate, and beautify natural gifts, amusements, and duties. To appreciate sacred poetry did not mean with them to ban all secular songs, and secular music. Thus our bard observes of Macdonald, that although his personal godliness was of the highest order, he valued every gift which adorned man, and was especially interested in poets and their productions. This famous minister was often the first ear to hear the newest poem from his poetic elder, and many a colloquy passed between them in the manse, in which bards old and new figured, and were weighed in critical balances. It may be worth noting here, how little direct influence the ancient poetry exercised on the best modern Gaelic bards. That they knew much of it is undoubted, that they scarcely ever refer to it is equally true. Homer lives transfigured in all the poetry which followed him among his race, but what visible connection have Rob Donn, Macintyre, with the past history or poetry of their people? This question, which we cannot answer, has been suggested by Rob Donn's testimony to the delight of his minister in Gaelic poetry.

This general culture made Macdonald welcome in the Society of all manner of men. He had the faculty of imparting pleasure to all whom he met, and of winning their regard at the same time. The poet carefully points out that by so doing he never lost sight of what was due to himself and his calling, as many ministers then did in social intercourse, and perhaps do so still. This man could play and trifle in his chit-chat to the delight of his friends, but the tendency of his speech at the lightest was to exalt—was to lead men to embrace piety in its present form. He had no fellowship with the asceticism of the cloister, but never allowed his

* Published in "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," vol. v., p. 93. [Ed. *C. M.*]

liberty to pass the borders of a severe morality. Religion tempered his culture, and culture gave lustre to his religion. Thus his bearing was frank, open, unrestrained to the man who had a cultivated reason *(saor ri fear rensouta)*, but set his face as a flint against all who threw off the restraints of righteousness. As a consequence he was a true king of men in his own sphere, a power which at least frightened vice into the dark caves of the earth, and which encouraged, led, fostered the goodness he was himself the instrument of calling into activity. His death, we are told, was the signal for rebellion against God and morality to stalk abroad again, while it overcast the firmament of the good. Friends and foes twit our Scottish clergy with their Boeotian innocence of the profounder learning. The charge is too well founded, but it should include more than ministers. Where are the great books of our professors, our lawyers, doctors, and gentry? Many of these cannot plead the excuse which ministers for the most part may justly plead that they cannot gratify their love of learning at the expense of their immediate duties. Every generous mind, even though its present cares compel it to see the star of learning as a thing far off, must be grateful to men like Flint, Blackie, and others, who point out our weakness in this respect, not in malice, but in an honest desire to see our reproach wiped off. The end of their severity, to use an expression in the elegy before us, is love. We are sure that the the men Rob Donn honoured would be delighted to see their own profession more richly furnished out of the past stores accumulated in the progress of humanity. Some Highland contemporaries of his might be named who could read Greek at least, and to whom Latin was familiar as their garter. The more shame to their successors if they have fallen and not ascended in this respect. But let not the champions of learning forget that there are men labouring in the Highlands who are "unlearned" by deliberate choice, who lay aside their Virgil, their Homer, their Plato, as Augustine did, feeling their fascination, and conscious of their use, and let them do justice to that aspect of the question. Great books are valuable, the men who produce them are to be honoured when they appear, and every means should be taken to prepare and till the peculiar soil in which they grow, but more valuable still are the triumphs of men who raise the fallen, who comfort the distressed, who bring hope to the mind which vice and misery have rendered wretched—who help to form a peasantry worthy of being their country's pride. Many Highland ministers without *much* learning, tho' not without a fair share of it, have won renown in this field. We have done by transcribing a description by Rob Donn of one of these :—

"Thou wast sober-minded, watchful, reverent, meditative, eloquent, and laborious. In thy sacred duties, not an hour was wasted in idleness. Thy days were spent in working earnestly for the welfare of men, without seeking worldly reward, or one step of advancement. At a time when the beautiful virtues are perishing for want of use, not wealth nor rank are to be envied; but men of thy ways, who pass through a life of bitterness, in severe conflict, to the heavens of perfection, there to enjoy a perpetual reward."

Long may we have men among us to whom these touching and powerful words may apply.

KINBRACE.

THE CLAN MACNAUGHTON AND THEIR CHIEF.

—o—

We are glad to see the growing interest in Celtic and Highland questions, the most recent illustration of which we find in the general meeting, on Thursday, the 8th March, of the Clan Macnaughton, in the hall of the Literary Institute, Edinburgh, for the purpose of electing a chief, vice-president, and bard, and for taking steps to elucidate their history and promote their social intercourse and general welfare; also to form a Clan Macnaughton Association, the objects of which are intended to be antiquarian, social, and charitable. Some forty or fifty ladies and gentlemen responded to the invitation sent out, many of whom had come considerable distances to be present. Mr Alex. Macnaughton, 39 York Place, having been called to the chair, Mr Daniel Macnaughton stated that there were between seventy and eighty letters of apology, some of them from people 80 and 90 years of age. He also read a letter from the Lyon Clerk-Depute, Mr R. R. Stodart, in regard to the chiefship of the clan, in which it was stated that there could be no doubt that Sir Francis Edmund Macnaughten, Bart. of Dundarave, county Antrim, was entitled to occupy the position. There was also submitted a report by a committee who had been appointed at a preliminary meeting to investigate this matter. The origin of the clan, it was stated, was involved in obscurity, but authorities admitted that it was very ancient, and that the misfortunes by which it was overtaken arose mainly for its unswerving loyalty to the causes it from time to time espoused. Some authors appear to come to the conclusion that the clan was Scoto-Irish, or belonged to the Dalriads of Argyllshire, who came from Ireland; others held that it was Pictish or Caledonian. It would have been impossible, it was remarked, to have traced the chiefship back through the labyrinth of intricacy which surrounded the early history of the clan; but fortunately there was an admirable stepping-stone more than half-way down the long period that had elapsed since the clan first came on the scene in connection with the early annals of Albyn. That stepping-stone was Gilchrist Macnaughton, who, in the year 1267, received from Alexander III. a patent granting to him and his heirs the Castle of Fraoch, in Loch Awe, and hence *Eilean Fraoch* was long the war cry of the clan. In his day, Gilchrist Macnaughton was chief, and that being the opinion also of the Lyon Clerk-Depute, the committee did not consider it necessary to go further back. Among Gilchrist's descendants were Duncan Macnaughton, who in 1330 embarked for the Holy Land with the heart of Robert the Bruce; Sir Alexander Macnaughton, who in 1513 accompanied King James to the fatal field of Flodden, where he was slain; John Macnaughton, who joined Viscount Dundee with a body of the clan, and greatly contributed to the victory at Killiecrankie. This John left two sons, who died without issue, and the representation of the clan fell to the descendants of John, the third and youngest son of Alexander Macnaughton, who fell at Flodden. This John, who was known as "Shane Dhu," had settled in county Antrim; and the lineal descendant of that branch of the family at the present day was Sir Francis Edmund Macnaughten, Bart., whom the committee had no hesitation in saying was the

hereditary chief of the clan. In that opinion, as already stated, the Lyon Clerk-Depute coincided. The thanks of the committee were recorded in the report to Mr R. R. Stodart, of the Lyon Office, for his courtesy in making these inquiries. The Chairman having made a few remarks, the nomination of the Chief of the Clan was made by Mr Macnaughton, banker, Callander, in these terms :—

The meeting having considered the report of the committee and other information laid before it, finds that the Chief of the Clan Macnaughton is Sir Francis Edmund Macnaughten of Dundarave, Bushmills, Ireland—a lineal descendant of the ancient line of chiefs of the clan, and otherwise qualified to occupy the position of chief, and the meeting confirms him in that position accordingly.

This was seconded by Mr Duncan G. Macnaughton, Stirling, and was unanimously agreed to. The nomination as vice-president of Mr Alex. Macnaughton, 39 York Place, Edinburgh, who was the originator of the present movement, was also cordially accepted. It was resolved to defer the appointment of a bard for the clan until the next meeting in 1879. On the motion of Mr D. Macnaughton, Stonefield, Blantyre, it was unanimously resolved "That an Association be formed to be called 'The Clan Macnaughton Association.'"

LITERARY FAME!—A paragraph under this heading appeared in our last issue, in which it was stated, on the authority of a biography of the late Mr Macphun, publisher, Glasgow, which appeared in the Glasgow *Highland Echo* of 22d September 1877, and which has never been contradicted, that "Macleod & Dewar's Dictionary was entirely compiled by the Macfarlanes (father and son); and the late Mr Macphun, for whom the work was got up, to secure the Dictionary a literary status and rapid sale, offered 'Tormod Og' and Dr Dewar £100 each for the mere use of their names on the title-page;" that they "accepted the bribe, and robbed the Macfarlanes of their well-merited reputation." We are now informed, on the best authority—"Tormod Og's" eldest son, John N. Macleod, Kirkcaldy—that the paragraph. in so far as it refers to his famous father, has no foundation in fact. Mr Macleod writes :—"Without any disparagement to the late Principal Dewar, I know as a fact, and can testify along with others thereto, that nearly the entire burden and labour of compiling the Dictionary fell on Dr Macleod; that it was compiled in the Manse of Campsie, where, also, the late respected Mr P. Macfarlane took up his abode and residence, as his amanuensis and corrector for the press." We have no hesitation in accepting this statement as the actual facts of the case, and we much regret having published the objectionable statement, founded on the false information supplied by the *Echo*, which, however, until it was reproduced by us, has never been contradicted by those interested. Though sorry for having published what we are now informed, on such good authority, is contrary to the facts, we are glad to be placed in a position to clear, as far as we can, the fair fame of "Tormod Og" from the charges unfortunately taken over by us from the *Highland Echo*. The words "bribe" and "robbed" were, of course, only used in a *literary* sense.

Literature.

—o—

DUILLEAGAIN A LEABHAR CUNNTAS AR BEATHA ANNS A GHADH-ALLTACHD BHO 1848 *gu* 1861. *Agus Aithris air Turusain Roimhe do dh'Albainn, a dh'Eirionn, agus do dh'Eileanain a Chaolais. Eadartheangaichte le Ughdaras a Morachd leis an* NAOMHAIR I. P. ST. CLAIR, *Ministear Eaglais Naomh Stephan am Peairt.* Edinburgh: EDMONSTON & COMPANY.

THE above imposing title, we may inform the reader, is Mr St Clair's equivalent for "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands, &c.," more widely known as the Queen's Book. We commence this notice with very mingled feelings, and delayed doing it so long to allow them to get back into their normal condition after the shock produced by the first perusal of this so-called translation. We also felt that it might be well to let the rev. gentleman dispose of as many copies as possible before we expressed our opinion on the wretched manner in which he has executed his self-imposed task. This was hardly just to those of our readers who place confidence in our views; but they must forgive us for having been favourably pre-disposed towards what we hoped would have been a fair representation of the original, and for sympathising not a little with Mr St Clair in what we considered to have been, with him, a labour of love. The work is so execrably done that we cannot account for it on any other hypothesis than the absolute incapacity of the rev. gentleman to complete the task he in an evil hour imposed upon himself. Apart from all consideration of the literary merit and success of the work, the want of ordinary commercial forethought exhibited by the imbecile proceeding of translating Her Majesty's Bock into the provincial dialect of Perthshire is amazing—a dialect, as represented in this work, which is infinitely more difficult for an ordinary Gaelic reader to understand than that of Ireland. It is just as unwise a proceeding to translate in such a wretched jargon as if an English writer wrote a popular book in the dialect of the Lancashire or Somersetshire hind. We are well acquainted with all the different dialects in the Highlands except that of Perthshire as given in this work. We know several Perthshire Highlanders *out of the county* who can speak and read intelligible Gaelic, but we have not met with any who can read and understand the hotch-potch presented as the Gaelic of Perthshire in this so-called translation of "Leaves from our Journal in the Highlands," by the Rev. Mr St Clair. We submit the following conundrum to our Gaelic readers. If any of them can make sense of it, or translate it back into intelligible English, without the aid of the original, it is more than we, or any Gaelic scholar with whom we are acquainted, have been able to do. Here it is, from page ix. of the preface:—

Chan eil gin do am mûmha dùrachd na do'n Bhânrighinn, nach bitheadh sgarachdainn cas sam bith eadar an âon bhuidheann agus a bhuidheann eile, ach a mhàin gum bitheadh measgadh càoin measg cheile ânn bhitheadh air thoirt mun cuairt trôimh làn chômhachadh bhuanachdain ĕatorrach, troimh malairt dhian a dheâg ôidhichean, agus troimh urram càirdeil bhith air fhaireachdain agus air fhôillseachadh leis gach buidheann do'n uile bhràthrean anns a bhràthreachas mhór a tha deanamh nàird cinneach.

This is simply barbarous. Contrast it with its simple and graceful original:—

Nor does any one wish more ardently than Her Majesty, that there should be no abrupt severance of class from class, but rather a gradual blending together of all classes —caused by a full community of interests, a constant interchange of good offices, and a kindly respect felt and expressed by each class to all its brethren in the great brotherhood that forms a nation.

The preface, Mr St Clair informs us, was translated after he had arrived at perfection—after compiling "A Short Analysis or Grammar of Gaelic." We have no hesitation in admitting that we prefer the rev. gentleman in his imperfect state, corrupt even as he is.

In his preface the translator informs us that the dialect which he adopts is allowed to be spoken "very purely and uncorrupted with foreign elements." Let us see. The following are a few specimens out of hundreds of corruptions and foreign terms which could be given from this work :—

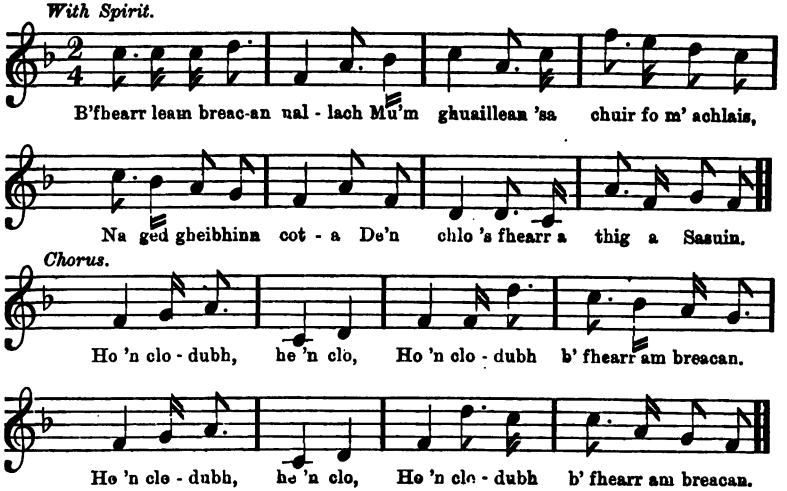
English.	*Translator's Corruptions.*	*English.*	*Translator's Corruptions.*
Printing	Praentig	Arches	Boghaichean—*bows*
Samples	Sampullain	Inn	Tigh Sheinnse—*change*
Enter	Innthirig	Guard	Geard
Spread	Spreid	Ranks	Rangain
Dinner	Dinnear	Marching	Marsul
Rooms	Rumaichean	Gate	Geata
Stair	Staidhir	Lined	Linigeadh
Palace	Pailios	Hall	Tranns-Rum
Chapel	Seapal	Railings	Reithlichean
Storey	Storaidh	Sport	Sport
Packed	Pachdte	Times	Tiuneain
Platform	Lobhta—*Loft*	Time	Tim
Hospital	Spideal	Spot	Spot
Planks	Plangain	Railroad	Rathad-reithill
Cross	Crosg	Trowel	Truan
Pair	Paidhir	Morter	Murtal
Ponies	Ponnaidhean	Green	Grin
Parts of the Park	Pairtean de'n Phaire	Baskets	Bascaiden
Ministers of State	Ministearain na Staid	Luggage	Bageis—*baggage*
Officers of State	Oidhichearain na Staid	Solemn	Solaimte
Forth	Ford	Simple	Simplidh
On Board	Air Bord		

These specimens of *foreign corruptions* from a few pages of the book could be multiplied *ad libitum*. Every page actually bristles with such ; and this is the pure (!) dialect which we are to accept as our Gaelic standard in the future ! Besides, we have innumerable instances of mistranslations, which entirely alter the sense of the original, in addition to a total disregard, or rather an entire contravention of the genius and mode of expression peculiar to the language. To point out all the errors and examples of bad taste throughout the book would take a volume at least equal in size to the work itself. And this is the writer who takes upon himself to teach others, and lay down rules for writing and spelling the language —a language, if we may judge by the work before us, of which he has himself yet to study the rudiments. We regret to have to write thus of any work of a Celtic character, and especially so of Her Majesty's Book on the Highlands; but our duty to the language and posterity compels us to speak out.

There are some fifty excellent engravings in the book, which appeared in the original English edition. The publishers and the printers have done their part in a manner which does them great credit—far exceeding what the contents of the book deserve.

HO 'N CLO-DUBH B'FHEARR AM BREACAN.

With Spirit.


B'fhearr leam breac-an ual - laich Mu'm ghuaillean 'sa chuir fo m' achlais,
Na ged gheibhinn cot - a De'n chlo 's fhearr a thig a Sasuin.
Chorus.
Ho 'n clo - dubh, he 'n clo, Ho 'n clo - dubh b' fhearr am breacan.
Ho 'n clo - dubh, he 'n clo, Ho 'n clo - dubh b' fhearr am breacan.

KEY F.

s ., s : s , l.-	d : m ., f	s : m ., s	d' ., t : l . s
s ., f : m . r	d : m ., d	l_1 : l_1 ., s_1	m ., d : r . d ‖

Chorus.

d : r , m .-	s_1 : l_1	d : d , l .-	s ., f : m , r .-
d : r , m .-	s_1 : l_1	d : l ., s	s ., m : r . d ‖

Mo laochan fein an t-eideadh
A dh-fheumadh an crios d' a ghlasadh,
Cuaicheanach an fheilidh,
Deis eiridh gu dol air astar.

Fheilidh chruinn nan cuachan,
Gur buadhach an t-earradh gaisgeich ;
Shiubhlainn leat na fuarain, [thu.
Feadh fhuar-bheann ; 's bu ghasd' air faich

Fior chulaidh an t-saighdear,
'S neo-ghloiceil ri uchd na caismeachd ;
'S ciatach 's an *adbhanns* thu,
Fo shranntraich nam piob 's nam bratach.

Cha mhios anns an dol sios thu,
'Nuair sgriobar a duille claiseach ;
Fior earradh na ruaige,
Gu luaths a chuir anns na casan!

'N am coillich a bhi durdan,
Air stucan am madainn dhealta,
Bu ghasda t-fheum 's a chuis sin,
Seach mutan de thrustar casaig.

Air t-uachdar gur a sgiamhach
A laidheadh sgiath air a breacadh ;
'S claidheamh air chrios ciatach
Air fhiaradh os-ceann do phleatan.

Bu mhath anns an oidhch' thu—
Mo loinn thu mar aodach-leapa ;
B' fhearr leam na 'm brat lin thu,
Is priseile thig a Glascho.

Bu mhath a la 'sa dhoidhch' thu ;
Bha loinn ort am beinn 's an cladach,
Bu mhath am feachd 's an sith thu ;
Cha righ e am fear chuir as dut.

Shaoil leis gun do mhealaich, so
Faobhar nan Gael tapaidh,
Ach 's ann a chuir e geur orr',
Ni 's beurra na deud na h-ealtainn.

'S i 'n fhuil bha 'n cuisl' ar sinnsridh,
'S an innsginn a bha n' an aigne,
A' dh' fhagadh dhuinn' mar dhileab,
Bhi righeil—O ! sin ar paidir !

NOTE.—The above, which is one of the most popular songs in the Highlands, is the composition of *Mac Mhaighstir Alastair*. Various versions of the music have appeared in different publications, but the above is the one usually sung in the north-west Highlands, and is given without any of the superfluous emendations with which it is sometimes accompanied. The words of the song appear in numerous collections of Gaelic Poetry, but only a few verses are here given.—W. M'K.

THE

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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

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[Continued.]

It has been maintained by the family of Gairloch that there is no truth in the charge, the details of which we have given in our last, mainly on the authority of the Earl of Cromartie, against their ancestor, Hector Roy. The writer of the MacRa MS. of the Mackenzies* says that John "was but young when his father died; and Hector, his younger uncle (Duncan, Hector's eldest brother, who should be tutor being dead, and Allan, Duncan's son, not being able to oppose or grapple with Hector) meddled with the estate. It is reported that Hector wished Allan out of the way, whom he thought only to stand in his way from being laird, since he was resolved not to own my Lord Lovat's daughter's children, being all bastards and gotten in adultery. The reason why they entertained such thoughts of him was partly this: Hector going to Islandonan (where he placed Malcolm MacEancharrich constable) called such of the country people to him as he judged fit, under pretence of setting and settling the country, but asked not for, nor yet called his nephew Allan, who lived at Inversheal, within a few miles of Islandonan, but went away. Allan, suspecting this to have proceeded from unkindness, sends to one of his familiar friends to know the result of the meeting, or if there was any spoken concerning him. The man, perhaps, not being willing to be an ill instrument 'twixt so near relations, sends Allan the following Irish lines:—

Inversheala na struth bras,
Tar as, 's fear foill ga d' fheitheamh,
Nineag, ga caol a cas,
Tha leannan aice gun fhios,
A tighinn gam fhaire a shios,
Tha i, gun fhios, fo mo chrios
Na 'n sar laun ghuilbneach ghlas,
Bheirinn urchair dha le fios.

Allan put his own construction on them, and thought a friend warned him to have a care of himself, there being some designs on him from a near relation; and so that very night, in the beginning thereof, he re-

* Dr George Mackenzie gives substantially the same account.

moved himself and family and anything he valued within the house to an hill above the town, where he might see and hear anything that might befal the house; and that same night about cock crow he saw his house and biggings in flames, and found them consumed to ashes on the morrow. The perpetrators could not be found; yet it was generally thought to be Hector his uncle's contrivance." MacRa describes the legitimation of Agnes Fraser's children by the Pope, and continues, "Hector, notwithstanding of the legitimation, refused to quit the possession of the estate," and he then gives the same account of John's feigned expedition to Ireland, and the burning of Hector's house at Wester Fairburn substantially as we have given it from another source, but adding, "That very night they both entered upon terms of agreement without acquainting or sending for any, or to advise a reconciliation betwixt them. The sum of their agreement was, that Hector, as a man able to rule and govern, should have (allowing John an aliment) the estate for five or six years, till John should be major, and that thereafter Hector should render it to John as the right and lawful undoubted heir, and that Hector should ever afterwards acknowledge and honour him as his chief, and so they parted, all being well pleased. But Allan and the most of the Kintail men were dissatisfied that John did not get Islandonan, his principal house, in his own possession, and so desired John to come to them and possess the Castle by fair or foul means wherein they promised to assist him. John goes to Kintail, desires him to render the place to him which he refused." The MacRa MS. History and the Earl of Cromartie's account are to some extent, however, borne out by Gregory,* who informs us that "Hector Roy Mackenzie, progenitor of the House of Gairloch, had, since the death of Kenneth Oig Mackenzie of Kintail, in 1497, and during the minority of John, the brother and heir of Kenneth, exercised the command of that clan, nominally as guardian to the young chief. Under his rule the Clan Mackenzie became involved in feuds with the Munroes and other clans, and Hector Roy himself became obnoxious to Government as a disturber of the public peace. His intentions towards the young Lord of Kintaill were considered very dubious; and the apprehensions of the latter having been roused, Hector was compelled by law to yield up the estate and the command of the tribe to the proper heir." Gregory gives the "Acts of the Lords of Council, xxii., fo. 142," as that upon which, among other authorities, he founds; from which we are enabled to place the following extract before the reader. Except that the spelling is sufficiently modernised to make it intelligible to the ordinary reader, it is as follows:—"7th April 1511. Anent the summons made at the instance of John Mackenzie of Kintail against Hector Roy Mackenzie for the wrongous intromitting, uptaking, and withholding from him of the mails 'fermez,' profits, and duties of all and whole the lands of Kintail, with the pertinents lying in the Sherrifdom of Inverness, for the space of seven years together, beginning in the year of God 1501, and also for the space of two years, last bye-past, and for the masterfal withholding from the said John Mackenzie of his house and Castle of Eleandonain, and to bring with him his evidents if (he) any has of the constabulary and keeping

* Highlands and Isles of Scotland, p. 111.

thereof, and to hear the same decerned of none avail, and diverse other points like as at more length is contained in the said summons, the said John Mackenzie being personally present, and the said Hector Roy being lawfully summoned to this action, oft-times called and not compearing, the said John's rights, &c. The Lords of Council decree and deliver, that the said Hector has forfeited the keeping and constabulary of the said Castle of Eleandonain, together with the fees granted therefor, and decern all evidents, if he any has made to him thereupon, of none avail force nor effect, and the said John Mackenzie to have free ingress and entry to the said Castle, because he required the said Hector for deliverance thereof and to thole him to enter thereunto, howbeit the said Hector refused and would not give him entry to the said Castle, bot gif his servants would have delivered their happinnis from them to his men or their entries, like as one actentit instrument taken thereupon shown and produced before the said Lords purported and bore, and therefore ordains our sovereign Lords' letters (to) be directed to devode and rid the said Castle and to keep the said John in possession thereof as effeirs and continues the remanent points contained in the said summons in form, as they are now, unto the 20th day of July next to come, with continuation of days, and ordains that letters be written in form of commission to the Sheriff of Inverness and his deputies to summon witnesses and take probations thereupon, and to summon the party to hear them swoin and thereafter send their depositions closed to the Lords again, the said day, under the said Sheriff's or his Deputy's seal, that thereafter justice may be ministered thereuntill."

Hector Roy was undoubtedly at this time possessed of considerable estates of his own; for, we find a "protocal," by John Vass, "Burges of Dygvayll, and Shireff in this pairt," by which he makes known that, by the command of his sovereign lord, letters and process was directed to him as Sheriff, granting him, to give Hector Mackenzie heritable state and possession "of all and syndri the landis off Gerloch, with thar pertinens, after the forme and tenor off our souerane lordis chartyr maide to the forsaide Hector," lying between the waters called Inverew and Torridon. The letter is dated "At Alydyll (? Talladale) the xth of the moneth off December the yher off Gode ane thousande four hundreth nynte and four yheris."

It is quite clear that Hector was not long under a cloud; for, in 1508, he was again in the favour of his sovereign, who in that year directed a mandate to the Chamberlain of Ross, requesting him to enter Hector Roy Mackenzie in the "males and proffitis of our landis of Braane and Moy, with ariage, cariage and vther pertinence thareof . . . . . for his gude and thankfull service done and to be done to us . . . . . and this on na wise ye leif vndone, as ye will incur our indignatioun and displesour. This our letrez . . . . . efter the forme of our said vther letres past obefor, given vnder our signet at Edinburgh the fift day of Marche and of Regne the twenty yere.—(Signed) James R." In 1513 he received a charter under the great seal of the lands of Gairloch formerly granted him, with Glasletter and Coruguellen, with their pertinents.* Hector's conduct towards John has been found

* The original charter, the "protocol" from John Vass, the mandate to the Chamberlain of Ross, and various other documents, for copies of which we are indebted to the courtesy of Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Baronet, are in the Gairloch Charter Chest.

fault with, but if we keep in mind that no regular marriage ever took place between Kenneth a Bhlair and John's mother, Agnes of Lovat; that their union was not even recognised by the Church until 1491, the very year in which "Kenneth of the Battle" died; and that there is no evidence of any kind, or even pretence, of which we have any knowledge that Hector was ever appointed to, or accepted any tutorship or guardianship of John, the issue of this irregular union, we can quite understand Hector conscientiously doing what he in fact considered his duty—standing out against John of Killin in the interest of those whom he considered the legitimate successors of Kenneth a Bhlair and his unfortunate son, Kenneth Og; but further consideration of this question must be left to its proper place when we come to treat of the history of the House of Gairloch.

In compliance with an Act passed in the year 1494, anent the education of young gentlemen of note, John was sent in his youth to Edinburgh by Hector Roy, with his elder brother Coinneach Og, to complete his education at Court. He thus in early life acquired a knowledge of legal principles and practice which proved of great service to him in after life, not only in managing his own affairs, but in aiding his friends and countrymen in their various difficulties by his counsel and guidance. He thus secured such universal esteem and confidence as seldom fell to the lot of a Highland Chief in that rude and unruly age. The kind of education acquired at Court in those days must have been very different from that required in ours, for we find that, with all his opportunities, John of Killin could not write his own name. In a bond in favour of the Earl of Huntly he signs, "Jhone M'Kenzie of Kyntaill, with my hand on the pen led by Master William Gordone, *Notar*." He was a member of the Privy Council of James the Fifth, and a great favourite at Court.

Referring to the power of the family at this period, and the rapid advance made by the family under Alexander and his successor, we quote the following from a modern MS. history of the family*:—"We must observe here the rapid advance which the family of Kintail made on every side. The turbulent Macdonalds crushed by the affair of Park, Munro sustained by his own Clan, and the neighbouring vassals of Ross humbled at their own door, when a century had not yet passed since the name of Mackenzie had become familiar to their ears; and it is gratifying to trace all this to the wise policy of the first James and his successors. The judicious education of Alastair Ionraic, and consequent cultivation of those habits which, by identifying the people with the monarch, through the laws, render a nation securely great, is equally discernible in John of Killin and his posterity. The successors of the Earls of Ross were turbulent and tenacious of their rights, but they were irreclaimable. The youthful Lord of the Isles, at the instigation of his haughty mother, deserted the Court of James I., while young Kintail remained, sedulously improving himself at school in Perth, till he was called to display his gratitude to his Royal master in counteracting

* Written by the late Mr Matheson of Bennetsfield; and for its perusal we are indebted to the courtesy of his relative, Captain Alexander Matheson, Dornie, Kintail,—a gentleman who is possessed of a valuable mass of antiquarian lore.

the evil arising from the opposite conduct of Macdonald. Thus, by one happy circumstance, the attention of the King was called to a chieftain, who gave such early promise of steady attachment, and his future favour was secured. The family of Kintail was respectably recognised in the Calendar of the Scottish Court, while that of the once proud Macdonalds frowned in disappointment and barbarous independence amidst their native wilds, while their territories, extending beyond the bounds of good government and protection, presented, gradually, such defenceless gaps as became inviting, and easily penetrable by the intelligence of Mackenzie; and Alastair Ionraic acquired so great a portion of his estates by this legitimate advantage, afterwards secured by the intractable arrogance of Macdonald of Lochalsh and the valour and military capacity of *Coinneach a Bhlair*."

In 1513 John of Killin was among those Highland Chiefs summoned to rendezvous with the Royal army at Barron Moor preparatory to the fatal advance of James IV. into England, when the Mackenzies, forming with the Macleans joined that miserably arranged and ill-fated expedition which terminated so fatally to Scotland on the disastrous field of Flodden, where the killed included the King, with the flower of his nobility, gentry, and even clergy. There was scarcely a Scottish family of distinction that did not lose at least one, and some of them lost all the male members who were capable of bearing arms. The body of the King was found, much disfigured with wounds, in the thickest of the slain. Abercromby, on the authority of Crawford, includes, in a list of those killed at Flodden, "Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail, ancestor to the noble family of Seaforth." This is, however, an undoubted error; for John (not Kenneth) was chief at the time of Flodden. It was he who joined the Royal army, accompanied by his brave and gallant uncle, Hector Roy of Gairloch, and it is established beyond dispute that though almost all their followers fell, neither of them were killed. They both, however, narrowly escaped the charge of Sir Edward Stanley in rear of the Highlanders during their disorderly pursuit of Sir Edward Howard, who had given way to the furious and gallant onset of the mountaineers. The Chief of Clan Kenneth was, however, made prisoner, but he procured his escape in a very remarkable manner. When his captors were carrying him and some of his followers to the south, they were overtaken by a most violent storm, which obliged them to seek shelter in a retired house occupied by the widow of a shipmaster. After taking up their quarters, and, as they thought providing for the safe custody of their prisoners, the woman noticed that the captives were Highlanders; and, in reference to the boisterous weather raging outside, she, as if unconsciously, exclaimed, "The Lord help those who are to-night travelling on *Leathad Leacachan*." The prisoners were naturally astonished to hear this allusion, in such a place, to a mountain so familiar to them in the North Highlands. They soon managed to get an opportunity, which she appeared most anxious to afford them, of questioning her regarding her acquaintance with so distant a place, when she told them that during a sea voyage she took with her husband, she had been taken so ill aboard ship, that it was found necessary to send her ashore on the north-west coast of Scotland, where, travelling with a maid and a single guide, they were caught in a

severe storm, and she was suddenly taken in labour. In this distressing and trying predicament a Highlander passing by took compassion on her, and seeing her case was desperate, with no resources at hand, he, with a remarkable presence of mind, killed one of his horses, ripped open his belly, and taking out the bowels, placed the woman and the newly-born infant in their place, as the only effectual shelter from the storm; by this means he secured sufficient time to procure female assistance, and saved the mother and her child. But the most remarkable part of the story remains to be told. The very individual to whom she owed her preservation was one of the captives then under her roof. He was one of Kintail's followers on the field of Flodden. She was informed of his presence, and of the plight he was in, and she managed to procure a private interview with him, when he amply proved to her, by more detailed reference to the incidents of their meeting on *Leathad Leacachan*, that he was the very man—*Uisdean Mor Mac 'Ille Phadruig* —and in gratitude, at the risk of her own personal safety, she successfully planned the escape of her saviour's master and his whole party. The story is given on uninterrupted tradition in the country of the Mackenzies; and a full and independent version of *Uisdean's* humane proceedings on *Leathad Leacachan* will be found in the *Celtic Magazine*, vol. ii., pp. 468-9, to which we refer the Gaelic reader. "Tradition has preserved a curious anecdote," says Gregory, p. 112, "connected with the Mackenzies, whose young chief, John of Kintail, was taken prisoner at Flodden. It will be recollected that Kenneth Oig Mackenzie of Kintail, while on his way to the Highlands, after making his escape from Edinburgh Castle, was killed in the Torwood by the laird of Buchanan. The foster-brother of Kenneth Oig was a man of the district of Kenlochew, named Donald Dubh MacGillecrist vic Gillereoch, who with the rest of the clan were at Flodden with his chief. In the retreat of the Scottish army this Donald Dubh heard some one near him exclaiming, 'Alas, Laird! thou hast fallen.' On enquiry, he was told that it was the Laird of Buchanan who had sunk from his wounds or exhaustion. The faithful Highlander, eager to revenge the death of his chief and foster-brother, drew his sword, and, saying, 'If he has not fallen he shall fall,' made straight to Buchanan, whom he killed on the spot." As to Kintail's and Eachainn Ruadh's safe return to their Highland home, after this calamitous event, there is now no question whatever; for John, among others, was appointed by Act of Council a lieutenant or guardian of Wester Ross,* to protect it from Sir Donald Macdonald of Lochalsh, who proclaimed himself Lord of the Isles. In 1515, Mackenzie, without legal warrant, seized the royal castle of Dingwall, but he professed his readiness to give it to any one appointed by the Regent, John, Duke of Albany.† In 1532 we find John included in a commission by James V. for suppressing a disorderly tribe of Mackintoshes, and he secured the esteem of this monarch so much that he made him a Privy Councillor. To put the question of John's return beyond further cavil, and to show how the family rapidly rose in influence and power in John's time, we shall quote the following from the "Origines

* Gregory, p. 115. Acts of Lords of Council, xxvi., fo. 25.
† Acts of Lords of Council, xxvii., fo. 60.

Parochiales Scotiæ." It will be seen that Kenneth, his son and heir, received considerable grants for himself during his father's lifetime:—"In 1509 King James IV. granted to John Makkenze of Keantalle (the brother of Kenneth Oig) the 40 marklands of Keantalle—namely, the davach of Cumissaig, the davach of Letterfearn, the davach of Gleanselle, the davach of Glenlik, the davach of Letterchall, the two davachs of Croo, and three davachs between the water of Keppach and the water of Lwying, with the castle and fortalice of Eleandonnan, in the earldom of Ross and sheriffdom of Innernis, with other lands in Ross, which John had resigned, and which the King then erected into the barony of Eleandonnan.* In 1530 King James V. granted to James Grant of Freuchy and Johne Mckinze of Kintale liberty to go to any part of the realm on their lawful business.† In 1532, 1538, and 1540, the same John M'Kenich of Kintaill appears in record.‡ In 1542, King James V. granted to John Mckenzie of Kintaill the waste lands of Monar, lying between the water of Gleneak on the north, the top or summit of Landovir on the south, the torrent of Towmuk and Inchclochill on the east, and the water of Bernis running into the water of Long on the west; and also the waste lands of lie Ned, lying between Loch Boyne on the north, Loch Tresk on the south, lie Ballach on the west, and Dawelach on the east, in the earldom of Ross and sheriffdom of Inneres—lands which were never in the King's rental, and never yielded any revenue—for the yearly payment of £4 to the King as Earl of Ross.§ In 1543 Queen Mary granted to Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintaill, and Isabel Stewart, his wife, the lands of Auchnaceyric, Lakachane, Strome-ne-mowklach, Kilkinterne, the two Rateganis, Torlousicht, Auchnashellicht, Auchnagart, Auchewrane, lie Knokfreith, Auchtarskelane, and Malegane, in the lordship of Kintaill; and other lands in Ross, extending in all to 36 marks, which he had resigned.|| In 1551 the same Queen granted to John M'Kenze of Kintaill, and Kenzeoch M'Kenze, his son and apparent heir, a remission for the violent taking of John Hectour M'Kenzesone of Garlouch, Doull Hectoursone, and John Towach Hectoursone, and for keeping them in prison 'vsurpand thairthrou our Souerane Ladyis autorite.'¶ In 1554 there appear in record John Mackenzie of Kintaile and his son and heir-apparent, Kenneth Mackenzie of Brahan—apparently the same persons that appear in 1551.**

Donald Gorme Mor of Sleat laid waste the country of Macleod of Dunvegan, who was an ally of Mackenzie, after which he passed over in 1539 to the mainland and pillaged the lands of Kenlochewe, where he killed Miles or Maolmuire, son of Finlay Dubh MacGillechriost MacRath, who was governor of Eileandonan Castle. Finlay was a very "pretty man," and, the genealogy of the Macras informs us, "the remains of a monument erected for him, in the place where he was killed, is still (1704) to be seen." Kintail naturally was very much exasperated at this unpro-

* Reg. Mag. Sig., lib. xv., No. 89. Gregory, p. 83.
† Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. viii., fol. 149.
‡ Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. ix, fol. 3; vol. xii., fol. 21; vol. xiv., fol. 32.
§ Reg. Mag. Sig., lib. xxviii., No. 417.
|| Reg. Mag. Sig., lib. xxviii., No. 524. Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. xvii., fol. 56.
¶ Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. xxiv., fol. 75.
** Reg. Mag. Sig., lib. xxxii., No. 211.

voked raid upon his territory, as also for Macdonald's attack upon his friend and ally of Dunvegan; and to punish Donald Gorme, he dispatched his son and heir, Kenneth, to the Isle of Skye, where he made ample reprisals in Macdonald's country, killed many of his followers, at the same time exhibiting great intrepidity and sagacity. Donald Gorme almost immediately made an incursion on Mackenzie's lands in Kintail, where he killed Sir (Rev.) Dougald Mackenzie, "one of the Pope's knights." Kenneth Mackenzie paid another visit to Skye, wasted the country; and on his return, Macdonald learning that Eileandonan was garrisoned by a very weak force, under John Dubh Matheson of Fernaig,—who had married Sir Dugald Mackenzie's widow—as governor, made a retaliating raid upon it, with fifty birlinns or large boats full of his followers, with the view of surprising the small garrison, and taking the castle by storm. The garrison only consisted at the time of the governor, his watchman, and Duncan MacGillechriost MacFhionnladh MhicRath, a nephew of Maolmuire, killed in the last incursion of the Island Chief. The advance of the boats was, however, noticed in time by the sentinel or watchman, who at once gave the alarm to the country people, but too late to enable them to prevent the enemy from landing. Duncan MacGillechriost appears, from all accounts, to have been on the mainland at the time; but, flying back with all speed, he arrived at the postern in time to kill several of the Islesmen in the act of landing, and, entering the castle, he found no one there but the governor and watchman, after which, almost immediately, Donald Gorme furiously attacked the gate, but to no purpose, it having been strongly secured by a second barrier of iron within a few steps of the outer defences. Unable to procure access, the Islesmen were driven to the expedient of shooting their arrows through the embrazures, and in this way they succeeded in killing Matheson, the governor. Duncan now found himself sole defender of the castle, except the watchman, and to make matters worse his ammunition became reduced to a single barbed arrow, which he determined to husband until an opportunity occurred by which he could make good use of it. Macdonald now ordered his boats round to the point of the Airds, and was personally reconnoitring with the view of discovering the weakest part of the wall wherein to effect a breach. Duncan considered this a favourable opportunity, and aimed his arrow at Donald Gorme, whose foot it penetrated through the master vein. Not having perceived that the arrow was a barbed one, Macdonald instantly wrenched it out, separating the main artery. It was found impossible to stop the bleeding, and his men conveyed him out of the range of the fort to a spot—a sand bank—on which he died, called to this day *Larach Tigh Mhic Dhomhnuill* (the site of Macdonald's house), where the haughty Lord of Sleat ended his career.* The Islesmen burnt all they could find in Kintail. This is confirmed by the following:—In 1539 Donald Gorme of Sleat and his allies, after laying waste Trouterness in Sky and Kenlochew in Ross, attempted to take the Castle of Eileandonan, but Donald being killed by an arrow shot from the wall, the attempt failed.† In 1541 King James V. granted a remission to Donald's accomplices—namely,

* Genealogy of the MacRas, and MacRa MS. of the Mackenzies.

† Gregory, pp. 145-146. Border Minstrelsy. Anderson, p. 283. Reg. Sec. Sig., vol. xv., fol. 46.

Archibald Ilis, *alias* Archibald the Clerk, Alexander McConnell Gallich, John Dow Donaldsoun, and twenty-six others whose names will be found in the "Origines Parochiales," p. 394, vol ii., for their treasonable fire-raising and burning of the Castle of Allanedonnand and of the boats there, for the "Herschip" of Kenlochew and Trouteness, &c,

For this service against the Macdonalds, King James the Fifth gave to him Kinchuldrum, Achilty, and Comery in feu, with Meikle Scatwell, under the great seal, Anno 1528. The lands of Laggan Achidrom being four merks, the three merks of Killianan, and the four merk lands of Invergarry, being in the King's hand, were disposed by him to John Mackenzie, after the King's minority and revocation, Anno 1540, under the great seal, with a precept under the great seal and sasine thereupon by Sir John Robertson in January 1541. But before this, in 1521, he acquired the lands of Fodderty and mill thereof from Mr John Cadell, which King James the Fifth confirmed to John Mackenzie at Linlithgow in September, Anno 1522. In 1541 he feued Brahan from the King to himself and his heirs male, which failing, to his eldest daughter. In 1542 he obtained the waste lands and forest of Neid and Monar from King James the Fifth, for which sasine is granted in the same year by Sir John Robertson. In January 1547 he acquired a wadset of the half of Culteleod (Castle Leod) and Drynie from one Denoon of Davidston. In September of the same year, old as he was, he went in defence of his Sovereign, young Queen Mary, to the unfortunate battle of Pinkie, where he was taken prisoner; and the Laird of Kilravock meeting with him advised him that they should own themselves among the commons, Mackenzie passing off as a bowman, while Kilravock would pass himself off as a miller, which plan succeeded so well as to secure Kilravock his release; but the Earl of Huntly, who was also a prisoner, having been conveyed by the Duke of Somerset to view the prisoners, espying his old friend Mackenzie among the common prisoners, and ignorant of the plot, called him by his name, desiring that he might shake hands with him, which civility two English officers noticed to Mackenzie's disadvantage; for thenceforward he was placed and guarded along with the other prisoners of quality, but afterwards released for a considerable sum, to which all his people contributed without burdening his own estate with it, so, returning home he set himself to arrange his private affairs, and in the year 1556 he acquired the heritage of Culteleod and Drynie from Denoon, which was confirmed to him by Queen Mary under the great seal, at Inverness, 13th July of the same year. He had previously, in 1544, acquired the other half of Culteleod and Drynie from Magnus Mowat, and Patrick Mowat of Bugholly. In 1543 John Mackenzie acquired Kildins, part of Lochbroom, to himself, and Elizabeth Grant, his wife, holding blench for a penny, and confirmed in the same year by Queen Mary.*

In 1540 Mackenzie and his retinue joined King James at Loch Duich while on his way with a large fleet to secure order and good government in the Western Highlands and Isles, upon which occasion many of the suspected and refractory leaders were carried south and placed in confinement. His Majesty died soon after, in 1542, and Queen Mary, his

* MS. History by the Earl of Cromartie.

successor on the Scottish throne, being then in her minority, the country at large, but particularly the northern parts, was thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. In 1544 the Earl of Huntly, holding a commission from the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, as Lieutenant of the North, commanded Kenneth Mackenzie, in consequence of the advanced age of his father, to raise his vassals and lead an expedition against the Clan Ranald of Moidart, who then held lands from Mackenzie on the West coast; and Kenneth, considering that in these circumstances it would be decidedly against his personal interests to attack Donald Glass of Moidart, refused to comply with Huntly's orders. To punish the heir of Kintail for this contumacy, the Earl ordered his whole army, consisting of three thousand men, to proceed against both Moidart and Mackenzie with fire and sword. The Earl had not sufficiently calculated on the constitution of his force, which was composed chiefly of Grants, Rosses, Mackintoshes, and Chisholms; and Kenneth's mother being a daughter of John, then laird of Grant, and three of his daughters having married respectively Ross of Balnagown, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and the Chisholm of Comar, he found his followers as little disposed to molest Kenneth as Kenneth had been to attack Donald Glass of Moidart. In addition to the friendly feelings towards young Kintail in consequence of these family alliances, Huntly was not at all popular with his followers, or with the Highlanders generally. He had incurred so much odium for having executed the late laird of Mackintosh contrary to his solemn pledge that it required small excuse on the part of the exasperated kindred tribes to counteract his plans, and on the slightest pretext refuse to follow him. He was therefore obliged to retire without effecting any substantial service, and was ultimately disgraced, committed to Edinburgh Castle, compelled to renounce the Earldom of Moray and all his other possessions in the north, and sentenced to banishment in France for five years.

At Dingwall, 13th December 1545, the Earl of Sutherland entered into a bond of manrent with John of Kintail for mutual defence against all enemies reserving only their allegiance to their youthful Queen Mary Stuart.* Two years after this the Earl of Arran sent the fiery cross over the nation calling all between the ages of sixteen and sixty to meet him at Musselburgh for the protection of their infant Queen. John of Kintail, at the age of between sixty and seventy, when he might fairly have considered himself exempt from further military service, duly appeared with all the followers he could muster, prudently leaving his only son Kenneth at home; and when remonstrated with for joining in such a perilous journey at his time of life, especially as he was far past the stipulated age, the old chief bravely and patriotically remarked that one of his age could not die more decorously than in the defence of his country. The same year (1547) he fought bravely, as we have already seen, at the battle of Pinkie, leading his clan with all the enthusiasm and gallantry of his younger days, where he was wounded in the head and taken prisoner, but was soon afterwards released, through the influence of the Earl of Huntly, who had meanwhile got into favour, received pardon, and was appointed Chancellor.

In 1556 Y Mackay of Farr, progenitor of Lord Reay, refused to

* Sir Robert Gordon, p. 112.

appear before the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, at Inverness, to answer charges made against him for depredations in Sutherlandshire; and she issued a commission to John, fifth Earl of Sutherland, to lay Mackay's country waste. Mackay, satisfied that he could not successfully oppose the Earl's forces in the field, pillaged and plundered another district of Sutherland. The Earl conveyed intelligence of the state of matters to John of Kintail, who, in terms of the bond of manrent entered into between them in 1545, instantly despatched his son Kenneth with an able body of the clan to arrest Mackay's progress, and this duty Mackenzie performed most effectually. Meeting Mackay at Brora, a severe contest ensued, which terminated in the defeat of Mackay, with the loss of Angus MacIain Mhoir, one of his chief commanders, and many of his clan. Kenneth Mackenzie was thereupon, conjointly with his father, John, appointed by the Earl of Sutherland, then the Queen's Lieutenant north of the Spey, and Chamberlain of the Earldom of Ross,* his deputies in the management of this vast property, at the same time placing them in possession of Ardmeanoch, or Redcastle, which has remained ever since, until within a recent period, in the possession of the family, becoming the property of Kenneth's third son, Ruairidh Mor, first of the house of Redcastle, and progenitor of the family of Kincraig and others. After this, Kintail seems to have lived in peace during the remainder of his long life and died at his house at Inverchonan, in 1561, about 80 years of age. He was buried in the family aisle at Beauly. That he was a man of proved valour is fully established by the distinguished part he took in the battles of Flodden and Pinkie; and the Earl of Cromarty informs us that, "in his time he purchased much of the Brae-lands of Ross, and secured both what he acquired and what his predecessors had, by well ordered and legal security, so that it is doubtful whether his predecessors' courage or his prudence contributed most to the rising of the family." As an illustration of his prudence, we shall quote the following curious story:—John Mackenzie of Kintail "was a great courtier with Queen Mary. He feued most of the lands of Brae Ross. When the Queen sent her servants to know the condition of the gentry of Ross, they came to his house at Killin; but before their coming he had gotten intelligence that it was to find out the condition of the gentry of Ross that they were coming, whilk made him cause his servants to put ane great fire of fresh arn *(Fearna*—elder) wood, when they came, to mak a reek; also he caused kill a great bull in their presence, whilk was put altogether into ane kettle to their supper. When the supper came, there were a half-dozen great dogs present to sup the broth of the bull, whilk put all the house throughother with their tulyie. When they ended the supper ilk ane lay where they were. The gentlemen thought they had gotten purgatory on earth, and came away as soon as it was day; but when they came to the house of Balnagowan, and Foulis, and Milton, they were feasted like Princes.

"When they went back to the Queen, she asked who were the ablest men they saw in Ross. They answered: 'They were all able men, except that man that was Her Majesty's great courtier, Mackenzie—that he did both eat and lie with his dogs.' 'Truly,' said the Queen, 'it were a

* Sir Robert Gordon, p. 134.

pity of his poverty; he is the best man of them all.' Then the Queen did call for the gentry of Ross to take their land in feu, when Mackenzie got the cheap feus, and more for his thousand merks than any of the rest got for five." *

He had an only sister, who, as we have seen, married Roderick Macleod of the Lews. He married Elizabeth, daughter of John, tenth Laird of Grant, by whom he had an only son and successor.

(To be Continued.)

JOHN MACCODRUM.

—o—

I.

THE poet may well be called the Child of Nature, for he comes from Nature with his mystic powers, and goes to her for the machinery of outward expression. As he is indebted to nature alone for the divine *afflatus*, so to her he goes for the drapery of thought, the images in which his ideas may become embodied. From her he receives the essence of poetry, the "thoughts that breathe"; to her he must go for the accidental form, that local habitation in which the spirit of the bard seeks to utter itself. The true spirit of song, born of nature, and compelled from the inherent impulse of its being to become articulate, goes forth with the instinct of true filial love to greet its great mother, and finds her ever responsive to its call, for as Wordsworth, her high priest among poets, says, "Nature never betrayed the heart that loved her." Thus could one of our great national poets say:—

> Oh! Caledonia stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child.

And owing to this sympathy between the child of genius and nature, has Scotland come to be, through the power of the great Enchanter, more than ever Scott-land. The natural scenery amid which a poet's lot is cast does not alter the essential character of his gifts, but it has a mighty influence upon the external form of his verse. Thus did the inspired Ayrshire ploughman glorify by the light of genius the surroundings of his rural life; thus did the features of his native land become woven into the immortal works of Scott, and thus too do the marvellous strains of Ben Dorain become half explained, when we behold the mountain in whose glen and corries Duncan Ban Macintyre spent so many of his days; to climb its steeps was for him to reach the summit of Parnassus.

That the Highlanders are a poetic race, is to a great extent owing to the fact that the Highlands of Scotland are a poetic land, and the Gaelic

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* Domestic Annals of Scotland, MS. History of the Mackenzies, in possession of J. W. Mackenzie, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh; MS. History by the Earl of Cromartie, and the MacRa MS.

poets have sung so sweetly, very much because the natural form of their country is soul-inspiring. Yet, apart from their surroundings, poetic feeling is a characteristic of the Celts, for even in circumstances and under conditions in which there is perhaps a dearth of what ministers delight to that eye which rolls in a fine frenzy, genius has found a home and expressed itself in the burning words of song. "The light that never was on sea or land" illumines the wastes of nature, and makes them blossom like the rose. That portion of the Outer Hebrides which composes Uist and Harris, although not equal in point of beauty to many favoured spots in the Highlands, has yet produced more than its own complement of bards, the works of some of whom have gone to enrich the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry." Of course it would be too much to say that the above localities are fairly described in the now rather famous lines by Professor Blackie, which he himself has explained to mean nothing more than "good natured banter":—

O God-forsaken, God-detested land,
Of bogs, and blasts, and moors, and mists, and rain.

Yet it must be admitted that, although possessing certain points of beauty and attractiveness, their bare and treeless surface does not possess those inspiring elements through which Macintyre and Macdonald were enabled to adorn and beautify their thoughts. It is thus the more remarkable that they have given birth to Mary Macleod, the most celebrated of Gaelic poetesses, who sang the praises of the Dunvegan chiefs; Hector Macleod, the author of some of the prettiest pastorals in the Gaelic language; Archibald Macdonald, the most distinctively comic of Celtic bards; Niel MacMhuirich, the well-known bard and Seannachie of the Clanranald, and, to mention no other, John MacCodrum, the North Uist poet and the family bard of the Macdonalds of Sleat. To these other sweet singers might be added, whose flight was not strong enough to gain so high a niche in the temple of fame as those to whom allusion has been made—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Few Gaelic bards have had the advantages of education. While the names of Ross, Maclauchlan, Macdonald, and one or two others, exhaust the list of learned or even educated men, who have been inspired to sing in the Gaelic tongue, the Highland followers of the unlettered muse have been neither few nor insignificant. Nor is the reason far to seek. For a long time the Gaelic has been the language of the peasant, to a great extent exclusively. True, the Highland gentry knew and used it, but generally speaking, the circumstances of their up-bringing have not been conducive to the cultivation of Gaelic song. Their tastes have been cultivated through the medium of the English, which has long been, *par excellence*, the language of polite literature amongst us, and an acquaintance with which is a *sine qua non* to any well educated native of the British Isles. Thus has it been that through the exclusive prevalence of English culture among those to whom a liberal education was possible, the composition of Gaelic poetry has been pretty much confined, for the last two hundred years, to the lower and uneducated ranks of life.

John MacCodrum shared with the majority of his poetical compeers, the double disadvantage of being poor and illiterate. The name of his birthplace, as of the place of his up-bringing, he has immortalized in one of the stanzas of "Smeorach Chloinn Domhnuill":—

*An Cladh Chothain rugadh mise
'N Aird-a-Ruanair chaidh mo thogail,
Fradharc a chuain uaimhrich chuislich,
Nan stuadh guanach, cluanach, cluicheach.

The career of John MacCodrum was outwardly uneventful, and is known to us only through his poems and those witty *impromptus* and remarks which either have already been recorded, or survive only in the oral tradition of his countrymen. We do not know if he lisped in numbers so early as Rob Donn, the stories of whose infantile rhymes are more easily narrated than believed, but his first effort at poetical composition was at a very early age. The Editor of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" attributes the cause of the satire to the fact that the bard had not been asked to a wedding to which he expected an invitation. The fact of the matter was that John was asked, but being at the time only a half-grown lad, he was left to be entertained along with the more juvenile members of the party. Conscious of merit beyond his years, and no doubt possessed of the usual amount of poetic sensitivity, John felt keenly what he rightly or wrongly supposed to be an indignity, and indulged with much success in a satire, in which the wedding, and the principal parties concerned, were held up to public derision.

As might be expected, although the author was unknown, the song gave much offence—so much so, that Fearchar, the poet's father, having found out that his son was the composer, advised him seriously not to injure the fair fame of the family by indulging any more in such exhibitions of levity, and it is no slight mark of his filial reverence that, during his father's life-time, he composed no more songs, an amount of self-denial which certainly was extraordinary, considering the activity of the imagination which was thus kept under control. After his father's death, MacCodrum again mounted his Pegasus, and that to such purpose that, his fame reaching the ears of Sir James Macdonald, who was then proprietor of North Uist, he was by him constituted his family bard, with a yearly pension. This gratuity took the form of five bolls of meal, and when the bard received intimation of it from the lips of Sir James himself, he is said to have used his poet's license with good effect. "Gu 'neartaicheadh Dia sibhse Thighearn," says John, "'s maith an t-aran ach b' fheaird e' n t-annlan," whereupon the original order was supplemented by one for five stones of cheese.

* Of the above verse, as well as of the rest of the "Smeorach," Professor Blackie has given a spirited translation, in which the tone of the original is well expressed, although the learned translator made no attempt at being literal. In following Mackenzie's text, which, in the verse quoted above, is erroneous, he has made Mackenzie's mistake in one of the names:—

"At fair Cladh Chothain I greeted the light,
And Unnair bred me in ways that are right;
In view of the waves of the trenched tide,
Where they toss their crests in playful pride."

—*Lang. and Lit. of the Scottish Highlands*, p. 136.

During his life-time three of the Macdonalds of Sleat were proprietors of North Uist—Sir Alex., who died in 1746; the amiable and accomplished Sir James, who died at Rome in 1766, at the early age of twenty-five, and Sir Alex., his brother, who succeeded him, and is mentioned in Boswell's account of Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides, as having entertained the great lexicographer at Armadale in 1773. All these were men of intelligence and culture. Their admiration for the peasant genius incited them to acts of kindness; his gratitude for those favours was profound, his admiration of their noble qualities sincere, and in some of his best productions he celebrates their praises and laments their loss. As a pensioner on their bounty he spent the days and years of a long life, with the exception of a few trips to neighbouring islands, in his native Uist, and died there towards the end of last century.

A Greek poet has remarked that there is no other remedy for love, either in the way of salve or plaster, except the muses. The history of all literature shews, that the poet, of all sublunary mortals, is the being most susceptible to the influences of love. Love songs constitute no small element of every national literature, as it has in war inspired some of the most memorable actions on record, so "In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed." The poet, a being so keenly alive to all external influences, in whom the beautiful aspects of nature stir such profound and genuine sympathy, whose enthusiasm is roused by heroism and valour, whose admiration and reverence are kindled by the contemplation of human goodness—the poet can scarcely fail to be touched by loveliness and grace when manifested in female form; to none so truly as to him can it be said that

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

Nor have the hearts of our most distinguished Highland bards been callous to the claims of beauty. Not to speak of the princely bard of Cona, who, in a far past age, painted ideals of beauty that the world shall not willingly let die, those foremost in the ranks of modern Gaelic poetry have sung of their loves, and handed down the names of their mistresses to posthumous fame. Duncan Ban Macintyre sang the praises of his "Mairi bhan Og," in strains of immortal tenderness; Alex. Macdonald, in "Moladh Moraig," indulges in a boundless exuberance of expression, in giving utterance to what seemed to be his feelings of admiration and affection, while William Ross expended all the ardour of his nature, in singing of a passion which ended only with his life.

The subject of these papers is an almost solitary exception. All the other strings of the Gaelic lyre have at his touch responded in strains that shall not soon be forgotten. Clio, Melpomene, and Thalia, each in turn, have not in vain been invoked. He has sung the praises of living goodness and departed worth, and celebrated in warlike measures the heroes of his native land; he has reflected on the uncertainty of life, the evanescence of youth, and the sorrows of old age; she "in heav'n yclept Euphrosyne," has been responsive to his beck, and "laughter holding both its sides" has not been slow to follow. But if ever he felt the tender passion he has left nothing to show it, for although thrice married, he never composed a love song. The Greek poet Anacreon complains in

one of his odes of his own too amorous propensities, for of whatever subject he would wish to sing, whether of the doughty deeds of the Atreides, or of the exploits of Cadmus, his lyre would ever answer in the strains of love. Anacreon and John MacCodrum seem to have been at the poles of inspiration in regard to the fair sex, for the latter, even when composing songs to women, does not reveal a trace of the language of passion, but is inclined to hold up the sex as objects of satire. The only woman who seems to have called forth his eulogy was the celebrated Flora Macdonald, to whom he composed the two last verses in his song to her husband, Captain Allan Macdonald of Kingsburgh, in Skye. Of her he said what subsequent history has verified :—

Le barrachd uaisl' 'us righealachd
Ghluais i anns na gniomhara
Thug seanachas buan do linneacha
Air chuimhn' an deigh a bais.

(Right nobly and royally
Did she engage in deeds,
Gave lasting talk to generations,
To be remembered after her death.)

The probability is that John passed through life unscathed by the arrows of the winged god, esteeming the daughters of Eve not even one of Nature's agreeable blunders, and in no sense the peculiar gift of heaven. Therefore, in a classification of his poetry, we find love-songs are a blank. The rest of his compositions may be arranged as follows :—*Satirical, Ethical, Patriotic, and Elegaic.*

I. Satirical.—It is a characteristic of Gaelic poetry, from the days of Ossian until now, that, as a general rule, it does not look at the ludicrous aspect of things. Its humourists are indeed few and far between, as scarce as roses in December. The Gaelic bards have been a serious race, whose sombre gravity is not very often relieved by the sunshine of a laugh. They can make us weep and shudder, admire and muse ; they can inspire us with awe by their descriptions of those aspects of earth, and sea, and sky, which are to be seen in their native land ; but they are not fond of tickling our fancies with merry thoughts. The genius of the people, as a whole, has received a melancholy tinge, probably from the stern character of their country's scenery. Their music seems to a stranger to be characterised by sadness. The note of the *piobmhor* is wild and wailing, and the minor key is a prevailing one in the airs of Gaelic songs. Thus it is that the comic element is not strongly represented in our poetry. There is only one Gaelic bard who is purely and solely comic—Archibald Macdonald, popularly known as *Gille na Ciotaig*—and even those satires by well-knewn Gaelic poets, in which the element of humour might be expected to predominate, are not of a kind to make us laugh. Duncan Macintyre and Alexander Macdonald, peerless in their own peculiar domain, do not achieve anything particularly great in this vein of poetical composition. They are scurrilous and abusive, powerful in vituperation, hearty and earnest in their expression of dislike, but seldom funny. Nor would we express anything like unmingled admiration for Rob Donn's satires, the humour of which, although genuine and amusing, is in its character so often questionable that an expurgated edition of

them, fit for a drawing-room table, would be like the play of Hamlet, wanting Hamlet's part.

Laying all partiality and prejudice aside, I have no hesitation in according the first place among Gaelic satirists to John MacCodrum, and for the reason that, in wit and humour, rather than in an emphatic expression of malevolence, consists the excellence of his satires. When satirical, he is generally funny, often side-splitting. Of course, it would be too much to say that he invariably avoided Rob Donn's coarseness, on the one hand, or Macintyre's and Macdonald's mere heaping up of abuse on the other, but his satires in general were composed more with the view of expressing what to him appeared ludicrous, than of venting his own spleen, or manifesting his powers of metrical scolding.

In considering this class of his compositions, we may first mention a few minor ones of a fugitive nature, which are illustrative of one of his poetic moods. We have alluded to the fact that our bard was three times married, and it was during his third anti-nuptial probation that a good-humoured skit, called "Oran nam bantraichean" was composed. In this effusion he more than hints his suspicions that he himself, an eligible widower, is the object of too many attentions from the widows of his acquaintance. His experience of that class of females seems to have repelled rather than attracted him. He does not seem to have needed that sovereign cure for gout which Tony Weller "took reg'lar," and recommended to those similarly affected with himself, namely, a widow with a strong voice and a disposition to use it. MacCodrum disposes of the matter in his usual light and airy fashion :—

Tha na bantraichean 'g am sharach'
'S gun sgam mu dheighinn pairt diubh
Och och mo chall 'us mo naire
Falbhaidh mi 's fagaidh mi 'n tir.

Theireadh iad gur mi 'n coireach
Mi 'n coireach, mi 'n coireach,
Theireadh iad gur mi 'n coireach
Ged tha theirinnsa nach mi.

Ma theid mi Shannda na Shollas
Gu 'm bi dream dhiubh anns gach dorus
Leis mar a chuir iad 'n am bhoil mi
Theid mi sgor am faigh mi sith.
Theireadh iad, &c.

I may add a literal rendering of the above, although in the process of translation the aroma of the original must necessarily be lost :—

I am tired of the widows,
Being careless about some of them ;
Alas ! alas ! my loss and shame,
I'll have to go and leave the land.

Although they say I am to blame,
That being in fault I am to blame,
Although they say I am to blame,
Yet I deny that I am.

If I go to Sannda or Sollas,
There's sure to be one of them in each door ;
Since they've almost set me crazy,
I'll go to some nook to be at rest.
Although, &c.

A. M'D.

A LEGEND OF INVERSHIN.

—o—

Long ages ago there stood in the vicinity of Invershin a strong massive Castle, built and inhabited by a foreign knight—a stern, haughty man—of whose antecedents nothing could be learned with certainty, although there were plenty of rumours concerning him; the most generally received one being that he had fled from his own country on account of treason, or some other crime. Be that as it may, he had plenty of wealth, built a splendid castle, and kept a great number of retainers. He was extremely fond of fishing, and spent the greater part of his time in the pursuit of the gentle craft. He invented a peculiar kind of cruive, so ingeniously constructed that the salmon on entering it set in motion some springs to which bells were attached: thus they literally tolled their own funeral knell. He was accompanied in his exile by his daughter Bona, and his niece Oykel, both alike beautiful in face and figure, but very dissimilar in disposition. Bona was a fair, gentle being, who seemed formed to love and be loved. Oykel was a dark beauty, handsome, proud, and vindictive.

Among their numerous household there was one who, without being a relative, seemed on terms of intimacy and equality. He was called Prince Shin of Norway, and was supposed to have retired to this northern part of the kingdom for the same reason as his host. He was young, handsome, and brave, and, as a matter of course, the two young ladies fell violently in love with him. For a while he wavered between the two, but at last he fixed his affections upon the gentle Bona, and sought her hand in marriage. The old knight gave his consent, and the future looked bright and full of happiness for the young lovers.

The proud Oykel was deeply mortified at the Prince for choosing her cousin in preference to herself, and the daily sight of their mutual attachment drove her into a perfect frenzy of jealousy and wounded pride, until at length nothing would satisfy her but the death of her rival. She accordingly bribed one of her uncle's unscrupulous retainers to murder her cousin Bona, vainly hoping that in time the Prince would transfer his love to herself. The ruffian carried out his cruel order, and concealed the body in a disused dungeon of the castle.

Great was the consternation and dismay caused by the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the lovely Bona; hill and dale, mountain and strath, corrie and burn, were searched in vain; river and loch were dragged to no purpose. Prince Shin was inconsolable; he exerted himself to the utmost in the fruitless search, then, wearied in mind and body, he wandered listless and sad through the flowery fields of Inveran until he reached the birchen groves of Achany, the quiet solitude of which suited better his desolate state. Here, with no prying eyes to see his misery, nor babbling tongues to repeat his sighs and exclamations, he gave himself up for a while to the luxury of grief. Then arose in the breast of the father the agonizing suspicion of foul play; but upon whom could his suspicions fall? Who could have the slightest reason or incentive to injure the kind and gentle Bona? He pondered and mused in gloomy solitude until the terrible idea grew in his mind that it must have been

her lover and affianced husband who had thus so cruelly betrayed her trustful love. "Yes," he muttered, "it must be Prince Shin who has committed this diabolical crime; he has tired of her, and took this way to release himself from his solemn contract with her and me, but the villain shall not escape; his punishment shall be as sudden and as great as his crime."

Having thus settled his conviction of the Prince's guilt, he caused him to be seized during the night, and thrown into the same dungeon in which, unknown to him, lay the body of his beloved daughter.

The accusation and his seizure was so sudden and unexpected, that for a time Shin lay in his dungeon totally overwhelmed with grief and indignation —grief at the loss of his bride, and indignation at the suspicion and treatment of himself. He was at length aroused and startled by hearing a faint moan somewhere near him, as if from some one in great pain. He strained his eyes to pierce the gloomy darkness that surrounded him; at last, guided by the sound being repeated, he discovered at the other end of the dungeon a recumbent figure, so still and motionless, that it might have been lifeless, but for the occasional faint, unconscious moan. "Alas!" exclaimed he, "this is another victim of treachery and cruelty, who is even worse off than I, but who can it be? I have missed no one from the castle, except my adored and lamented Bona." While thus speaking, he knelt down to examine the figure more closely, and as he began to get used to the gloom, he could see a little better, when to his inexpressible horror, dismay, and astonishment, he discovered it to be no other than his lost bride, whose young life was fast ebbing away through a frightful stab in her snow-white bosom.

Nearly frantic with grief, he strove with trembling hand to staunch the blood and bind up the wound, at the same time calling her by every endearing name that love could suggest. Again and again he kissed her cold lips, and pressed her tenderly to his heart, trying in vain to infuse life and warmth to the inanimate form of her he loved so well. He was interrupted in his melancholy task by the heavy door of the dungeon creaking on its rusty hinges, as it slowly opened to admit a man-at-arms, whom Shin recognised as one of the foreign retainers of the old knight.

"Ah! Randolph, is it thou they have sent to murder me? Well, do thy work quickly, death has lost its terrors for me, now that it has seized on my Bona; but yet I would that another hand than thine should strike the fatal blow, for *I* remember, tho' perhaps *thou* forgettest, the day when stricken down in the battle-field thou wert a dead man, had not I interposed my shield, and saved thy life at the risk of my own." So saying, he looked the man calmly but sadly in the face.

Randolph had, on first entering, seemed thunderstruck at seeing the Prince, and looked, during the delivery of his speech, more like a victim than an executioner; he changed colour, trembled, and finally, throwing himself at the feet of the Prince, faltered out with broken voice, "Oh! my lord; indeed, indeed, you do me wrong. I knew not that you were here; never would I raise an arm to injure you, my benefactor, my preserver! No, I came to—to——." Then glancing from the Prince to the lady Bona, he hid his face in his hands and groaned out, "I knew not you loved her, or I would rather have died than——."

A sudden light broke in on the mind of Shin, he sprang like a tiger at the trembling man, and seizing him by the throat, thundered out, "Accursed villain, is it thou who hast done this foul deed? thy life shall be the forfeit." Then changing his mind, he loosened his deadly grasp, and flinging the man from him as though he were a dog, muttered between his close-set teeth, "I will not soil my hands with the blood of such a dastard, he is only the base tool of another." Then raising his voice, he continued, "Tell me, thou double-dyed traitor, who set thee on to do this most horrible deed? and for what reason? See that thou tellest me the truth, villain, or by the bones of my father, I will dash thy brains out on the stones beneath our feet."

The trembling Randolph then explained how he, being absent from the castle on a foraging expedition, knew nothing of the betrothal of Prince Shin and the lady Bona, that on his return he was sent for by Oykel, who, in a private interview, told him *she* was engaged to the Prince, and that Bona, through jealousy, was trying all she could to set the old knight against Shin, and had even laid a plot to poison both her and the Prince, and that he (Randolph), believing this specious story, and being greatly attached to the Prince, was easily prevailed upon by Oykel to murder her cousin; that he had temporarily hidden her body in the dungeon, and was now come to remove it, and was astonished and horrified to find she was still alive. He then went on to say, that he thought he saw a way to undo some of the mischief he had been the means of doing, and that was to assist Shin to escape, and to carry the lady Bona to a place of safety, until it was seen whether she would recover, and what turn affairs might take at the castle. The Prince gladly availed himself of his assistance. They made their escape, and remained in concealment for some time until Bona had somewhat recovered her strength.

In the meantime Oykel, driven to distraction at the disappearance of Shin, seeing the utter fruitlessness of her crime, stung by remorse, and rendered reckless by the pangs of unrequited love, threw herself into the river, which has ever since been called by her name, and which, it is said, is still haunted by her restless, weary spirit. Bona is commemorated in Bonar.

Prince Shin and Bona now came from their concealment, and being fully reconciled to the old knight, were married with great pomp, and shortly afterwards sailed away to Norway, where they lived long and died happy.

M. A. ROSE.

A NEW SCOTTISH MAGAZINE IN LONDON.—The *London Scottish Journal* has been discontinued as a weekly paper, but it will appear in future as a monthly. To us it seems perfectly unaccountable how a weekly Scottish organ cannot be successfully carried on in London, where there are such a number of Scotchmen—more even, it is said, than in Edinburgh. We trust our Anglo-Scottish friends will extend such a hearty support to the new Monthly as will enable its conductor—Thomas Wilson Reid—to make it a complete success.

A FAMOUS HIGHLAND MINISTER OF THE "FORTY-FIVE."

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THE Rev. James Robertson (more widely known as the "Ministear Laidir" of Lochbroom) was a native of Athole, in Perthshire, and was born about the year 1701. His father was a farmer in that district; his mother, who for many years survived her husband, was a daughter of a laird of the name of Steuart, commonly designated in that district by the title of Baron. Being a woman of more than ordinary size, she was well known among the inhabitants by the appellation of "*Seonaid mhor, nighean a Bharoin*" (Big Janet, the Baron's Daughter).

Of Mr Robertson's earliest years, few particulars are known, except that his father died when he was young, and that the care and management of the family devolved on the mother, and an elder brother. The latter, unfortunately, did not pay the requisite attention to the family concerns, which ultimately fell wholly on the mother, diligently assisted by her second son, James, the subject of this Memoir. Having with great alacrity gone through the usual course of education at the country schools, he entered on his classical studies at the then celebrated University of St Andrews, with the intention of qualifying himself for the Church; pursuing his object with unceasing assiduity until he was in due time licensed a preacher of the Gospel. He was soon afterwards appointed assistant to the Rev. Donald Ross, minister of the populous and extensive Parish of Lochbroom, in the West Highlands of Ross-shire. In this situation he exercised his clerical functions with so much zeal and fervency, as to attract the notice of all around him. On the translation of Mr Donald Ross to the Parish of Fearn, in the eastern part of Ross-shire, Mr Robertson became a candidate for the vacant Parish of Lochbroom; he was, however, powerfully opposed by another candidate, the Rev. William Mackenzie, a native of the parish, and closely related to the principal heritors. The right of presentation to the living belonged to the Earl of Cromarty, whose interest the Duke of Athole had procured for Mr Robertson; but the presentation was either not obtained, or not lodged with the Moderator of the Presbytery in due form, until the expiration of the period limited by law after the vacancy took place; so that the right of settlement became vested in the Presbytery of Lochcarron, which, after a long and keen contest, was decided in favour of Mr Robertson.

Having now attained to the summit of his pursuits, he diligently and effectually laboured to instil the principles of religion and morality into the minds and habits of his numerous parishioners, many of whom were still in a state of darkness and ignorance regarding their spiritual concerns; and being a man of a strong and intrepid mind, endued with a great share of personal strength, he frequently found it necessary to exercise the latter faculty in conjunction with the former, for reclaiming obdurate transgressors from their evil propensities.

An event may be mentioned, that ought perhaps to form the most conspicuous in his life, and which shall be related in as few words as possible. Having gone on a visit to Mr Ross of Fearn, his immediate

predecessor, as already mentioned, he one Sunday attended divine service in the Kirk of Fearn, an old crazy Gothic building, whose roof unfortunately gave way, and fell on the congregation, at the same time shattering the walls. In this distressing dilemma, Mr Robertson fortunately remained unhurt, and with the utmost presence of mind, made his way to the principal entry, cleared it of much rubbish, and applied his shoulder to a part of the lintel which threatened to come down, until a considerable number of the audience got out; he then extricated his reverend friend, at that time much advanced in years, who was in imminent danger of suffocation, from the canopy of the pulpit, and other rubbish that had fallen on him. Many lives were lost, and not a few maimed for life. Still the catastrophe would have been of far more direful extent, but for Mr Robertson's prowess and activity. And hence the appellation of the *Ministear Laidir*, or Strong Minister, was bestowed on him, by which he afterwards became more generally known, than by his Christian name and surname. He received some severe contusions in the course of his laborious exertions, from which he recovered after a confinement of some weeks to his bed.

A very few years after Mr Robertson's settlement at Lochbroom, the unhappy troubles of 1745 broke out; and it was with the deepest concern he perceived that the principal heritors of his parish were inclined to embrace the cause of the exiled family, but in particular his noble patron, the Earl of Cromarty, proprietor of a large district of the parish. By this unhappy bias, a great proportion of his parishioners became actors in the unfortunate struggle that ensued. His own loyalty remained firm and unshaken; and although his earnest persuasion and remonstrances were generally disregarded, yet they were the happy instruments of deterring many from openly throwing off their allegiance to their Sovereign, by which they fortunately escaped the ruin that soon overtook many who were less cautious.

His loyalty and zeal being well known to the commanders of His Majesty's forces in the north, as well as to some of the civil authorities who remained stedfast, a great degree of confidence was reposed in him, which will appear to have been attended with beneficial consequences in the sequel.

When the Highland army returned northward after the Battle of Falkirk, the Earl of Loudon, with the corps he commanded, and accompanied by President Forbes of the Court of Session, was compelled to abandon the town and county of Inverness, retiring to the county of Sutherland; and finding that even there he was liable to be attacked by superior numbers after the main body of the Highlanders had taken possession of Inverness, he determined on pursuing a secret route through the vast mountains with which that wild country abounds, and if possible effect a junction with the newly raised forces by, and under the command of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, Macleod of Macleod, and Mackenzie, Lord Fortrose; all stationed about the Sound that runs between the Isle of Skye and the countries of Lochalsh and Glenelg. Though the above-mentioned chieftains seemingly espoused the royal cause, there was great reason to fear, that had any serious disaster happened to His Majesty's forces at that momentous period, their loyalty would be effectually convulsed, and ultimately preponderate in favour of the adverse party.

Loudon appears to have had two material objects in view by the resolution he adopted; the first was to escape from a part of the country where he was in the utmost danger of being momentarily attacked and captured by a superior force; the second object was to form a junction with the forces above-mentioned, and thereby awe the wavering dispositions of the Chiefs, whose conduct and zeal admitted of much doubt, and at the same time acquire the accession of so much strength as would render any attack on him improbable and unavailing. Still he was aware of the danger of his long and intended route, a part of which lay through a considerable district of the Parish of Lochbroom, where several parties of the Highlanders were marauding, and whose inhabitants in general were at heart inimical to the ruling Government. In this dilemma he despatched a secret messenger to Mr Robertson, bearing despatches for the commanders of the newly-raised forces above stated, intimating his intention of joining them, the route he was to take, and directing that requisite provision and accommodation should be provided for his reception. The messenger was fortunate enough to arrive at the manse of Lochbroom, and to deliver his despatches in safety to Mr Robertson, who instantly forwarded them by a trusty person, well acquainted with the most unfrequented passes of the mountains he had to traverse, who conveyed them in safety to the intended destination.

But such was the vigilance of the disaffected, that the arrival of a stranger from Sutherland, and that he had a communication with the clergyman, was almost immediately announced to the commanding officer of a party of Highlanders, stationed about a mile from the manse; the consequences were that the messenger, together with Mr Robertson, were without delay or ceremony arrested, and brought before the officer for examination. The man who had brought the despatches was apparently a simple, plain-looking countryman, and Mr Robertson dreaded that he could not dissemble well enough to deceive his examiners; he was, however, most agreeably disappointed in the opinion he had formed of him, for the man framed and related so plausible and connected an account of the motives of his journey, that in a short time he was set at liberty; and no proof appearing against Mr Robertson, though much suspicion was entertained, he was, after the detention of one night, also liberated.

During that night, the party liberally indulged in revelry, drinking plentifully of their favourite liquor, *aqua vitæ*, and practising every effort to inveigle the minister into a quarrel; but being aware of their design, he carefully avoided an open rupture. Amongst other stratagems resorted to for effecting their purpose, they proposed that he should drink a bumper to the health of "Prince Charles Stuart," with which they well knew he would not comply; they then proposed that he should drink "King George's health"; this he in like manner declined doing, setting forth, that although it was his duty to pray for King George, yet he was under no obligation to drink his health, but as he found it convenient so to do. Being further and more earnestly urged on this subject, he loudly appealed to the commanding officer—who was stretched on a pallet of straw behind a bench of wood, in a state of stupor, from the effect of the potent draughts he had swallowed—complaining that he was strenuously urged to drink "King George's health." The officer, who had paid little or no attention

to what had previously been going on, vociferated a vehement oath, forbidding such treasonable practices; and Mr Robertson was not further molested for the night. The drift was, that had he consented to drink the royal health, a proper handle would be afforded for continuing his arrest, or of using him ill; all which, by his cautious conduct, he frustrated; and this, at first, serious looking matter, happily terminated.

Had the Highlanders intercepted Loudon's despatches, which so narrowly escaped their vigilance, a few hours only would be requisite for their transmission to Inverness; and the consequence would naturally be that a sufficient force for the destruction or capture of his corps would have been instantly detached from the Highland army. A disaster so serious, and at such a critical period, could not but prove of very alarming results to the royal cause; for it cannot be supposed that Loudon was in a condition to make any effectual resistance; his men, dispirited by retreat, harassed by their fatiguing march, without artillery, which it was impossible to drag across pathless, rugged hills, and pinched of provisions, must have fallen an easy prey to their enemies, who were well acquainted with the nature of the ground, and where to make the attack with every probability of success.

In a few days after, the Earl of Loudon, with his detachment arrived, on his route, at Lochbroom. Mr Robertson was then at some distance from his residence, in the discharge of his clerical duties. He was instantly sent for, returned with the utmost haste, and accommodated Lord Loudon, the Lord President, and their suite for the night, with the best lodgings and fare he could provide. The march was resumed early next morning, and fortunately accomplished without any material interruption.

The decisive battle of Culloden was fought soon after, and Mr Robertson thought it his duty to wait on His Royal Highness of Cumberland at Inverness. The victorious commander received him graciously, thanked him for his zeal and services, and made him a present of twelve stands of arms, to be put into such hands as he might think proper to entrust them with; and during His Royal Highness's stay in the north, a regular and active correspondence was kept up between them. The writer of this remembers, when very young, to have read the letters received by Mr Robertson, which were uniformly written and signed by "Everard Faulkenor." These letters were carefully preserved by Mr Robertson while he lived, though unfortunately lost after his death; the management of his affairs having devolved on trustees, his own children being all under age. His papers were carried to a considerable distance, where most of the trustees resided, and not attaching the due value to these documents, they were either lost, or destroyed as waste paper, to the great grief of Mr Robertson's sons, when they arrived at the age of appreciating their value. It may, however, be inferred, that His Royal Highness held Mr Robertson and his services in no small estimation, from the great favour he conferred on him—entrusting him with the use of twelve complete stands of arms, at a time when all the Highlands were disarmed by law, and when it meant instant death for a Highlander to be seen with arms in his hands.

When the trial of the unhappy captives taken in 1746 was about commencing in London, it occurred to Mr Robertson, that he ought to

interpose all his influence in behalf of his unfortunate parishioners. He accordingly travelled to London, a journey of seven hundred miles, then an arduous task to perform, at his own expense. The first person in whose behalf he appeared was Hector Mackenzie, for whom he had a great regard, and who had followed his infatuated superior, the Earl of Cromarty, in the luckless cause. Notwithstanding every exertion and interest Mr Robertson could make, poor Mackenzie was capitally convicted. The only prospect of hope then was to sue for a reprieve. Mr Robertson, not much acquainted with courtly and refined manners, applied in his own blunt and honest way to His Grace of Newcastle, entreating his merciful intercession with the Sovereign in behalf of the condemned Highlander. The Duke promised to intercede, and even signified a strong hope that the man's life would be spared. Full of joy on this assurance being given, Mr Robertson imparted his success to some of his friends, who observed that he ought not to be so much elated, for that the Duke did not at all times act up to his promises and professions, adding, that many found themselves deceived in the end by similar assurances given by his Grace. The reverend intercessor, who had no conception of dissimulation and want of candour in so high a quarter, was instantly alarmed by the hint thrown out to him, and in a short time, and without much ceremony, found his way again to the presence of the Duke, where he earnestly renewed his importunity in behalf of the unfortunate man. The Duke, either stimulated by a sincere inclination to save the man's life, or to get rid of Mr Robertson's incessant importunity, held out his hand to him, as an infallible token of his assurance of mercy. Mr Robertson grasped the hand in his awful fist, and in his ecstacy of joy, gave it such a powerful squeeze, that his Grace, in evident pain, cried out with great volubility, "Yes, yes, Mr Robertson; for God's sake let go my hand —you shall have him, you shall have him, you shall have him." His Grace's hand being released on this emphatic assurance being given, he shook it quickly, to restore the compressed blood to its suspended course, and Mr Robertson took his leave, with expressions of thankful acknowledgments for the unequivocal promise he obtained, and which was faithfully adhered to by his Grace.

During the subsequent trials, Mr Robertson was often chosen as interpreter, for translating into English, for the information of the Court, the evidence given in the Gaelic language. In this capacity he softened the translation in favour of the unhappy culprits, so far as his probity and conscience could admit of. His humane leaning to the cause of the unfortunate did not escape the perception of many ladies of high rank, who secretly entertained good wishes towards the deluded prisoners, and who probably bore no ill will to the cause they had embraced. He had in consequence a multiplicity of invitations to visit them at their residences, but so justly strict and cautious was he, that he never accepted one of them. Had he been sordid, and indifferent to character, he might have returned home loaded with numerous presents of great value, which he knew were intended for him.

Mr Robertson happily succeeded in rescuing many a victim from a violent and degrading death, among whom was Colin Mackenzie, aged about 20; he was a brother to one of Mr Robertson's principal heritors, and when

taken had the rank of captain in the Earl of Cromarty's battalion. This young man was an object of considerable attention with Mr Robertson, and through his indefatigable exertions he was saved from a premature and ignominious death, and restored to his family and friends. The quondam captain, some time after his return home, became Mr Robertson's rival in the affections of a lady to whom he had previously made proposals of marriage; but Mackenzie ultimately succeeded in obtaining her hand, thus repaying the humane offices of his reverend benefactor with deep ingratitude.

Mr Robertson, when in London, was one day, while crossing the Thames in a boat, assailed by a loud voice, in Gaelic, from a ship or hulk, lying in the river, with the following exclamation—"*Mhaighistir Seumas, am bheil thu g' am fhagails' an so?*" (Oh, Master James, do you intend to leave me here?) Mr Robertson instantly recognising the person who thus addressed him in so affecting a manner, replied in the same language—"*Ah, Dhomhnuill, am bheil cuimhne agad air la na biodaig?*" (Ah, Donald, do not you remember the day of the dirk?)—which was again answered from the hulk—"*Oh, Mhaighistir Seumas, s' olc an t'ait cuimhnachan so*" (Oh, Mr James, this is a bad place to bring that affair into remembrance). Thus ended the conversation. The prisoner was a Donald Mackenzie, a strong forward man, and one of Mr Robertson's parishioners, who, a few years preceding, had some favour—baptism to his child, for which, after a short examination, he was found to be quite unqualified—to obtain from Mr Robertson, which was inflexibly denied him. Being resolved to extort by force what he could not get by solicitation, Mackenzie secured the co-operation of one of his friends, another able-bodied man, as his assistant, and the two associates came on a certain day to Mr Robertson, whom they found walking at a little distance from his house, when they urged their suit with great earnestness; but seeing little or no prospect of obtaining their object, they laid hold of him in a violent manner, one on his right, and the other on his left, exclaiming that they would never quit their hold of him until he complied with their request. A keen scuffle ensued, and the reverend gentleman proving too powerful for both his assailants, Mackenzie drew his dirk, a weapon with which almost every Highlander was then armed, and inflicted a severe wound on Mr Robertson's right arm. After committing this outrage, they left him without obtaining any satisfactory result, and Donald was sent home to further study his catechism. He was one of the Earl of Cromarty's infatuated followers in the late contest for sovereign power, taken prisoner with his Lordship, and was confined in the hulk from whence he addressed his reverend pastor.

Mr Robertson lost no time in making the most powerful interest he could devise for the release of the desponding captive, and had the inexpressible satisfaction of succeeding, and of bringing him home to his native country, where he lived many years, uniformly exhibiting marks of sincere gratitude and attachment to his reverend benefactor. Mr Robertson having succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations in rescuing many of his deluded countrymen from their miserable situation, returned to his parish, where he was received with unfeigned demonstrations of joy by all ranks; and, according to his wonted custom, applied

himself diligently and zealously to the discharge of his parochial duties.

About the year 1753, being then what is termed an old bachelor, he married Ann, second daughter of Murdoch Mackenzie of Letterew, a respectable heritor of the adjoining parish of Gairloch.* By this union he became the father of six sons and two daughters, who, together with his wife, survived him. His children were all under age at his death.

His stipend, as minister of the wide and extensive Parish of Lochbroom, was about 800 merks Scots annually—in sterling money, £44 8s 10⅔d—which, with the small parish glebe, was all the income he had for his support, until a few years prior to his death, when he obtained, after a long litigation with his heritors, an augmentation of 400 merks Scots, making the entire living worth £66 13s 4d. With this pitiful income Mr Robertson could not be supposed to have left his family far removed from a state of indigence; but being a prudent good managing man all his life, he not only died without debt, but left a small patrimony in money to each of his children, and an annuity of £5 per annum to his widow, which, with £15 a year to which she was entitled from the Ministers' Widow Fund, constituted all she had to depend on for life. His sons, when arrived at the age of estimating the value of the correspondence so unfortunately lost, as already mentioned, greatly regretted the misfortune; as, possessed of it, they might claim, and probably attract the notice of some of the servants of the Crown, to help them forward in life; but wanting these important documents, they were deterred from suing for any favour whatsoever.

The following incident is related by a very respectable minister in the North of Scotland:—"Some years ago, I was called to visit an old man of my parish, then on his death-bed, who in course of conversation became desirous of communicating several incidents of his past life, and amongst others, mentioned that Mr Robertson's avowed loyalty to, and zeal for the House of Hanover in 1745, was so notorious, and so particularly obnoxious to the declarant, that he determined to destroy him, for which purpose he often watched a proper opportunity, and actually went one evening with his gun loaded to the window of Mr Robertson's room, cocked, and even levelled his piece, when, by the divine interposition of Providence, a sudden check of conscience smote him, and he found himself unable to pull the fatal trigger. He retired, and never afterwards thought of executing his wicked purpose, though he could never be reconciled to Mr Robertson at heart, for what he termed his unnatural principles."

At another time, during those unhappy troubles, when Mr Robertson was professionally employed in a distant part of his extensive parish, some zealous Jacobites applied a ladder to the window of his study, broke into the apartment, and examined all his papers, in search of a correspondence he was supposed to be carrying on with the friends of Government.

* A portion of the Glebe of the Parish of Lochbroom is known by the name of "Letters." There used to be crofters living upon it, and perhaps there are so still. There is a tradition that "Letters" was a pendicle of the estate of Letterewe, and that it was given to Mr Robertson as a dowry with his wife, or that he got the use of it while he continued minister of the Parish. Whether this tradition be true or not, it is more than likely that at this distance of time the present occupiers will not be disturbed in their possession.

With all his other good qualities, gratitude formed a prominent trait in his character. Knowing that his noble and unfortunate patron, after being graciously pardoned by his merciful Sovereign, was living in London in straitened circumstances, Mr Robertson contemplated, and raised a handsome sum by subscription amongst his numerous parishioners, to which he liberally contributed, and transmitted the proceeds to the Earl, who returned a very kind letter, thanking Mr Robertson for his generous affections. This letter, which was written in the Earl's hand, was unfortunately lost along with the other valuable correspondence already mentioned.

Though many other incidents could be mentioned to illustrate Mr Robertson's general conduct and character, we shall close this sketch by relating the following adventure:—Mr Robertson, travelling southward from his own residence, rode a small Highland pony. After having journeyed more than a hundred miles, he on the fourth day found his small though spirited animal becoming tired, and passing some grass enclosures that invitingly offered a good bite, he took the liberty of entering one of them, and allowed his poor beast to feed, whilst he himself reclined aside, and became somewhat drowsy. From this slumbering state he was soon roused by a stentorian voice, issuing from a stout athletic gentleman, who not in the most courteous manner addressed the weary traveller, by inquiring how he could think of taking so unwarrantable a liberty, and threatening to turn his horse and himself outside immediately. The reverend transgressor, no ways intimidated by this rude speech, calmly replied, that he hoped he did no great injury by the trespass; as to his horse, he might turn him out very possibly, but with regard to himself, it might be somewhat different. The stranger, on this being said, instantly proceeded to seize the horse, and actually lifted him over the enclosure or fence. Mr Robertson, on seeing this unexpected feat of prowess performed, addressed his antagonist, by saying, "Sir, I see you have accomplished the first part of your surly threat, by turning out my poor beast; but I will let you see that I can raise him in again;" on this, leaping over the fence, he with seeming ease restored the horse to the inside. The owner of the ground, who happened to be Mr Barclay of Urie, was so struck with the coolness and suavity of Mr Robertson's manner, that he gave him a pressing invitation to rest himself for a day or two at his house, which was accepted without much hesitation; and after being most hospitably entertained, Mr Robertson departed on his journey, much gratified with the issue of this singular rencounter.

We are indebted for these particulars to a pamphlet printed for private circulation, and written about 1820, by the rev. gentleman's son, James Robertson, for many years Her Majesty's Collector of Customs at the port of Stornoway, who died at Edinburgh in 1840, in the 84th year of his age. The late John Mackenzie of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," who was the *Ministear Laidir's* great-grandson on the mother's side, makes the following reference to this gentleman in his preface to the "Beauties":—"The idea of this undertaking was first suggested to me by a worthy friend, who is now (1841) no more, James Robertson, Esq., Collector of Customs, Stornoway. Mr Robertson, himself a gentle-

man of high poetic talent, possessed a fund of curious information about the bards, and several written documents, to which he obligingly gave me free access, and from which some of the anecdotes with which this work is interspersed have been extracted." The Rev. Mr Robertson's eldest son, Alexander, became a captain in the Army, and afterwards emigrated to one of the North American Colonies. Another son, Murdoch, entered the Navy, and became a distinguished officer, while two grandsons, both named James, took up the same profession. For nearly a century in unbroken succession the family name of "James Robertson" will be found recorded with honour in "James' Naval History;" and it is at present represented in the British Navy by James Robertson, Staff Commander of H.M. training ship for cadets, the "Britannia," stationed at Dartmouth, which the sons of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales have recently joined. This officer is the grandson of Murdoch, and great-grandson of the *Ministear Laidir*. The lineal descendant of the famous minister of Lochbroom is James Robertson, Esq., of Worcester College, Oxford. He is also a great-grandson, being the son of Murdoch, the second son of Collector Robertson. He is heir apparent to the estate of Gilgarran, Cumberland, of which another relative, Mrs Katherine Robertson Walker, the second wife, and widow, of her own cousin, James Robertson Walker, R.N., is life-renter. Captain Robertson Walker was the eldest son of Collector Robertson. He had another son, John, the youngest, who was, between thirty and forty years ago, a noted master mariner. When in command of Gladstone & Company's ship, the "John O'Gaunt," known among seamen as "The Liverpool Frigate," he made such quick voyages in her with the new teas from China, that he stimulated other commanders of our own country and of America to race on the deep, and for that purpose the "Stornoway" and several other clipper-ships were built specially for Mr Robertson to command. His son, Francis Shand Robertson, is an independent gentleman at Richmond, Surrey, and is married to his cousin Mary, daughter of Evander Maciver, factor for the Duke of Sutherland at Scourie, another great-grandson of the *Ministear Laidir*.

The following is an extract from Colonel J. A. Robertson's "Comitatus de Atholia," printed for private circulation in 1860:—"Robertsons of Guay—an old branch from Lude, their first ancestor being John, son of John, who, with his wife, Margaret de Drummond, got a Crown charter in 1452. (For an account of the family see 'Burke's Landed Gentry.') They appear to have had an extensive estate, and after they had disposed of the greater part to the Earl of Athole, they still retained the designation. They, like so many more of the Clan, unfortunately took part in the civil war of 1715. Bobertson of Guay is named as a prisoner that year, and was confined in Newgate in 1716. They then lost their estate that had remained to them. Now represented by Captain Robertson, a post captain of the Navy." This was the late Captain Robertson Walker, R.N., of Gilgarran, Cumberland, son of James Robertson, eldest son of the *Ministear Laidir*. Captain Robertson Walker died in 1858, and is represented by his nephew, James Robertson, above mentioned. Another great-grandson of the famous *Ministear Laidir* is John Mackenzie, Auchen-Stewart, Wishaw. A. M.

ROY ALAN.

—o—

Roy Alan! Roy Alan, speed over the bay,
A maiden is longing for thee;
Speed on, ere the moonbeams alight on the spray,
Thy galley must fly o'er the sea.
Haste onward, Roy Alan, the banquet is spread,
The clansmen are gathering gay;
Haste onward, Roy Alan, thy love will be wed,
If thou dost not bear her away.

Roy Alan! Roy Alan, the pride of the glen,
The bravest in bonnie Lochiel,
Has gone with his galley and twenty brave men,
Whose hearts are as true as their steel.
Let Roy Alan lead them, no danger they know,
Come foemen, come death as it may;
His word is their law, and they joyously go,
Like deer on the crest of the brae.

There's joy in the halls of Macdonald this night,
The priest he has entered the door,
The pipers are playing, the torches are bright,
The maidens are met on the floor.
The bridegroom is waiting the glance of the bride,
Who weeps on the tower in her grief,
She hears not a sound save the song of the tide,
She hears not a voice of relief.

The rolling mists lie in the lap of the glen,
Deep sounding is Cona's wild roar;
But Roy Alan nears with his twenty brave men,
And silently leap to the shore.
Macdonald's proud chieftain his daughter has brought,
The bridegroom is burning with joy;
The priest may her wed, but ah! little they wot,
Her heart is for ever with Roy.

"Roy Alan! Roy Alan!" is heard with dismay,
His bright gleaming claymores are come;
The bridegroom is pale, and the priest runs away,
The clansmen and pipers are dumb.
Macdonald's chief trembles, and strikes not a blow,
The maidens their terror reveal;
Triumphant, Roy bears the lone Star of Glencoe
To shine on the braes of Lochiel.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

NOTES ON GAELIC PHILOLOGY.

—o—

Gabhar, gobhar, a goat; also an obsolete name for horse. Welsh, *Gafr,* a goat. *Gabharlann,* a goat-fold; also a stable.

It appears to me that Professor Rhys has clearly shown (Revue Celtique, vol. ii., pp. 337-338) that *gabhar* is not cognate with the Latin *caper,* which he believes to be represented in Welsh by *cariwrch,* a roebuck, and in Irish by *cairfhiadh,* a hart or stag. "The right clue," he remarks, "to the origin of *gafr* is to be found in Ascolis Corsi di Glottologia, p. 178, where he infers a base *ghjama*—from Sansk. *himâm,* frost, cold, snow; *hima,* winter, also year, as in *sata hima,* hundred years; compare Latin *hiems,* Gr. *chiōn, cheimōn.* Now *ghjama* might in the Celtic languages become *gama,* whence seems to have been formed *gama-ra*—liable to become *gamra,—gabra, gabr, gafr* (otherwise perhaps the *b* in these forms should be identified with that of Lat. *hibernus*). The meaning would seem to have been *one winter old,* that is, *a year old,* as in *chimaros,* fem. *chimara* (for *chimarja*), a goat, a year old lamb; see Curtins, p. 202."

The above views are corroborated by the obsolete Gaelic word *gamh,* winter, from which *geamhradh,* the modern Gaelic for winter, literally season of cold, or pain (*goimh*), is formed by adding *radh* = *re,* time. From *gamh* is derived *gamhuinn,* a stirk. In Lluyd's Irish-English Dictionary (Archæologia Britannica) *gamhuin* is defined—a calf, a yearling. From these facts it may be inferred that *gabhar* and *gamhuin* are two forms derived from an older word that originally meant any young or year old animal. *Mathghamhuin,* a bear, is derived from *math,* a hand, and *gamhuin,* a calf; hence this word signifies literally *the calf with hands or paws.*

Old Irish and Old Welsh *Nem,* heaven. Modern Gaelic *Nèamh.* Modern Welsh *Nef,* in which *f* = *v.* Old Gaelic *Neim,* or *neimh,* brightness; *Nim,* a drop; *Nean, nion,* a wave. Welsh *Nant,* a brook; *Nemh,* ancient name of the River Blackwater in Ireland.

M. Adolphe Pictet maintains (Revue Celtique, vol. ii., pp. 5-7) that it is wrong to connect the Irish and Welsh *nem,* heaven, with the Sanskrit *nabhas,* cloud, atmosphere, sky; Greek *nephos,* Slavonian *nebo,* &c.; that the change of *bh* into *m,* in fact, which is sometimes observed in modern Irish, in which the aspirated *bh* and *mh* are both pronounced like *v,* can hardly be admitted for the ancient language, and, especially, for the Gaulish. He thinks, therefore, that *nem* should be attached to the Sanskrit root *nam,* to bend, to incline, from which come *nata, namata, namra,* bent, curved, &c., and that, by allusion to the vault of heaven. He is of opinion that the *Namasat* of a Gaulish medal, as well as the *namausatis* of the Gaulish inscriptions of Vaison and Nimes indicate that Nemausus is a weakened form of Namausus. He considers the Gaulish *nanton,* valley, also to be derived from this root.

Were the Gaelic and Welsh *nem* to be traced to the Sanskrit *nam*, to bend, to incline, derivatives might be expected to be found in these languages retaining somewhat of the primary meaning, but such is not the case. All the words derived from *nem*, or cognate with it in all the Neo-Keltic languages, convey the idea of clearness or purity, and, metaphorically, of excellence—the same remark applies to all the cognate ancient Keltic words known. The origin of the word is to be sought in pre-historic times, and, since many variants of it are unquestionably to be met with in Non-Aryan tongues, it cannot reasonably be traced to a pure Aryan source. As for the change of the Aryan *bh* into *m* in old Keltic not taking place, M. Pictet, I believe, is correct in this opinion, and this fact precludes us from connecting *nem* with *nabhas;* but the Keltic *b* has frequently changed into *m*, and we find this to be the case at a very early stage in the history of the Neo-Keltic languages. Such words as *beangán*, *meangan*, a branch; *mnathan*, plural of *bean*, a woman, &c., show clearly how strongly the change of *b* into *m* affects the Gaelic language. This fact, along with many others, evidently points to a non-Aryan origin for the *nem* and *nam* of old Gaulish words, for we could hardly expect the *bh* of *nabhas* to have changed further than *b* when those words were formed; but the *b* of a non-Aryan and pre-Aryan language might have changed into *m* before the Aryans had entered Europe. As the Aryan conquerors intermixed with the pre-Aryan peoples of Europe, so, as was the case with the Arabic conquerors of the Accadians of the valley of the Euphrates, they took numerous loan words from the languages of the subdued peoples. We may, therefore, look upon *nem*, heaven, as non-Aryan and pre-Aryan, and cognate with the Accadian *nab (nap)*, light; *nab*, divinity (Sayce's Elementary Assyrian Grammar, Syllabary, pp. 2–15). Comparison with the Accadian word implies at once a relation between the old Gaelic *Nem*, heaven, brightness, and the old Gaelic *Noeb*, pure, holy. In middle Irish, *noeb* became *noem*, and *noem* has become *naomh* in modern Irish and Scotch Gaelic. In Welsh, *nwf* denotes pure, holy.

Sky is *Nam-khah* in written, and *nam* in spoken Tibetan; it is *namcho*, *nám*, *namchok*, *námchhurra*, *námchho*, *námtrúngma*, *namchhiri*, in several of the languages of the Kiranti group, East Nepaul. *Sun* is *nyimá* in written, and *nyímá* in spoken Tibetan; in several of the languages of the Kiranti group, *nám;* in Lhopa, N. E. Bengal, *nyim*. In some of these languages the name for light is usually a compound with *nam* as the first syllable. *Nefnoy* is light in Circassian. *Day* is nap in Magyar, *nyi-mo* in Tibetan, *nimo* in Serpa, Nepaul; *nyim* in Lhopa, N. E. Bengal; *ne* in written, and *ne*, *na*, in spoken Burman. *Water* is *nan*, *nam* in Siamese, *nán* in Shán, *nam* in Ahom, Khámli, and Laos, in the Indo-Chinese peninsula. (W. W. Hunter's Comparative Dictionary of the non-Aryan languages of India and High Asia).

So many analogous instances seem to me to leave no doubt as regards the non-Aryan origin of Gaelic *nèamh* and Welsh *nef*, and the primary meaning of the root from which they have sprung. We have *neamhain* and *neamhnaid*, both denoting pearl; *niomhthas*, brightness; *neimheadh*, glittering; *niomhdha*, bright, shining; *niamham*, *niomham*, I shine. Related to this group of words is seemingly *nim*, a drop, and *nean*, *nion*, a wave. These words are evidently cognate with the Welsh *nant*, a

brook, which approaches in form to the Siamese *nan, nam*, water. We may consider, therefore, the Gaulish *nanton*, valley, to be derived from *nant*, a stream or brook. *Nant*, meaning valley, is probably a contraction of *nanton*. *Gleann*, valley, is derived from *gil*, water. *Glan*, in Welsh, and *glann*, in Breton, signify river bank, and are no doubt derived from *gil*, or from a Welsh-Breton representative of this obsolete Gaelic word. *Srath*, a valley, stands in the same relation to *sruth*, a stream or river. These instances explain the primary and secondary meaning of the Welsh *nant*, and its relation to the Gaulish *nanton*. The word *naues* is found as a gloss on *reumas*, currents, in the Luxembourg Folio, a manuscript of the ninth century, containing many Welsh glosses. According to Professor Rhys, *naues* = *nav-es* is a Welsh collective noun meaning currents, or perhaps ebb and flow of the sea, and with this word he compares *Neifion*, for *Nevi-ān*, the Welsh equivalent for Neptune. Other two Welsh glosses in the same manuscript are *incedlestnéuion* and *lestnaued*. The syllable *nau* is, according to Professor Rhys, identical with *neu* in *incedlestnéuion*, and he infers "that *lestnéuiom* would seem to mean sluggish fluid" (Revue Celtique, vol. i., pp. 346, 347, 348, 350, 355, 361). Here *nau*, or *neu*, evidently conveys the meaning of water or fluid, and suggests, at once, a relationship with Welsh *nant*, brook; Gaelic, *nean, nion*, a wave, and *nim*, a drop; and would seem to be the Welsh equivalent of the obsolete Gaelic word *sniomh*, a river or brook (Irish-English Dictionary in Lluyd's Archæologia Britannica), as *nauf* is of *snamh*, swimming. In *sniomh* the *s* may be considered as prosthetic, so that we may infer that it is derived from an older form, *niomh* differing but little from *Nemh*, genitive *Nimhe*, the ancient name of the Irish Blackwater. The name *Nemh* then would seem to have been an ancient name for river or water, as well as for heaven, in the sense of "that which is clear or bright"; and in this sense *nem* signifies also *onyx*. The fountain of Nimes was not called *Nemausis* in reference to *nem*, heaven, and in connection with river worship, as M. Pictet thinks, but because *nem* was a name for water, and more especially clear water, as the analogies here adduced fully confirm. It is not certainly to be disputed that river worship and water worship was more frequent among the Kelts than among other western peoples of Aryan origin; but there are good grounds for believing that the river names preceded the river worship; so Nemesa, now the Nims, an affluent of the Moselle; *Nimis*, a river of Spain, now unknown; *Nemh*, a celebrated source at Tara, and *Nemh*, ancient name of the Blackwater, are names derived from a ground-word denoting water, or, more especially, clear water, and identical with *nem*, heaven.

In tracing the river names Dee, Devon, Diva, Divette, Divona, &c., to the Sanskrit *dêva*, god, M. Pictet seems to have overlooked the secondary Aryan root DHAV, to flow or run, formed from DHU, to stir or agitate. A modified Gaelic form of DHAV is *deubh*, which is now specially applied to vessels become leaky by exposure, *e.g.*, *Dheubh an soitheach*, the vessel has dried up so as to become leaky. In the pronunciation of some Highland districts the *bh* is silent, and the word is pronounced *d-yay* instead of *d-yave*. This fact explains the loss of *v* in the river name Dee. This word is found in the concluding passage of Tiomna Ghuill:—

" Gus an sguir na sruthain a ruith,
'S an deagh mathair-uisge nan sleibhtean."

(Tiomna Ghuill, Smith's Sean Dàna, p. 77.)

" Until streamlets cease to run,
And the source, literally the water-mother, of the mountains be dried up."

The genitive singular of *deoch*, in Scotch Gaelic *dibhe*, would imply an obsolete nominative *dibh* or *deabh*. The Irish genitive *dighe* is regular and corresponds to *deoch*. There is an obsolete Gaelic word *daif*, drink, of which Professor Rhys remarks " may it not be for an earlier *daibh* with the *bh* hardened into *f*, just as final *gh* becomes *ch* in modern Irish? if so, one might connect it with the Welsh *dafn*, a drop of water or of any other liquid, pl. *defni*, drops." The hardening of *bh* and *mh*, both *v* into *f* is frequent in the pronunciation of several Highland districts. In these the *bh* and *mh* of *ciobhar*, drizzling rain ; *famhair*, a giant ; *cabhag*, hurry ; and *amhach*, neck, are pronounced *f*. These facts confirm Mr Rhys's view that *daif* has been derived from an older form, *daibh*, of which the genitive would be *daibhe ;* whence the Scotch Gaelic genitive *dibhe*, of drink. All these words point to DHAV as the root from which the forementioned river names have been derived

Anainn, the juncture of the wall and roof of a house, plural, *anainnean*, eaves. Welsh *Nen*, ceiling, wall, roof, top ; the heavens, canopy. Accadian, *an, ana*, high, sky, god ; the god *Anu, anna, annab*, high, sky, god, the god Anu (Sayce's Elementary Assyrian Grammar, Syllabary, p. 2).

The Accadian god *Anu* would seem to be akin to the ancient Irish goddess *Ana*, referred to by Mr W. M. Hennessy in the following passage quoted from his very interesting article on " The Ancient Irish Goddess of War" in the *Revue Celtique* :—" As mostly all the supernatural beings alluded to in Irish fairy lore are referred to the Tuatha de-Dauann, the older copies of the *Lebor Gabhala*, or ' Book of Occupation,' that preserved in the Book of Leinster for instance, specifies *Badb, Macha*, and *Ana* (from the latter of whom are named the mountains called *da cich Anann*, or the Paps, in Kerry), as the daughters of Ernmas, one of the chiefs of that mythical colony. *Badb ocus Macha ocus Anand, diatat cichi Anand il-Luachair, tri ingena Ernbais, na ban tuathige.* " *Badb* and *Macha*, and *Anand*, from whom the ' paps of Anann ' in Luachair are [called], the daughters of Ernbas, the *ban-tuathaig*." In an accompanying versification of the same statement the name of *Anand* or *Ana*, however, is changed to *Morrigan* :—

Badb is Macha met indbais.
Morrigan fotla felbais,
Indlema ind aga ernbais,
Ingena ana Ernmais.

Badb and *Macha*, rich the store,
Morrigan who dispenses confusion,
Compassers of death by the sword,
Noble daughters of Ernmas.

It is important to observe that Morrigan is here identified with *Anann*, or *Ana* (for Anann is the gen. form) ; and in Cormac's Glossary

Ana is described as Mater deorum Hibernensium; *robu maith din rosbiathadsi na dee* de cujus nomin-e *da cich Anainne iar Luachair* nominantur ut fertur," *i.e.*, Mater deorum Hibernensium; well she used to nourish the gods de cujus nomine 'the two paps of *Ana*' in west *Luachair* are named" (Revue Celtique, vol. i., p. 37).

Treann, a field, plain, lawn. Welsh *Tran*, space, stretch, district. *Treinchrios*, the Zodiac. In treinchrios, *trein* is evidently the same word as *treann*, signifying sky, in this compound word; hence *treinchrios* literally denotes the belt of the sky.

ISLAY. HECTOR MACLEAN.

Literature.

FULTON'S COMMERCIAL DIRECTORY AND SHIPPERS' GUIDE. R. E. FULTON, Liverpool.

THIS is a most useful Directory at a very moderate price. It contains 950 pages of well-arranged and well-printed matter, made up of about 150,000 entries of mercantile and manufacturing firms located in about 600 towns and places throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland, arranged under about 1600 heads or classifications, to which there is a carefully compiled index. One special feature of the work is that the addresses of the makers of any required article, if manufactured within the United Kingdom, can be found in it without any difficulty. Shipping merchants to foreign countries are classified; lines of steamers to foreign and coast ports are given; all manufacturers or merchants are, we find, entitled to an entry in its pages free of any charge whatever. This is not the case with most other Directories. The space taken up by the North is as yet but limited, this being the first year in which Mr Fulton has taken up Inverness. We consider it a decided mistake to classify this district under "Aberdeen," as Inverness and the North are sufficiently important to obtain an independent section. In consequence of this arrangement and consequent confusion we find well-known citizens in Union Street here made to appear as if they were in Union Street, Aberdeen. This is a great pity in an otherwise exceedingly correct Directory. We have paid our money for another—the Northern section or volume only—and in it we find people occupying important posts in the Highlands who have been in their graves for five years, and others who have long ago left the country. We would warn Mr Fulton against any laxity of this kind if he wishes to secure a good and permanent hold in the North of Scotland.

EXAMINATION IN RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE BY HER MAJESTY'S INSPECTOR IN A NORTH-WEST ROSS-SHIRE PARISH.—Her Majesty's representative—"Now boys, you—that smart little fellow there—tell me, can you tell me this: What was the world made of?" "Nothing, sir." What! made out of *nothing*? most remarkable. Can that be the case? Now, just tell me what nothing is?" A pause. "Did you ever see nothing?" "Oh yes, sir." "What? saw *nothing*! where?" "On the sclate, sir." Tableaux!

CAPTAIN MACRA CHISHOLM, GLASSBURN.

[THE following is a translation of the Gaelic song, to Captain Chisholm, late of the "Black Watch," by Mary Mackellar, which appeared in our March issue. This version appeared in the *Aberdeen Free Press*, and is by Mr William Mackenzie, the representative of that paper in Inverness, and Secretary of the Gaelic Society]:—

Hurrah to the Chieftain!—a happy New Year—
Delighted we'll pledge him, the bold Mountaineer;
In the tongue of the Celt we the Captain shall hail—
He has set with his chanter a-dancing the Gael.

When sounded the pibroch aloud in the hall
The glorious days of the past to recall;
As the brave Highland captain his war-pipe did blaw,
The clansmen replied with a martial hurrah!

In the field, while commanding, the Chieftain is bold—
A soldier as brave as his sires were of old;
His ancestors' valour hath won them their fame,
And well he deserves both their mettle and name!

Like his sires he delights in the Garb of Old Gaul—
The garb for the battlefield, forest, or hall;
As his freedom and vigour the grey trousers mar,
His joy was the kilt both in peace and in war.

The Captain of Glassburn in tartan array,
He rescues the tongue of the Celt from decay—
With his sporran and dirk who can with him compare
In courage and splendour, at kirk or at fair?

His wisdom and valour are marks of his race,
Like the honour that beams in his fair Highland face;
O! where was their one 'mong the nymphs of the land
That would not fly with him and give him her hand?

Oft sallies he forth on the track of the deer,
Where the eagle floats high o'er the stag's swift career;
With his death-dealing musket behold him go forth,
To tread with a light step the hills of the north!

The stags in the corrie are oft in the morn
Aroused from their sleep by the sound of his horn;
To his rifle's report the loud echoes reply—
"The red deer has fallen, has fallen to die!"

In the hall of the mansion he's sportive and gay,
When his music breathes softly its magical sway,
While in midst of grim battle triumphant he'll charge
'Gainst the foes of his country, with broadsword and targe.

While a glance of his eye will a foeman control,
The sound of his pipes will enrapture the soul;
His delight is the glory of Alban to save,
And his joy is the land that has nurtured the brave.

Then high be his banner, and welcome the strain
Of his war-pipe when sounding aloud in the glen;
Let clansmen their Chieftain with cheering all hail—
And long may he cherish the tongue of the Gael!

Then hurrah to the Chieftain!—a happy New Year—
Delighted we'll pledge him, the bold mountaineer;
In the tongue of the Celt we the Captain shall hail—
He has set with his chanter a-dancing the Gael!

Correspondence.

—o—

CURIOUS REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. MR MORRISON, PETTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—The following are a few reminiscences of the late Rev. Mr Morrison of Petty. He was minister at Amulree, in this neighbourhood, previous to his removal to the Church of Petty, which happened in the following manner—anyhow it is the edition of the story as I have heard it. Some time in the autumn of 1746, after the suppression of the rebellion headed by Prince Charles Edward Stuart, Morrison was assisting Mr Patrick Nicolson, Minister of Kiltarlity, at his communion. The incidents of the rebellion were, of course, the subject of conversation more or less; especially the probable fate of the notorious Simon Lord Lovat, who took so prominent a part in it, and whose extensive estates Government had sequestrated. Mr Mackenzie of Delvin, near Dunkeld, an Edinburgh lawyer, and an intimate friend of Mr Morrison's, was appointed factor for the Crown on some portions of the above, and Mr Nicolson having privately been informed that it was the intention of the Frasers to waylay and despatch him, disclosed the plot to Mr Morrison. The latter lost no time in resuming his journey south, to warn his friend Delvin of his danger. Delvin, who had arranged to go north soon after to collect rents, sent spies before him, and found as Mr Morrison had informed him, a large party of armed men at the Pass of Sloc-muic, waiting his arrival. But nothing daunted, he pursued his journey by another route; did his business, and returned home in safety. He sent for Morrison; thanked him for his good offices in saving his life; and urged him to say what he could do to show his gratitude. Mr Morrison said he expected no reward, but, as he was a native of the north, should Delvin interest himself in his favour so far as to obtain for him a charge there, he would accept it as a kindness at his hands. The result was that Delvin made application in his behalf to the Earl of Moray, for whom he acted as "doer," and by and bye, on a vacancy occurring at Petty, Morrison got the presentation. It was on this occasion that he composed in praise of his patron, the Gaelic song—

Deoch slainte 'n Iarla chliuitaich
Thug smuid dhuinn sa bhaile so.

Health to the famous Earl,
That gave us smoke in this township.*

Apropos of your allusion to Morrison's prophetic gift, in your book on Kenneth Odhar, there existed a tradition among the people of Amulree that after preaching his farewell sermon, he closed the pulpit door with the words, "It will be many a day before you have the gospel preached from this pulpit." It was afterwards remarked that he was succeeded by several in succession who were not evangelical preachers. The above

* A house to inhabit.

allusion also reminds me of another similar anecdote told of him, during his incumbency at Amulree. My informant was a man of the name of Thomson, a native of that district, who died about twelve years ago, at the age of 105. This man was baptised by Mr Morrison; and the incident took place in connection with his baptism. Thomson's father arranged to go on a certain day to the Church or Manse to have the infant baptised. The day happened to be an unusually stormy winter day, and snow had fallen to a great depth. On the arrival of the baptismal party, the minister met them in a state of agitation, exclaiming, "The men are perishing, perishing!" One of the party said, "Who are perishing?" Morrison replied, "I do not know them, but they are perishing"; and mentioning the place, directed them to go without delay to the rescue. And so it was. On their arrival they found two men fallen into a concealed pit, where they lay helplessly, and greatly exhausted. They were men who, passing the hill that morning, were caught in the storm, missed their way, and would have perished but for this timely aid. The party in due time returned; the child was baptised—Mr Morrison at the close of the service giving fervent thanks for their deliverance. I have heard Thomson more than once telling this incident—which, he said, he had heard repeatedly from his father, who entertained an extraordinary veneration for the minister, whom he firmly believed to be possessed of the gift of prophecy. How to explain psychological phenomena such as this, I do not know. But that there have been such, I suppose there is no reasonable doubt. We find from our "Scots Worthies" similar things affirmed even of some of the most eminent of our Scotch reformers—as Knox, Bruce, Peden, and many others. The late Rev. Donald Mackenzie, minister of Ardconaig, nephew of the Rev. Lachlan Mackenzie of Lochcarron, told me that he was himself present at a communion at Lochcarron, at which his uncle, while serving a table, made the following statement. After a pause, which drew every eye upon him, he said, "There is one at this table who will be in eternity before the sun goes down." And so it happened. One of the elders suddenly fell down dead as he was on his way home that same evening. This incident made a very deep impression at the time.

Mr Morrison was minister at Amulree in 1745, and was translated to Petty in 1759. Here he laboured diligently and successfully till his death in 1774. In Gaelic—of which he had a great command—he was a powerful and moving preacher, greatly appreciated by the pious people, who flocked from all directions to his ministry. But it appears he was not equally at home in English; probably, in part at least, owing to his residence at Amulree, where he seldom or never had use for it. Consequently, those of his people at Petty who considered themselves the *elite* of his congregation indulged in remarks not very complimentary, and that elicited from Mr Morrison the following, which, by the way, had a remarkable fulfilment:—"After I am gone, I will be succeeded by a minister whose Gaelic you cannot understand, and whose English you cannot appreciate."

Mr Morrison was a superior Gaelic poet. This procured for him the *soubriquet* of "the Bard." Besides the poem in praise of his patron just referred to, he composed several other beautiful poems, one of which, in

praise of the lady he afterwards married, is popular to this day. The following verses are a specimen :—

Mo nighean dubh, tha beidheach dubh,
Mo nighean dubh na treig mi.
'S ge d' theireadh each gu'm bheil thu dubh,
Cha gheal san gruth leam fein thu.

It concludes with the following stanza :—

'S ge d' nach dean mi fidhlearachd,
Gun dean mi sgriobhadh 's leughadh
'S naile dheanainn searmon dhut,
'S cha thailcheadh neach fo'n ghrein oirr.

Besides his more studied compositions, Mr Morrison's poetic gift found expression in occasional impromptu utterances. The church of Petty in those days, like many more of our old Highland churches, was a small low-roofed edifice, with steep galleries—always full, and, in good summer weather, full to suffocation. An atmosphere, such as we may suppose to have pervaded it on those occasions, must have had considerable soporific tendencies. On the occasion in question, a Mr Macrae, a well-known parishioner, happened to be more than usually somnolent; and sitting as he was at the end of one of the gallery seats, he tumbled off, after so noisy a fashion as to excite attention. Mr Morrison paused; and fixing his eye upon the man, exclaimed on the spur of the moment :—

A Mhic-Ra an d'thig rath idir ort.
Chuir tha eagal air na bha na'n duisg;
Agus dhuisg thu na bha na'n codal.

Another of Mr Morrison's impromptu sallies happened in course of pastoral visitation. It appears, from some reason unknown, that his visits to a certain Laird and his lady were not acceptable; and on perceiving him approach the mansion-house, they took the liberty of making themselves scarce. Mr Morrison, on knocking at the door, was told by the man in waiting that the Laird was not in. "Where is he?" asked the minister. "Gone to the fuller's mill," was the answer. "And the lady, is she at home?" said the minister. "No," was the reply, "she is gone to the smithy." "Yes, yes," said Mr Morrison, suspecting how matters really stood.

An Tighearna plangaid,
'Us a Bhainteargna air an d'fhas a chruaidh.
Da'r a chaidh ise do'n cheardaich,
Chaidh graidhean do'n mhuillean luaidh!—

which in translation loses considerably, but may be rendered as nearly as possible as follows :—

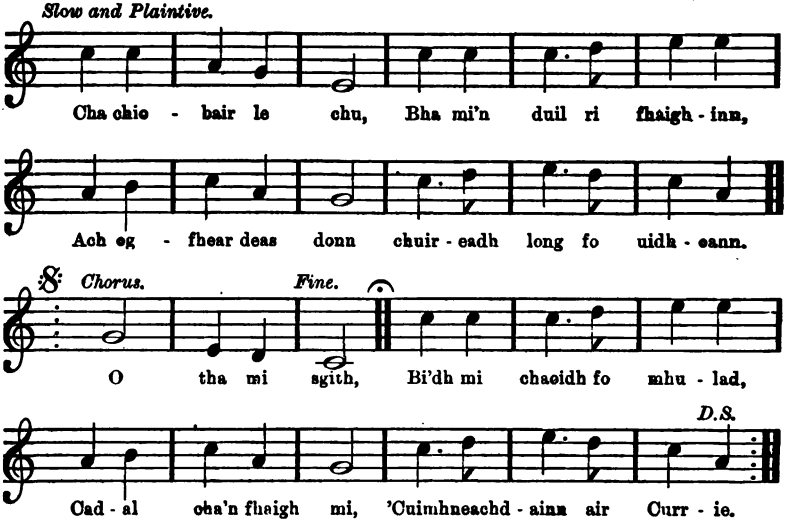
The blanket laird.
The steeled lady.
Like goes to like.
When she went to the smithy,
He went to the fuller's mill.

Many more anecdotes are told of his readiness and wit, as well as his ministerial usefulness. But in the meantime these may suffice, as I dare say I have already exceeded the bounds within which I ought to have confined my reminiscences.—Believe me, faithfully yours,

KENMORE, March 1878. ALLAN SINCLAIR.

O THA MI SGITH.

Slow and Plaintive.


Cha chio - bair le chu, Bha mi'n duil ri fhaigh - inn,
Ach eg - fhear deas donn chuir - eadh long fo uidh - eann.
Chorus.
Fine.
O tha mi sgith, Bi'dh mi chaoidh fo mhu - lad,
D.S.
Cad - al cha'n fhaigh mi, 'Cuimhneachd - ainn air Curr - ie.

KEY C.

| d' : d' | l : s | m : — | d' : d' | d' :-.r' | m' : m'

| l : t | d' : l | s : — | d' :-.r | m' :-.r' | d' : l ‖

Chorus. Fine.

| s : — | m : r | d : — | d' : d' | d' :-.r' | m' : m'

D.S.

| l :-.t | d' : l | s : — | d' :-.r' | m' :-.r' | d' : l

'S tu bu duibhe ceann,
'S tu bu fhlathail aghaidh,
'S tu bu ghuirme suil,—
'S tu mo ruin 's mo roghainn.
O tha mi sgith, &c.

Theid mi do'n Charn-bhàn,
'S gheibh mi aite suidh' ann
'Dh-amharc air a' Stor
Bhe na sheol na luingeis.
O tha mi sgith, &c.

Ged chluinnsinnsa an traths
Bala 'bhi 'sa' bhaile
Dearbh cha d're'adh mo shroin
'Steach air comhla 'n doruis.
O tha mi sgith, &c.

Currie dubh na' rop
'S beag mo dheigh dha'n dhuine
B'annsa mac an t-seoid
'Falbh le 'chlese 's le ghunna.
O tha mi sgith, &c.

Currie 'sam fear bàn,
Thug mi gradh do'n dithis,
Thug iad bham mo chail
'S cha 'n eil mo shlaint aig lighich.
O tha mi sgith, &c.

NOTE.—The above song is the composition of a Sutherlandshire woman, and is one of the most popular in the North-West Highlands. I am not aware that it was ever before in print.—W. M'K.

THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XXXII. JUNE 1878. Vol. III.

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

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[Continued.]

X. COINNEACH NA CUIRC, or Kenneth of the Whittle, so called from his skill in carving on wood, and general dexterity with that primitive instrument the Highland Sgian Dubh. He succeeded his father in 1561. In the following year he was among those chiefs who, at the head of their followers, met Queen Mary at Inverness, and aided her in getting possession of the Castle after Alexander Gordon, the governor, refused her access. In the same year there is an Act of Privy Council, dated the 21st of May, which bears that he had delivered up Mary Macleod, the heiress of Harris and Dunvegan, of whom he had previously by accident obtained the custody, into the hands of Queen Mary, with whom she remained for several years as a maid of honour. He had prior to this refused to give her up to her lawful guardian, James Macdonald of Dunyveg and the Glens. In 1563 we find him on the jury, with James, Earl of Moray, and others, at Inverness, by whom John Campbell of Cawdor was served heir to the Barony of Strathnairn.* This Chief of Kintail was advanced in years before he came into possession, and took, as we have seen, an active and distinguished part in all the affairs of his clan during the career of his long-lived father. He seems after his return from meeting Queen Mary at Inverness to have retired very much into private life, for we find him, on Mary's escape from Lochleven Castle, sending his son Colin, who was then very young and attending his studies at Aberdeen, at the head of his vassals and followers to join the Earl of Huntly. Colin was sent by the Earl, says the Laird of Applecross, "as one whose prudence he confided, to advise the Queen's retreat to Stirling, where she might stay in security till all her friends were convocate, but by an unhappy council she refused this advice and fought at Langside, where Colin was present, and when by the Regent's (Earl of Moray appointed on Mary's defeat) insolence, after that victory, all the loyal subjects were forced to take remissions for their duty, as if it were a crime. Amongst the rest Mackenzie takes one, the only one that ever any of his family had;

* Invernessiana, p. 229.

and this is rather a mark of his fidelity than evidence of failure, and an honour, not a task of his posterity." It would have been already noticed that a second remission had been received, for the imprisonment and murder of John Glassich, son of Hector Roy Mackenzie of Gairloch, in Islandonan Castle. Dr George Mackenzie informs us that Kenneth apprehended him and sent him prisoner to the Castle, where he was poisoned by the constable's lady, whereupon ane certain female, foster-sister of his, composed a Gaelic rhyme to commemorate him. The Earl of Cromartie gives the reason for the imprisonment and murder. It was rumoured that John Glassich intended to prosecute his father's claim to the Kintail estates, and Kenneth hearing of this sent for him to Brahan. John suspecting nothing, came accompanied only by his ordinary servants. Kenneth questioned him regarding the suspicious rumours, and not being quite satisfied with the answers, he caused John to be at once apprehended. One of John's servants, named John Gearr, seeing his master apprehended, struck at Kenneth of Kintail a fearful blow with a two-handed sword, but fortunately Kenneth, who was standing close to the table, nimbly moved aside, and the blow missed him, else he would have been cloven to pieces. The sword made a deep cut in the table, "so that you could hide your hand edgeways in it," and the mark remained in the table until Colin, Earl of Seaforth, "caused cut that piece off the table, saying that he loved no such remembrance of the quarrels of his relations." Kenneth was a man of good endowments; he carried so prudently that he had the good-liking of his Prince and peace from his neighbours. He had a peculiar genius for mechanics, and was seldom found without his core, Sgian Dubh, or some other such tool in his hand, with which he produced some excellent specimens of hand-carving on wood. He married early, during his father's lifetime, Lady Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of John, Earl of Athole, by his lady Mary Campbell, daughter of the Earl of Argyll, by whom he had three sons—first, Murdoch, who, being fostered in the house of Bayne of Tulloch, that gentleman, on his being sent home, presented him with a goodly stock of milk cows, with the grazing of Strathvaich in the Forest of Strathrannich. Murdoch died before attaining his majority. Kenneth was succeeded by his second son, Colin; to his third, Roderick, he gave the lands of Redcastle. Of many daughters, one was married first to Macdonald of Glengarry, and secondly to Chisholm of Comar; a second to Ross of Balnagown; a third to Lachlan Mackintosh of Mackintosh;* a fourth to Walter Urquhart of Cromarty; a fifth to Robert Munro of Fowlis; and a sixth to Innes of Inverbreaky. By these intermarriages he left his house singularly powerful in family alliances, and, as we have seen, in 1554 he derived no small benefit from them himself. He died, during his son's absence with Queen Mary, at Killin, on the 6th of June 1568, was buried at Beauly, and succeeded by his second son,

* The following anecdote is related regarding this match:—Lachlan Mackintosh, being only an infant when his father William Mackintosh of that ilk was murdered in 1550, was carried for safety by some of his humble retainers to the county of Ross. This came to the knowledge of Colin, younger of Kintail, who took possession of the young heir of Mackintosh, and carried him to Islandonan Castle. The old chief retained him, and treated him with great care until the years of pupilary had expired, and then married him to his daughter Agnes, by no means an unsuitable match for either, apart from the time and manner in which it was consummated.

XI. CAILEAN CAM, OR ONE-EYED COLIN, who soon became a great favourite at Court, especially with the young King James VI.; so much so, as the Earl of Cromartie informs us, that "there was none in the North for whom he hade a greater esteem than for this Colin. He made him one of his Privie Councillors, and oft tymes invited him to be nobilitate (ennobled); but Colin always declined it, aiming rather to have his familie remarkable for power, as it were, above their qualitie than for titles that equalled their power." "In 1570 King James VI. granted to Coline Makcainze, the son and apparent heir of the deceased Canzeoch of Kintaill, permission to be served heir in his minority to all the lands and rents in the Sheriffdom of Innerness, in which his father died last vest and seised. In 1572 the same King confirmed a grant made by Colin Makcanze of Kintaill to Barbara Graunt, his affianced spouse, in fulfilment of a contract between him and John Grant of Freuchie, dated 25th April 1571, of his lands of Climbo, Keppach, and Ballichon, Mekle Innerennet, Derisduan Beg, Little Innerennet, Derisduan Moir, Auchadrein, Kirktoun, Ardtulloch, Rovoch, Quhissil, Tullych, Derewall and Nuik, Inchchro, Morowoch, Glenlik, Innersell and Nuik, Achazarge, Kinlochbeancharan, and Innerchonray, in the Earldom of Ross, and Sheriffdom of Inverness. In 1574 the same Colin was served heir to his father Kenneth M'Keinzie in the davach of Letterfernane, the davach of Glenshall, and other lands in the barony of Ellendonane of the old extent of five marks." *

In 1570 a quarrel broke out between the Mackenzies and the Monros. Lesley, the celebrated Bishop of Ross, and who had been secretary to Queen Mary, dreading the effect of public feeling at this time against prelacy, and particularly against himself, in the North, made over to his cousin Lesley, the Laird of Balquhain, his rights and titles to the Canonry of Ross, together with the castle lands, in order to divest them of the character of church property, and so save them to his family; but notwithstanding this grant, the Regent Murray gave the custody of the castle to Andrew Monro of Milntown, a rigid presbyterian, and in high favour with Murray, who promised Lesley some of the lands of the barony of Fintry in Buchan as an equivalent; but the Regent died before this arrangement was carried out—before Monro obtained the title to the castle and castle lands as he expected. Yet he ultimately obtained permission from the Earl of Lennox, during his regency, and afterwards from the Earl of Mar, his successor in that office, to get possession of the castle. The Mackenzies were not at all pleased to see the Monros occupying the stronghold; and, being desirous to obtain possession of the castle themselves, they purchased Lesley's right, and by virtue thereof demanded delivery of the castle. This was at once refused by the Monros. Kintail raised his vassals, who, joined by a detachment of the Mackintoshes,†

* Origines Parochiales Scotiæ, p. 393, vol. ii.

† In the year 1573, Lachlan More, Laird of Mackintosh, favouring Kintail, his brother-in-law, required all the people of Strathnairn to join him against the Monros. Colin, Lord of Lorn, had at the time the administration of that lordship as the jointure lands of his wife, the Countess Dowager of Murray, and he wrote to Hugh Rose of Kilravock, "My Baillie eff Strathnarne, fer as much as it is reported to me that Mackintosh has charged all my tenants west of the water of Nairn to pass forward with him to Ross to enter into this troublous action with Mackenzie against the laird of Fowlis, and because I will not that any of mine enter presently this matter whose service appertains to me, ... wherefore I will desire you to make my will known to my

garrisoned the steeple of the Cathedral Church, and laid siege to Irvine's Tower and the Palace, which stood out three years, when one day the garrison getting short of provisions, attempted a sortie to the Ness of Fortrose, where there was a salmon stell, the contents of which they hoped to secure. They were under the command of John Monro, grandson of George, fourth laird of Fowlis, who was killed at the battle of "Bealach na Broige." The band were soon discovered, and quickly followed by Kintail's garrison, under Iain Dubh Mac Ruairidh Mhic Alastair, who fell upon the starving Monros, and after a desperate struggle killed twenty-six of them, among whom was their leader, John Monro; while the Mackenzies only sustained a loss of two men killed and a few wounded. The castle immediately capitulated, was taken possession of by the Mackenzies, and afterwards confirmed to Kintail by King James VI.* In 1573 the Earl of Sutherland petitioned to have himself served heir to his estates, at Aberdeen, as he could not got a jury to sit at Inverness, the country being so disturbed, and "in consequence of the barons, such as Colin Mackenzie of Kintail, Hugh Lord Lovat, Lachlan Mackintosh of Dunachton, and Robert Monro of Fowlis, being at deadly feud among themselves."†

In 1580 a desperate feud broke out between the Mackenzies and Macdonalds of Glengarry. The latter inherited one-half the districts of Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and Lochbroom, from his grandmother, Margaret, one of the sisters and co-heiresses of Sir Donald Macdonald of Lochalsh. Kenneth, when heir-apparent to his father, had acquired the other half of those districts by purchase from Dingwall of Kildun, son of the other co-heiress of Sir Donald, on the 24th November 1554, and Queen Mary granted him a royal charter. We can easily conceive many causes of quarrel arising with such men in such close proximity. Glengarry and his followers continually "sorned" on Mackenzie's tenants, not only in the districts which were in the immediate vicinity of his own property, but also, in their raids from Glengarry, on the outskirts of Kintail, so that Mackenzie's dependants were almost crushed by Glengarry's tyranny and ill-usage. Even his own tenants in Lochalsh and Lochcarron fared little better, more particularly the Mathesons in the former, and the Clann Ian Uidhir in the latter, who were the original possessors of those parts of Glengarry's lands. These tribes finding themselves subject to such abject and miserable slavery, though they regularly paid their rents and other dues, and seeing how kindly Mackenzie used their neighbouring tenants, envied their comfortable state and "abhorred Glengarry's rascality who would lie in their houses (yea, force their women and daughters) so long as there was any good to be given, which made them keep better amity and correspondence with Mackenzie and his tenants than with their own master and his followers. This may partly teach how superiors ought always to govern and oversee their tenantry and followers, especially in

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tenants at Strathnarne within your Bailliary, that none of them take upon hand to rise at this present with Mackintosh to pass to Ross, or at any time hereafter without my special command and goodwill obtained under such pains," &c., &c. (Dated) Darnoway, 28th of June 1573.—*Kilravock Writs, p.* 263.

* Sir Robert Gordon, p. 154, and MS. Histories of the Family.

† Antiquarian Notes, p. 79.

the Highlands, who are ordinarily made up of several clans, and will not readily underlie such slavery as the Incountry Commons will do."

The first serious outbreak between the Macdonalds of Glengarry and the Mackenzies originated thus: One Duncan Mac Ian Uidhir Mhic Dhonnachaidh, who was known as "a very honest gentleman," and who in his early days lived under Glengarry, being a very good deerstalker and excellent shot, often resorted to the forest of Glasletter, where he killed many of the deer belonging to Mackenzie of Gairloch. Some time afterwards, Duncan, in consequence of certain troubles in his own country, was obliged to leave it, and with all his family and goods he took up his quarters in Glen Affrick, close to the forest of Glasletter. He went, soon after, accompanied by a friend, to the nearest hill, where he commenced his old favourite pursuit of deerstalking. Mackenzie's forester perceiving him, and knowing him as an old poacher, cautiously walked up to him, and coming upon him unawares, demanded that he should at once surrender himself and his arms. Duncan finding that Gairloch's forester was accompanied by only one gillie, "thought it an irrecoverable affront that he and his man should so yield, refused to do so on any terms, whereupon the forester being ill-set, and remembering former abuses in their passages," he and his companion instantly killed the Glengarry men, and buried them in the hill. Fionnla Dubh Mac Dhomh'uill Mhoir, and Donald Mac Ian Leith, a Gairloch man, were the two suspected of this murder; but it was never proved against them, though they were both repeatedly put on their trial by Kintail and Gairloch. Some two years after the foul deed was committed, Duncan's bones were discovered in the hill on which he was killed, by one of his own friends who still continued to make a diligent search for him. The Glengarry men had always suspected foul play, and this being now placed beyond question by the discovery of the victims, a party of the Macdonalds started, determined to revenge the murder of their clansmen; and, arriving at Inchlochell in Glenstrathfarrar which then belonged to Rorie Mor of Redcastle, they found Duncan Mac Ian Mhic Dhomh'uill Mhoir, a brother of the suspected Finlay Dubh, without any concern or fear of approaching danger busily engaged ploughing his bit land, and they attacked and killed him on the spot. Redcastle hearing of the murder of his tenant, at once dispatched a messenger to Glengarry demanding redress and the punishment of the murderers, which Glengarry refused. Rory Mor determined to have satisfaction, and resolved, much against the counsel of his friends, to have retribution for this and previous injuries the best way he could. Having thus determined, he sent for his trusted friend, Dugald Mackenzie of Applecross, to consult with him as to the best mode of procedure to secure success. Macdonald of Glengarry at this time lived in the Castle of Strome, Lochcarron, and the two Mackenzies resolved to use every means in their power to capture him, or some of his nearest relatives. With this view, Dugall suggested a plan by which he induced the unsuspecting Glengarry to meet him on a certain day at Kishorn. Rory of Redcastle, to avoid any suspicion, would start for Lochbroom, as it were, to attend to his interest there; and if Glengarry agreed to meet the other at Kishorn, he would send notice of the day to Rory. As soon as Dugall arrived at home, he dispatched a messenger to Glengarry to inform him that he had matters of

great importance to communicate to him, and that he wished for that purpose to meet him on any day which he might deem suitable. Day and place were soon arranged, and Dugall at once sent a messenger to Rory Mor, with full particulars of the proposed meeting, who immediately gathered his friends, the Clann Allan, and marched with them to Lochcarron, He there, on his arrival, had a meeting with Donald Mac Ian Mhic Ian Uidhir, and Angus Mac Eachainn, both of the the Clann Ian Uidhir, who lived on his lands in Lochcarron, and one of whom, if not both, was married to Glengarry's aunt. "Yet notwithstanding this alliance, they, fearing his, and his rascality's further oppression, were content to join Rory in the plot." The appointed day having arrived, Glengarry and his lady (who was a daughter of the Captain of Clan Ranald, he having previously sent away his lawful wife, a daughter of the laird of Grant) came by sea to Kishorn. He and Dugall Mackenzie having conferred together for a considerable time discussing various matters of importance to each other as neighbours, Glengarry took his leave, but while being convoyed to his boat, Dugall suggested to him the impropriety of going home by sea on such a clumsy boat when he had only two miles to walk, and if he did not suspect his own inability to make the lady comfortable for the night, he would be glad to provide for her and see her home safely in the morning. Glengarry declined the proffered hospitality to his lady; sent her home by the boat with four of his followers; told Dugall that he would not endanger the boat by overloading, and that he and his other gentlemen and followers would go on foot. Rory Mor had meanwhile placed himself and his men in ambush in a place called Glaic nan Gillean. Glengarry and his train, without the slightest suspicion, on their way to Strome Castle, came upon them, when they were suddenly surrounded by Rory's followers, and called upon to surrender themselves prisoners. Seeing this, one of the Macdonalds shot an arrow at Rory Mor, which fixed in the fringe of his plaid, when his followers, thinking their leader had been mortally wounded, furiously attacked the Macdonalds; but Rory commanded his friends, under pain of death, to save Glengarry's life. The latter finding himself in such straits, and hearing Rory's orders to the men, threw away his sword, and ran into Rory's arms, begging that his life might be spared. This was at once granted him, but not a single one of his men escaped from the onslaught of the infuriated followers of Rory Mor, who started with Glengarry that same night to Lochbroom.

This, however, did not satisfy the cruel disposition of Donald Mac Ian Mhic Ian Uidhir and Angus Mac Eachainn, who had an old grudge against Glengarry, because his father had some time previously evicted their father from a davoch of land—Attadale, in Lochcarron, to which they claimed a right. So they went, under silence of night, gathered all the Clann Ian Uidhir, and proceeded to Arinskaig and Dalmartin, where lived at the time three uncles of Glengarry—Gorrie, Rory, and Ronald—who with all their retainers were killed on the spot. "This murder was undoubtedly unknown to Rory or any of the Mackenzies, though alleged otherwise; for as soon as his nephew, Colin of Kintail, and his friends heard of this accident, they were much concerned, and would have him (Rory) set Glengarry at liberty; but all their persuasions would not do till he was secured of him by writ and oath, that he and his would

never pursue this accident either legally or unlegally, and which, as was said, he never intended to do, till seventeen years thereafter, when in 1597 the children of these three uncles of Glengarry arrived at manhood," determined, as will be seen hereafter, to revenge their father's death.* Gregory, however, says (p. 219) that after his liberation, Glengarry complained to the Privy Council, who, investigating the matter, caused the Castle of Strome, which Macdonald yielded to Mackenzie as one of the conditions of his release, to be placed under the temporary custody of the Earl of Argyll; and Mackenzie of Kintail was detained at Edinburgh in what was called open ward to answer such charges as might be brought against him. This is established by the Records of the Privy Council.† In 1586 King James VI. granted a remission to Colin M'Kainzie of Kintaill, and Rodoric M'Kainzie of Auchterfailie (Redcastle and Arpafeelie) his brother, for being art and part in the cruel murder of Rodoric M'Allester in Stroll; Gorie M'Allester, his brother, in Stromcraag; Ronnald M'Gorie, the son of the latter; John Roy M'Allane v' Allester in Peitnean; John Dow M'Allane v' Allester in Kirktoun of Lochcarroun; Alexander M'Allanroy, servitor of the deceased Rodoric; Sir John Monro in Lochbrume; John Monro, his son; John Monro Hucheoun, and the rest of their accomplices under silence of night upon the lands of Ardmanichtyke, Dalmartene, Kirktoun of Lochcarroun, Blahat, and other parts within the baronies of Lochcarroun, Lochbrume, Ros, and Kessane, in the Sheriffdom of Innerness, and for all other past crimes.‡

During Colin's reign Huntly obtained a commission of fire and sword against Mackintosh of Mackintosh (who was married, as we have seen, to a sister of Colin Mackenzie of Kintail), and reduced him to such a condition that he was obliged to remove with his family and friends for better security to the Isle of Moy. Huntly came to Inverness and prepared a large fleet of boats, with which to besiege the Island. These preparations being completed, and the boats ready to be drawn across the hills to Moy, Mackenzie heard of Huntly's intentions, and despatched a messenger to Inverness, desiring his Lordship to be as favourable as possible to his sister, Mrs Mackintosh of Mackintosh—to treat her as a gentlewoman ought to be treated, when he came to Moy, and that he would consider this a great act of courtesy towards himself personally. The messenger delivered his message, to which Huntly replied, that if it were his good fortune, as he doubted not it would be, to apprehend her husband and her, she would "be the worst used lady in the North; that she was an ill-instrument against his cause, and therefore he would cut her tail above her houghs." "Well, then," answered the messenger, "he (Mackenzie) bade me tell your Lordship if that were your answer, that perhaps he or his would be there to have a better care of her." "I do not value his being there more than herself," Huntly replied, "and tell him so much from me." The messenger departed, when

* Original Ancient MS. History of the Mackenzies, for which we are indebted to Allangrange; and the Letterfearn MS., for which we are obliged to Captain MacRa Chisholm, Glassburn.

† See those of 10th August and 2d December 1582; and of 11th January and 8th March 1582-3.

‡ Origines Parochiales Scotiæ and Retours.

some of Huntly's principal officers who heard the conversation found fault with his Lordship for sending Mackenzie such an uncivil answer, as he might have cause to regret it if Mackenzie took it amiss. The messenger having returned, informed his master of what had occurred and told him Huntly's message. Colin, who was himself generally in delicate health, sent for his brother Rory Mor of Redcastle, who next day crossed the ferry of Ardersier with a force of four hundred warriors; marched straight through the hills for the Island of Moy; and just as Huntly, on his way from Inverness, was coming in sight, on the west of Moy, Rory and his followers were marching along the face of the hill on the east side of the island; and his Lordship perceiving such a force, asked his officers who they could be. One of them who was present during the interview with Mackenzie's messenger on the previous day, answered, "Yonder is the effect of your answer to Mackenzie." "I wonder," replied Huntly, "how he could have so many men ready almost in an instant." The officer answered, "Their leader is so active and fortunate that his men will flock to him from all parts on a moment's notice when he has any ado. And before you gain Mackintosh or his lady, you will lose more than he is worth, since now, as it seems her friends take part in the quarrel;" whereupon, and on further consideration, he retired with his forces to Inverness, "so that it seemed fitter to Huntly to agree their differs friendly than prosecute the laws further against Mackintosh."

About this time troubles began in the Lews which ultimately ended in that extensive principality coming into the possession of the House of Kintail, and although the most important events connected with it, and leading up to the great result will principally fall to be treated under our next head, the cause of the quarrel having originated during Colin Cam's life, it may be more convenient to explain its origin under the present.

Roderick Macleod of the Lews first married Barbara Stuart, daughter of Lord Methven, by whom he had one son called Torquil Oighre, or the Heir. This youth on arriving at manhood gave proofs of a fierce and warlike disposition, but in sailing from Lews to Skye on one of his raids, he with two hundred men perished in a great storm. Upon the death of Torquil's mother, old Rory married, for his second wife, Janet, daughter of John of Killin, by whom he had a son, named Torquil Cononach, so called from his having been brought up with his mother's relations in Strathconon. Old Roderick, by all accounts, was not quite so pure and virtuous in his domestic character as one might wish, for we find him having no less than five bastard sons, named respectively, Tormod Uigeach, Murdoch, Niel, Donald, and Rory Og, all of whom arrived at maturity. In these circumstances it can hardly be supposed that his lady's domestic happiness would have been of the most complete and felicitous description. It has been alleged, by this paragon of virtue, that she had been unfaithful to him, and had criminal intimacy with the Brieve *(Breitheamh)*, or consistorial judge of the Island. On the other hand, it has been maintained that the Brieve had been pretty severe on the Island chief for his reckless and immoral conduct, and his bad treatment of his lady; and that the unprincipled villain, as he throughout his whole career proved himself to be, revengefully and boldly turned round and accused the judge

himself of adultery with his wife. Be that as it may, the unfortunate woman, attempting to escape from his cruel and harsh treatment, while passing in a large birlinn, or boat, from the Lews to Coigeach, on the opposite side of the coast, was pursued and run down by some of her husband's followers, when she with all on board perished. He now disinherited her son, Torquil Cononach, the grandson of John of Killin, maintaining that he was not his son and heir, but the fruit of his wife's unfaithfulness.* Macleod married a third time, a daughter of Maclean of Dowart, by whom he had two sons—Torquil Dubh, whom he now declared his heir and successor, and Tormod, known as Tormod Og. Torquil Cononach, now designated "of Coigeach," married a daughter of Glengarry, who bore him two sons—John and Niel—and five daughters; and raising as many men as would accompany him, he, with the assistance of two of his natural brothers—Tormod and Murdoch—started for the Lews to vindicate his right as his father's legitimate heir and successor, when he defeated his father and his supporters, and confined the former in the Castle of Stornoway for four years, until he was finally obliged to acknowledge him (Torquil Cononach) as his lawful son and successor. The bastards now quarrelled among themselves. Donald killed Tormod Uigeach. Murdo in resentment seized Donald and carried him to Coigeach; but he afterwards escaped and complained to Old Rory, who was highly offended at Donald for seizing, and with Torquil Cononach for detaining Donald. Roderick ordered Murdoch to be captured, and to be confined in his own old quarters in the Castle of Stornoway. Torquil Cononach now returned to the Lews, reduced the castle, liberated Murdoch, again confined his father, and killed many of his men, at the same time carrying off all the writs and charters, and depositing them for safety with his relative, Mackenzie of Kintail. He had meanwhile left his son John (who had been in the service of Huntly, and whom he now called home) in charge of the castle, and in possession of the Lews, out of which he imprudently banished his natural uncles, Donald and Rory Og. Rory Og soon after returned with a considerable number of followers, attacked his nephew John in Stornoway, killed him, and released his own father, old Roderick Macleod, who was allowed to possess the Island in peace during the remainder of his life. It has been well observed, "thus was the Siol Torquil weakened, by private dissensions, and exposed to fall prey, as it did soon afterwards, to the growing power of the Mackenzies;" but more of this hereafter. In 1594 Alexander Bayne, younger of Tulloch, granted a charter of the lands of Rhindoun in favour of Colin Mackenzie

* Most of the MS. Histories of the family which we have perused say that Rory Macleod's wife was a *daughter* of Kenneth a Bhlair, but it is scarcely possible that the daughter of a Chief who died in 1491 could have been the wife of one who lived into the early years of the seventeenth century. She must have been rather Kenneth's *granddaughter*, a daughter of John of Killin. This view is corroborated by a decree arbitral in 1554, in which Torquil Cononach is called the *oy (ogha*, or grandson) of John Mackenzie.—*Acts and Decrees of Session, X., folio* 201. The Roderick Macleod who married, probably for his second wife, Agnes, daughter of Kenneth a Bhlair, must have been Roderick Macleod, seventh of Lewis, who died some time after his father early in the sixteenth century. According to the "Ancient" MS. already quoted, Rory married—first, Barbara Stewart, and "after her death he married the Lady Reah (McKayes Rebert), who was Mackenzie's daughter, She was mother to Torqell Conanigh. . . . . This Lady Reah was afterwards ravished from this Rory by a kinsman of his own, called John MacGillechallum, brother of Alexander, then Laird of Rasay."

of Kintail and his heirs male, proceeding on a contract of sale betwixt them, dated 10th of March 1574. On the 10th of July in the same year there is "a contract of alienation" of these lands by the same Colin Mackenzie of Kintail in favour of Roderick Mackenzie of Ardefillie (Redcastle), his brother-german, and his heirs male. A charter implementing this contract is dated the 20th of October following, by which the lands "are to be holden blench and for relieving Kintail of the feu-duty and services payable to his superiors." These lands are afterwards, in 1625, resigned by Murdoch Mackenzie of Redcastle into the hands of Colin, second Earl of Seaforth, the immediate lawful superior thereof, for new infeftments to be granted to Roderick Mackenzie, his second lawful son.*

Colin, in addition to his acquisition in Lochalsh and Lochcarron, "feued the Lordship of Ardmeanach, and the Barony of Delnys, Brae Ross, with the exception of Western Achnacherich, Western Drynie, and Tarradale, which Bayne of Tulloch had feued before, but found it his interest to hold of him as immediate superior, which, with the former possessions of the lands of Chanonry, greatly enhanced his influence. Albeit his predecessors were active both in war and peace, and precedent in acquiring their estate; yet this man acquired more than all that went before him, and made such a solid progress in it, that what he had acquired was with the goodwill of his sovereign, and clear unquestionable purchase. He protected his cousin, Torquil Macleod of Lews, when he was oppressed by his unnatural relations and natural brothers, and from this he acquired a right to the lands of Assynt."†

He married Barbara daughter of John Grant of Grant, by Lady Marjory Stewart daughter of John third Earl of Athole, by whom he had four sons—first, Kenneth, afterwards Lord Kintail; secondly, Sir Roderick of Coigeach, progenitor of the families of Cromarty or Tarbat, Scatwell, Tarvie, Baloan, and others; third, Alexander first of Kilcoy, from whom are descended Muirton, Findon, &c.; and fourth, Colin of Kinnock and Pitlundie. Colin also had a natural son, Alexander, by Margaret, daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, second laird of Davochmaluak, who became the founder of the family of Applecross, Coul, and Assynt. His eldest daughter married Simon, eighth Lord Lovat; and his second married Eachainn Og, or Hector Maclean of Duart; while a third married Macdonald of Sleat; and in the words of our last quoted authority, "this Colin lived beloved by princes and people, and died, regretted by all, on the 14th of June 1594, at Redcastle, and was buried at Bewlie." He was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.—For full particulars regarding this Work, now about to be published in a handsome Volume, for Subscribers only, see Prospectus bound with this number. **The List of Subscribers will be published in the** Work.

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* Writs and Evidents of Lands of Rhindoun; Antiquarian Notes, pp. 172-3.
† Earl of Cromartie's MS. History.

A MODEL HIGHLANDER.

(Respectfully Dedicated to all good Friends of "The Ard-Albannach.")

By Evan MacColl.

—o—

He loveth well who loves to don
The Highland garb; yet let no one
Who doeth this think *that* alone
Can constitute a Highlander.
The hero of my song, I ween,
Delighteth in the tartan sheen;
Yet, were that all, he ne'er had been
My muse's model Highlander.

The Gael true alone is he,
Who, what he thinks, speaks frankly, free,
One who to God alone the knee
Bends as becomes a Highlander;
One who in all things acts the man,
No matter who his course would ban:
Step out, my Murdoch! if there's one
On earth, thou art that Highlander.

I think I see thy manly form,
Firm and unyielding as Cairngorm,
The poor man's cause maintaining warm,
Just like a true-soul'd Highlander.
I see the scorn within thine eye
As some evicting chief goes by—
One whose forbears would sooner die
Than dispossess a Highlander.

Long be the Gael's chosen tongue
The language in which Ossian sung;
When it is not, 'tis not for long
Our land can boast a Highlander.
When dies its speech a nation dies,
No more to a new life to rise;
Knaves who in Saxondom rejoice
Know this, and hate our Highlander.

But shall we grant the dastard crew,
With base impunity, to spew
Their venom on that bonnet blue
Revered by every Highlander?
No! while with truth and honour steel'd,
And we have strength his head to shield,
Were "*fifty* Richmonds in the field,"
No foe must hurt our Highlander!

CELTIC LITERATURE,

By the Rev. Thomas Maclauchlan, LL.D.*

—o—

In this paper I shall confine myself to what I find written, as existing in old MSS., or taken down from oral recitation. A full and most accurate list of Gaelic books was furnished in 1832 by Mr John Reid in his Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica. This work, however, confined itself to books printed in the Gaelic language, and might now be largely extended. Since then I have given as full and as accurate an account as I could of Gaelic literature in the handsome work on the History of the Scottish Highlands, published by the Messrs Fullarton of Edinburgh. Latterly, Professor Blackie, in his "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands," has given an excellent sketch of the existing literature of the Gael. Our earliest written Gaelic is, without doubt, the Book of Deer; our earliest printed Gaelic is, with as little doubt, "Carswell's Prayer-Book." The former of these is probably of the eleventh or twelfth century, and the latter is of the sixteenth; and a remarkable thing is that the language of both is far more alike than is the language of either to modern Gaelic. I do not know what dialect the people spoke in those bye-gone ages, but the dialect which they wrote and read was very different from that written and read now.

The bulk of the Book of Deer is in Latin, and contains portions of the New Testament. The Gaelic portion is written on the margins, and contains chiefly notices of lands given by neighbouring chiefs to God, and St Drostan, and others—or, in other words. to the monastery. The Monastery of Deer lay in the County of Aberdeen, in the modern Parish of Old Deer, from eight to ten miles west of Peterhead. There are some remains of the old buildings still to be seen. The region in which it lies is now a purely Teutonic one, in all except the names of places. The names of the people are those of the southern Scots, and their language is intensely Scottish; and yet in the twelfth century the region seems to have been as purely Celtic. Here was an old Columban monastery, the names of tribes and of single individuals purely Celtic, such as Clan Morgan and Clan Canan, with such names of persons as Donchadh, Maolcholum, Coinneach, and the like, while the old Celtic officers of the Crown, the Maormors and Toiseachs, are in full authority. Nothing could indicate a more radical difference than that between the state of the Parish of Old Deer in the twelfth century, and that of the same parish now. The Latin and the Gaelic are both written by the authors of the Book of Deer in the same hand—the old Saxon hand, borrowed from the Romans, and now called the Irish letter. It is manifest that the inmates of the Monastery of Deer were men possessed of a measure of learning, creditable to themselves and to the period in which they lived, and that they cultivated, and freely used, both in speech and writing, their native Gaelic tongue. There must have been at one time a large amount of this Gaelic MS. literature. There are deeply interesting fragments of it still existing,

* Abbreviated from a lecture recently read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and which will appear in full in their next volume of Transactions.

but in the dislocations of Scottish society, through the changes of races and of tongues, the great mass of it must have perished. At this moment we have nothing of deeper interest than these eleventh and twelfth century entries in the Book of Deer.

The next oldest MS. which we shall notice is the Book of the Dean of Lismore. Having had five years labour in deciphering and copying out this relic, I should be somewhat familiar with its contents. It was the hardest piece of work in which I ever engaged. The state of the MS., the character of the writing, and, above all, the orthography, made the deciphering of it a work of peculiar difficulty. In the interests of Celtic literature I am glad that it was done, and when some present dust shall have cleared away, its real value will come to appear. One thing it makes clear—that there were poems attributed to Ossian, and other Fingalian bards, recited, written down, and well known in the Highlands so early as 1512. And what is remarkable is that the pieces taken down from oral recitation by transcribers, within the last century and a half, are the pieces for the most part found in this collection. It may be true that there is not a line of Macpherson's Ossian to be found in either, that the poetry of it was unknown, so far as we can now judge, until brought to light by the editor. Let writers on the authenticity question make of that what they may, the fact to which I would desire to call attention is that three hundred and fifty years ago the name of Ossian was as well known in the Scottish Highlands as the name of Homer was in Greece, and that there are numerous and long fragments of poetry in existence which were attributed to him, and to other bards of his period. That is the fact which the Dean of Lismore's Book serves to establish. And although a good deal has been said on the inferiority of these poems, as transcribed by the Dean, to the poetry of Macpherson's Ossian, I am disposed to think that there is not in Gaelic poetry anything finer than Ossian's song of praise to his father, or the death of Oscar, as sung by Fergus the Bard, contained in that book.

The language is identical with the language of the Book of Deer, and that of Carsewell, and is very different from the present spoken language of the Highlands, while the handwriting is the Old English, and the orthography phonetic, indicating, at the same time, by the use of the point for the aspirate, and other peculiarities, the acquaintance of the writer with the Irish hand and orthography, as they are now called. I set a high value on this book, as affording evidence, on many points in connection with Celtic literature, which cannot be gainsaid.

The Dean's collection was made in 1512, a considerable time subsequent to the invention of printing. In 1567 appeared the first Gaelic book that ever was printed, and it was creditable to the Highlands that such a book should have been printed at the time. I need hardly say that unless men could read there was little use in furnishing them with books. But this Gaelic book, to aid ministers and congregations in their worship, was prepared and published so early as the reign of Queen Mary, and the author must have acted on the presumption that the Highlanders were able to read it. The very existence of such a book is proof of the fact that so early as 1567 many of the Highlanders could read their own language. It is quite as true in 1878, that many of them cannot, and

what is more to be regretted, that men of influence and power in the matter of education are so narrow and short-sighted on the question that they think it better that they should not. I feel ashamed to speak of the urgency that has been necessary to get our Education Department to make the slightest concession in favour of teaching the Highlander to read his own language, although it may be very true that the narrowness exists elsewhere, where it might less reasonably be expected.

I have said already that the language of Carsewell is similar to that of the Book of Deer and the Book of the Dean of Lismore. It is written in the purely Irish orthography, and printed in the Roman letter. As there was only one perfect copy in existence, I issued, a few years ago, a new edition of it, the remaining copies of which are in the hands of Mr Noble, publisher, in Inverness. I need not remind you of its value in discussing the Ossianic question, from the reference in the introduction to the heroes of the Ossianic period, as we may call it. Let me add, with reference to the three books of which I have been speaking—the Book of Deer, the Dean of Lismore's Book, and Carsewell's Liturgy—that they have been really added to our Celtic literature within the last twenty years. Their existence was known, except in the case of the first, but they were almost totally inaccessible even to scholars.

Coming down to a later period, there are remnants of religious literature belonging to the seventeenth century still extant. We have Calvin's Catechism in Gaelic, though sufficiently rare, and we have the Psalter translated both by Kirk of Balquhidder and by the Synod of Argyle. Then we have the Irish Bible of Bedel, printed in Roman letters, for the use of the Highlanders, and edited by Kirk—a curious relic. It is not so very long since this Bible was in use in some Highland churches, although previously to the translation by the Stewarts and others, the general practice among readers was for each to translate for himself; and curious work they made of it sometimes. I have heard of one worthy man translating "and they were astonished," and making it, "*Bha iad air an clachadh*" (they were stoned).

The eighteenth century was less prolific than the former in secular Gaelic poetry, or I should perhaps say that there was less of it preserved. There was no Dean of Lismore to record and transmit the floating literature of the period. But there is one notable exception in the songs of Eoin Manntach, often called Eoin Lom, the Jacobite, or rather the Carlist, bard of the period. If there was much such poetry as John Macdonell's at the time, it is a pity that so little of it has been preserved. It is fierce enough, no doubt, but it has wonderful power. His "Mort na Ceapaich," or The Keppoch Murder, is a remarkable appeal on behalf of the murdered boys, and one that helped in securing ample vengeance on their cruel destroyers. It was a black day for the "Clann Dughail" of Keppoch that stammering John sung their misdeeds.

The eighteenth century produced a much larger amount of Gaelic literature than its predecessor. The earlier relics are found in Lhuyd's Archæologia Brittannica, published in 1707, and occur in poems laudatory of Mr Lhuyd and his efforts to promote Celtic literature. The first of these is by "Aindra Mac Ghileoin Fear a Chnuic an Tiridhe, mac Easbuig Earraghaeil"; the second is by "Roibert Caimpbeil Fear Faraiste Mhic

Chailin an Comhal," Argyle's forrester, probably; the third is by "Eoin Mac Ghilleoin minisdir an t-soisgeil ann an eaglais Chillnaoinein am Muile." Another is by "Semus Mac Mhuir, sagart Chill Daltan." Some of them are written in the Roman, and some in the Irish character. These interesting remnants are little known, but they serve to show that there were enthusiastic lovers of the Celtic language and Celtic literature long before our day, and that there were men of sufficient literary information and culture in the islands of Tyree and Mull 180 years ago, to know and to appreciate what the great Welsh scholar was doing in the general Celtic field.

But the great products of the eighteenth century were—first, the translation of the Sacred Scriptures into Scottish Gaelic, and then the publication of Macpherson's Ossian; in the former case a translation into Gaelic, in the latter, a translation into English. It is needless, in a summary like this, to say anything of these great works. The Gaelic Bible has been an incomparable blessing to the Highlands. Education and civilization have followed in its footsteps. Of Macpherson's work, one thing can be said, that it awakened the interest of the civilized world in the literature of the Scottish Celt, and that to it is due much of the place which that literature even now holds in the minds of educated men; without entering here on the question of its genuineness—granting even that it was Macpherson's own, it was a rare contribution to the literature of the race, and might well rouse the jealousy of that type of Englishman represented by Johnson, who can believe in nothing but what is of the Anglo-Saxon, a man who, according to Matthew Arnold, owes most of the life and fire that is in him to the Celtic blood that flows in his veins. A Celt may be allowed to say this, when he has to listen patiently to so much that is said in the other direction.

Secular poetry flourished in the eighteenth century. Beginning with Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair, or Alexander Macdonald, son of Alexander, minister of Sleat, we have during the period, besides him, Duncan Macintyre of Glenorchy, or Donnachadh Bàn nan Oran, as he was called: Robert Mackay, or, more accurately, Calder, usually called Rob Donn; Dugald Buchanan of Rannoch, and John Roy Stewart, son to the Baron of Kincardine. Few men composed more vigorously, or with more poetic fire, than this last, a scion of an old family, and a native of the valley of the Spey. Music and poetry appear to have met and flourished in this great and romantic Highland strath. There were others besides, many of them represented in Gillies' collection of Gaelic poetry, published in 1786. This period was that of the great Celtic revival in some senses. The rebellions of 1715 and 1745 had directed the attention of the nation to the Scottish Highlands—discussions on them in Parliament were frequent; the Highland dress was prohibited, and afterwards restored; and much occurred which, while it destroyed many of the ancient national characteristics, served to invest other Highland objects with a new and commanding interest.

The nineteenth century has been the age of Gaelic grammars and dictionaries. It has been a time of gathering, arranging, and garnering, more than anything else. And it has been the most productive age of any. Four important dictionaries have appeared—the Highland Society's,

Armstrong's, Macleod & Dewar's, and Macalpine's—all good, and yet not complete. We have need yet of a dictionary that would carry students through an ancient M.S., and one that would aid them in recovering the obsolete words in our topography. Then we have had several grammars, beginning with the best, that of Dr Stewart; we have numerous translations and re-publications, with several magazines, the chief of which was the *Teachdaire Gaidhealach*, now alas defunct; as is also the *Gael*. We hope the *Celtic Magazine* may long flourish. We have Mr J. F. Campbell's admirable collections, and, without enumerating all, we have, finally, the prospect of a Celtic Chair, for which Scottish Celts owe so much to Professor Blackie, and which is likely to signalize the century as one taking a first place in relation to the cultivation of Celtic literature.

And now for a glimpse of the Irish field. The best summary of Irish literature is found in O'Curry's Lectures. These were written and delivered by the author as professor of Irish History and Archæology in the Catholic University of Dublin. O'Curry was an excellent Irish scholar, and although Mr Whitley Stokes, that distinguished expounder of the Celtic tongues, has found some openings in his armour, he and O'Donovan were the real pioneers of Irish scholarship, and deserve the thanks of the race. O'Curry's edition of the Brehon laws is itself a wonder of learning and labour from a man who had not much general scholarship.

The most important part of the Celtic literature of Ireland is unquestionably the Historical Annals. The principal of these are—The Annals of Tighernach, the Annals of Innisfallen, the Annals of Loch Cé, and the Annals of the Four Masters. The last of these, as edited by John O'Donovan, is a work of great merit and of deep historical interest. These Annals are of value to us because they shed light on much of our national history. I had a remarkable instance of this lately, and of the need there is of an accurate reading of them. There is, in the Annals of Tighernach, an entry to this effect, under the date of 638 (you will mark the date, for the Annals go back to 563) :—"*Cath glinne Mairison in quo Muinntir Domhnaill bricc do teiched; et obsessio Etain.*" It is, as usual, a curious mixture of Gaelic and Latin. Dr Reeves, in commenting on this passage, says of it—"That the scene of the battle was not Glenmorrison, on Loch Ness, but a tract in West Lothian, with Etain representing Carriden." The entry runs in English, "The battle of Glenmorrison, in which the men of Donald Breac (the Scottish King) retreated; and the siege of Etain." Why this should be understood as not being the real Glenmoriston I cannot comprehend. The difficulty would probably be with the Etain and its siege. But is not Urchadain in the near neighbourhood of Glenmoriston, with its ancient castle, as likely to be meant as Carriden in Lothian? And not only so, but everything goes to shew that it was meant. There was war between Donald and the northern Picts, and tradition has carried down the account of a great battle near the Castle of Urquhart, or *Urchadain*. The whole scene is described, the retreat of the Scots westward, their defeat, and the graves of the dead are pointed out to this day at the foot of Glenmoriston. The entry is simply "The battle of Glenmorrison, in which Donald Breac was defeated, and the siege of Urquhart Castle." There is not a line of

writing, or a breath of tradition, to connect this battle with the Lothians. Here, then, is light thrown upon an interesting event in Scottish History so far back as the year 638, and that event recorded to this day in the traditional history of the locality where it took place. This tradition has lived for 1240 years. The record is Irish.

In addition to the Annals, the Irish have genealogies and pedigrees carrying us back in some instances to the flood, and in some further. The very ancient part of these is no doubt imaginary, but in modern entries there is reason to hold them authentic. It is interesting to observe that through the Royal Families of Scotland and Ireland Her Majesty Queen Victoria can be traced back to Adam. I presume the same could be done for most of us, though the individual steps could not be so readily identified. Milidh of Spain, who gave his name to the Milesian race, is an important person in these genealogies, and with him are Eber, and Heremon, and Ir, with all their succeeding branches. These genealogies were well known in the Highlands, and appear in the compositions of many of the Gaelic bards.

In addition to these are the old historical tales. These are numerous, containing such stories as the "Tain bo Cuailgne," or the Cattle-spoil of Colooney; the story of Darthula, connected with Scotland; the death of the children of Lir, and many others. It is remarkable that such folklore as has been collected in the Highlands in the "Sgeulachdan," or Tales by Mr J. F. Campbell, and which are so like Grimm's stories from the German, and Dasent's Norse Tales, do not appear among the Irish.

The Irish MS. remains are remarkable, and indicate an immense literary activity at an early period. Some of these, such as "Leabhar na h-Uidhre," or the Book of the Dun cow, and the "Leabhar Breac," or the Spotted Book, have been published in lithograph, by the Royal Irish Academy, and form a valuable addition to our accessible Celtic literature. MSS. have also been discovered in continental libraries, especially in those of St Gall and Bobbio, and they have formed the materials from which J. C. Zeuss has compiled his famous Celtic grammar. Zeuss gives the date of these MSS. as the eighth or ninth century. The Gaelic portion of them is, for the most part, made up of marginal glosses on Latin writings. Besides the publications of the Royal Irish Academy, Mr Whitley Stokes has published some of the ancient Irish literary remains, with comments worthy of that great Celtic scholar.

The poetical remains of Ireland are full of interest. For an account of them I refer you to Edward O'Reilly's account of nearly 400 Irish writers, published for the Dublin Iberno-Celtic Society in 1820. It is a remarkable enumeration, beginning with Amergin, son of Golamh, usually called Milidh of Spain, who flourished in anno Mundi 2935. Much of the poetry referred to is, however, within historic times, and several of the bards appear in the Dean of Lismore's collection.

My space does not allow of my referring to the Irish Ossianic remains, or to grammars and dictionaries, but they exist abundantly, and the publications of the Ossianic Society are well worthy of perusal. O'Donovan's grammar is a model.

I should now bring you to the Isle of Man, where a dialect of the Gaelic is still spoken. The principal work in this language is the trans-

lation of the Bible, begun by Bishop Wilson in 1722, and finished under the supervision of Dr Moore and Dr Kelly, in 1772. The orthography is phonetic. In addition to the Scriptures, we have Kelly's Grammar and his Dictionary, edited so well by the Rev. Mr Gill of Malew, and then the Prayer-Book, and numerous Hymns, which are extensively sung by the people, who are mostly Wesleyan Methodists.

I must now give a brief survey of the Cymric, Cornish, and Breton literature. The former is the most abundant, going back to the days of Aneurin, Merddin, and Taliesin, the ancient Cymric bards. According to Mr Stephens, who has given an excellent account of the Welsh literature of the period, the bards who flourished in the sixth century were Anuerin, Taliesin, Llywarch, Myrddin, Kian, Talhaiarn, Meugant, and Kynryd.

The poetry of Llywarch Hen, or the aged, is chiefly of the mournful cast. No man can read it alongside of our ancient Fingalian lays without being struck with their resemblance in this respect. Ossian was a desolate, melancholy old man—his friends were all dead. "Ossian an déigh na Feinn," Ossian after the Fingalians, is itself a very volume of pathetic lamentation. Llywarch says, as quoted by Stephens, "The hall of Kynddylan is dark to-night, without fire, without songs, tears afflict the cheeks." Does this resemblance help to decide the era of Ossian? If so, then the Gaelic bard was of the sixth century, provided the era of the British bard is accurately fixed. This peculiarity might have distinguished the bardism of the period. Anuerin is the author of the famous Welsh poem called the "Gododin." There has been as much controversy about the poems of Wales at least as about those of the Scottish Highlands, but Stephens thinks that this poem refers to an attack by the ancient Ottadini on a Roman town called Cattraeth, now called Catterick, in Yorkshire. There are fragments of the compositions of Taliesin, and fuller still of those of Merddin. Down from their age to the present the roll of names enlarges, including such names as Meilyr, bard to Gruffydd ab Kynan, in the eleventh century; Gwalchmai, author of an ode on the battle *Tal y Moelvre*, in the twelfth century; Owain Kyveiliog, a prince and a poet, Howel ab Owain, also a poet of princely rank, both of the twelfth century; Kynddelu and Llywarch ab Llewelyn, Gruffydd ab Meredydd, Trahaiarn Bydydd Mawr, down to modern times, when they count by scores. One has only to attend a Welsh *Eisteddfod*, to see to what an extent native poetry is cultivated among the descendants of the ancient British, and to what an extent it is encouraged by all classes of the people. It would be impossible to give here anything like an adequate account of Welsh literature, both prose and poetry. In the former we have the laws of Howel Dda of the tenth century, which threw so much light on the early social state of Wales, and make such minute arrangements for regulating the affairs of men's households. We have in the latter, the Friads, chiefly historical poems in a peculiar rhyme, of various periods; we have the four books of Wales—the Black Book of Carmarthen, the Book of Anuerin, the Book of Taliesin, and the Red Book of Hergest, recently translated and edited by Mr Skene, and forming a valuable addition to Celtic literature; we have the Mabinogion, or Juvenile tales, intended for the amusement of young chieftains, translated and edited by Lady Charlotte Guest, and forming a remarkable collection of

stories of different kinds and ages. They bear the closest resemblance of anything in Celtic literature to the tales collected and edited with so much care and skill by Mr John F. Campbell. But not referring to numerous other prose works, including the Myrvyrian Archæology, the Iolo MSS., dictionaries, grammars, numerous newspapers, and even an Encyclopœdia, I have but to observe that the religious literature of Wales is voluminous. The Welsh have an admirable translation of the Scriptures, and numerous valuable works expounding them. Some of these expository religious works are excellent in the conception and execution, indicating extensive learning, aud much zeal and earnestness. The Welsh are a religious people, and show the deepest respect for everything associated with the maintenance and promotion of earnest religion.

There is one thing very markedly characteristic of our Welsh brethren, they are not ashamed of their mother tongue, and use it almost universally. Several of the Members of Parliament for Wales can address their constituents in their native tongue with eloquence and effect. I doubt if there be more than one—Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, the excellent member for the Inverness burghs—who can open his mouth in Gaelic, of all our Highland representatives. Then every Welshman can read his own tongue, chiefly as the fruit of Sabbath school teaching. I do not by any means go so far as the old Welsh lady whom I once addressed in English, because I could do nothing else at the time, and who replied with great emphasis "I hate that language." But I maintain, without shame or fear, that every Highlander should know to read his own tongue, and to read it correctly, and that men who profess to be learned, in which class I include Highland students and Highland ministers, should do more than learn to read it, and they will find that it will not hinder, but help, their other scholarship to study with care the tongue of their Celtic forefathers, many of them as good men as they are at least. The Welsh set us a good example in this respect.

I should now say a few words on the literature of Cornwall. The language is dead. The old lady, Dolly Pendraeth, who spoke it last, is dead for more than a hundred years, and with her last breath departed the last breath of the ancient tongue of South-west Britain. The remains are not many, and are chiefly ecclesiastical, if we except the existing topography. One very interesting volume has been edited by Mr Whitley Stokes, that foremost of Celtic scholars, called *Gwreaus an Bys*, the Creation of the World, and is styled a Cornish mystery. It is one of those ecclesiastical dramas common in the middle ages, dramatising the whole events related in the early chapters of Genesis. It furnished admirable specimens of the language as it once existed, and the work is edited with great care. Edward Lluyd gives us a short grammar of the Cornish. A previous publication, also re-edited by Mr Whitley Stokes, and called Mount Calvary, has appeared. It is an account of the Crucifixion. Since the publication of these, four other dramas of a similar kind found in MS. in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and published by Mr Edwin Norris, have made a large and valuable addition to the literature of Cornwall. Mr Norris has added a Cornish grammar, and the publication of these works has led to the compilation of the admirable Lexicon Cornu-Brittanicum of the Rev. Robert Williams. The spoken

Cornish is dead, but the language is now saved for all the purposes of Celtic scholarship. Other publications are promised as forthcoming.

In Brittany the amount of native literature is not great. The language, called Breton, is spoken by nearly a million of people, but the literature was long almost confined to traditional poetry. In recent times the translation of the Scriptures led to a revived interest in the language, and we have now no less than three versions of the New Testament in Breton. The name of Legonnidec is famous in connection with this literature, and his dictionary is a remarkable fruit of skill and industry. The edition of it by the Count de Villimarque is our best dictionary of the language. I have seen, of Breton publications several grammars, the Barzaz Breiz of Villemarqué, a collection of Breton poetry, several tracts on religious subjects, a life of St Nonne, and the Roman Catholic Missal in Latin and Breton. To one who knows Latin the latter is very helpful in studying this ancient language. There are several other works, especially vocabularies; and sin mysteries, as they are called, in Breton verse upon "Calvary," not unlike the Cornish "Calvary" in some respects. There has been a good deal of discussion as to the authenticity of Villemarqué's Barzaz-Breiz. He has been accused of taking the same liberty with the poetry of Brittany that Macpherson took with that of the Highlands. Be that as it may, the poems are there, and present us with excellent specimens of the Breton language.

I think I have now made out the object with which I started. I have shown you that Celtic literature occupies a far wider field than we are prone to attribute to it. It is not confined to the limits of the Scottish Highlands, and their off-shoot population in the British Colonies.

What has been done for the race might well be referred to. Zeuss, and Diffenbach, and Ebel, and Windisch Glüek, and Ebrard, in Germany, well deserve the deepest acknowledgments from us; and in France such names as Pictet, Arbois de Jubanville, Renan, Henri Gaidoz, and others, stand prominently forward; while Italy furnishes one noble Celtic scholar in the Chevalier de Nigra, the editor of the Turin Glosses. The publication of the *Revue Celtique* in Paris is a phenomenon in the firmament of Celtic studies. Men will find dissertations there on Celtic subjects worthy of the highest scholarship.

Such lectures as the two delivered by Professor Geddes of Aberdeen to his students, show what is to be reaped in this new field of research of Celtic literature, and if he to whom the language is foreign could do so much, what might not be expected of native Celts to whom the mere acquisition of the language is a matter of no difficulty.

I would caution my fellow-students against the extreme Celtism in which some of them are prone to indulge, and which has exposed us to a measure of ridicule, as if there were nothing good outside of the Celts—as if a man being a Highlander were a sufficient certificate of character. I believe that there is much in the Celtic language and literature worthy of study, and capable of conveying valuable instruction, and I believe further, that Celts are just as good as other men, and that they will suffer nothing by comparison with their Anglo-Saxon, or rather Celto-Saxon (for Anglo-Saxon is nonsense), neighbours; and in so far as language is concerned we beat them, for many of us have two, while they have only one.

CLACH-NA-CUDAIN.

—o—

[Mr Allan, when sending us this lyric, writes:—"The idea of 'Clachnacudain' I took from an incident that came under my notice when in America: a Mr Macgillivray, belonging to Inverness, was an acquaintance of mine there, and he lived so full of longings to get 'back again,' that he was virtually dying."]

O, dear Clach-na-cudain! I ne'er will forget thee,
Tho' far from thy beauties which cling to my heart;
Thy bright, happy memories ever beset me,
And from my lone bosom will never depart.
Sad, sad was the light of that cold-dawning morrow,
And cruel the hour of the parting I knew;
My soul was o'erladen with anguish and sorrow,
I could not bid dear Clach-na-cudain adieu!

O! the old Highland love in my bosom is burning,
And cheering my home in the wilds of the West;
I sing the old songs, and the wish of returning
Arises, 'mid tears of despair, in my breast:
When o'er the far prairies the thunder-cloud gathers,
Or hurricanes rush thro' the forests with glee,
My thoughts wander back to the home of my fathers—
I long near my loved Clach-na-cudain to be.

My sweet Clach-na-cudain! far dearer than ever,
I long, O! I long to behold thee once more;
I see in my dreamings thy clear flowing river,
And hear, with emotion, the voices of yore:
I wake! but I see not the dark-waving heather,
Nor green Tomnahurich, where slumbers my kin,
I see not the mountains where gloomy clouds gather,
I see not my own Clach-na-cudain again.

Ah! here are no glens, nor blue mountains enthralling,
No fields whereon Tyranny found but a grave;
No sweet-singing burnies, no gloaming's soft falling,
No old ruined castles that tell of the brave.
Tho' Fortune smiles on me it never can cheer me,
Home cannot be home to the heart without joy;
One wish,—when I go to the home of the weary,
Fain, fain near my dear Clach-na-cudain I'd lie.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

HISTORICAL TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE HIGHLANDS.—We are glad to learn that Mr Alex. Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, has in the press a work entitled "Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands." The sources from which these tales have been drawn, and the authorities responsible for the versions given, afford a guarantee that the book will not only be entertaining but historically valuable.—*Highlander.*

JOHN MACCODRUM.

—o—

II.

SATIRES—*(Continued).*

ANOTHER specimen of the bantering style which Maccodrum adopted towards females is contained in some lines that may be styled "Gearain air a mhnaoi," in which he indulges in a series of real or pretended complaints against his wife, for her mismanagement of those domestic matters in which he himself was more personally interested :—

1.
'S eiginn domh 'n t-anart
A cheannach gu leine,
Dheoin na dh' eiginn,
Ged tha mo bhean beo.

2.
'S eiginn domh rithist
Dhol an iochd na cloinn nighean,
A dh' iarraidh a' nighe,
Ged tha mo bhean beo.

3.
Cha bheag a chuis anntlachd,
'S gun mi gann de na caoirich,
A' bhi ceannach an aodaich,
Ged tha mo bhean beo.

4.
Ge beag e r'a radh,
Tha e nàr leam air uairibh
'Bhi air faighe 'n t-snath-fhuaigheil
Ged tha mo bhean beo.

1.
I must buy the linen
For making my shirts,
Whether I wish it or not,
Though my wife lives.

2.
I must again
Implore the young girls
To wash them for me,
Though my wife lives.

3.
'Tis no small annoyance,
Having plenty of sheep,
To be buying my clothing,
Though my wife lives.

4.
Though 'tis trifling to mention,
I am sometimes ashamed
To be begging for sewing thread,
Though my wife lives.

It may seem to the modern reader unreasonable on the part of the poet to expect that linen for his shirts, or thread to sew them with, could be had without the buying, but it must be borne in mind that in those days the manufacture of linen cloth and sewing thread from the home-raised flax was part of the domestic economy of a well regulated Highland household. In these, as in other respects, *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis.*

Another effusion of the same class, but of which only a fragment has come into our possession, is "Oran nan Taillearan." That indispensable, but by the Highland bards, much maligned profession, seem to have received some good-natured castigation from the keen edge of John MacCodrum's wit. It might be interesting to guess how the "Knights of the Needle" came to be, in the Highlands especially, the objects of what is certainly an unreasonable contempt. The natural history of this dogma of prejudice seems to be, that in those days when war was the normal state of society in the land of the Gael, and when the chase was the chief occupation in times of peace, every man entitled to the name would require to lead the life of a hunter and warrior, and so the tailor's trade, which called for no extraordinary power of muscle, would, in all probability, be relegated to

those to whom nature had denied the physical qualities of manliness. If there happened to be a sickly, lame, or otherwise deformed boy in a family, to him would be committed the charge of making clothes for the community—a task which, in those days, would need but very slender artistic powers for its adequate performance. It thus came about that the tailor became typical of those qualities of physical weakness which the half-civilized man in every country despises, and the traditionary notions which have invested the tailor with something like contempt have survived the causes which were their origin, so that the saying still remains—

Cha bu duine taillear,	A tailor is no man.
Cha bu duine dha dhiubh,	Nor are two of them equal to one;
Chuireadh a fitheach le crag,	A raven would threw over a rock
Da fhichead 'sa dha dhiubh.	Forty and-two of them.

The history of "Oran nan Taillearan" has been somewhat misrepresented by the Editor of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry" (p. 142), and consequently by Professor Blackie, who seems to have drawn upon Mackenzie for the facts in the biographical portion of his recent work on the "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlanders" (p. 138). The internal evidence of the song itself shows that John's state of raggedness was the immediate cause of its composition, and not the result of it, as has been stated by the authorities alluded to. Owing to the lack of attention paid to his repeated demands for their services by his several sartorial acquaintances, John became rather out-at-elbows, and in "Oran nan Taillearan" complains of their conduct, and, as a class, holds them up to derision. Dean Swift's description of satire, as being a glass in which the beholder saw every man's face but his own, does not hold good in Gaelic. The satires of the Highland poets possess the genuine quicksilver of personality, and their objects had no difficulty in recognising their own reflection, however exaggerated and distorted. In the happy days when the law of libel was but a possibility of the future, poets never hesitated to give the names and surnames of the object of attack. This is the case in MacCodrum's "Oran nan Taillearan." The following verse is a specimen of how he deals individually with the several objects of his animadversion :—

Labhair mi ri Mac-a-Phiceir,	I spoke to Mac Vicar
'Se ghealladh tric a Starnich mi;	His promise often wearied me,
Gheall e'm bliadhna, gheall e'n uiridh;	He promised this year and last;
Dh'fhuirich e 's cha d'thainig e:	He stayed away and came net.
"Cha dean mi tuilleadh briodail riut,	"I'll no longer dally with you,
Bho'n tha mi sgith dhe t' abhartan;	I am tired of your tricks;
Gur truagh nach d' rinn iad griasaich dhiot	'Tis a pity you weren't a shoemaker,
'S gu'm bi'dh na breugan nadurra."	Then your lying would be natural."

"Aoir Dhomh'uill Fhriseil" was composed to an unruly and somewhat dishonest neighbour of the bard, whom he clearly did not love as himself. Quarrels seem to have been frequent between them, in which, however, the poet had the advantage in the gift of rhyme, and in the "Aoir" makes no secret of the heartiness of his antipathy. He believes his own feelings of aversion towards the subject of his lampoon were shared by many others, for at the end of the first verse he says, that in the event of *Domh'ull Friseal's* death—

'S iomadh aon le 'm beag thu	Many a man that hates you
Theid g ad ghreasad do 'n a chill.	Will hasten with thee to the grave.

Then he goes on in the second place to tell with what officious alacrity he himself would aid at the funeral obsequies of his *quasi* departed enemy—

Chuirinn fhin sac urach ort,
Nach giulaineadh do dhruim;
'S chuirinn clach a bharrachd ort,
A dh' earalas nan clìc;
Cha chuireadh seisreach ghearran
Aon char dhi aig a' meud,
'S bu mhaith an carnan mealachd i
'N am bio dh de chron orr' sgriobht.

Of the sense of the above we may just give an outline for our English readers:—

I would place a sack of earth o'er thee
That your back could never bear,
And an extra stone o'er thy grave
In case of your trying to rise;
A team of horses would not be able
To move it from its place;
'Twould be an excellent cairn of malediction
Were your evil actions written on it.

Surely Dr Johnson's love for a good hater would find ample satisfaction in the above.

In the "Comhstri"* a graphic picture is drawn of a fight between two men *(Am Frisealach 's am Baideanach)*, whose meeting on all occasions led to an encounter which, although limited to themselves, and not conducted on the strict principles of duelling, yet always proved of the most sanguinary nature. The following verse illustrates, to the poet's mode of thinking, the influence which the mutual abjurations of the impious pair had in attracting the demons of the nether world, and the interest taken in their proceedings by the Prince of the Power of Darkness:—

Bha Uidhist air a narachadh;	Uist was disgraced;
Bha Iutharn air a fasachadh,	Hell was made a wilderness,
Le guidheachan na càraid ud;	By the curses of that pair;
Bha ioghnadh air an Abharsair;	The Devil was surprised
Bu neonach leis nach d' thainig iad.	He wondered they did not come.

On the whole, however, the poems which afford the best idea of MacCodrum's satirical vein are still to be mentioned. They are three in number—"Oran na Teasaich," "Oran a bhonn-a-sia," and "Di-moladh piob Dhomhuill bhàin."

"An Teasach"† is not, strictly speaking, a satire, but it is satirical in its tendency, and comes more within the scope of the class under consideration than of any of the other classes into which we have divided MacCodrum's poetry. The burden of it is an exceedingly felicitous description of his own wild and fitful fancies while lying sick of a fever, and his forlorn condition during the period of convalescence. The presiding genius of his visions is an imaginary old woman to whose baneful influence he ascribes the disturbing thoughts which flit across his brain:—

* See "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," p. 150.
† "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," p. 156.

Chuir i boil 'nam cheann 's bu mhor i,
'Faicinn dhaoine marbh 'us bheotha,
Coltas Hector mor na Troidhe,
'S nan gaisgeach a bha 'm feachd na Roimhe.
Cailleach dhuathsach chrom chiar,
Bha làn tuaileis 'us bhriag,
Chuir mi 'm bruailein 's gach iall,
'S chuir i 'm fuadach mo chiall.

She filled my brain with mad fancies:
I saw dead and living men,
The appearance of great Hector of Troy,
And the heroes of the Roman army.
A gloomy, dusky, crooked carlin,
Full of illusions and lies;
She surrounded me with visions,
And chased away my reason.

The condition into which the fever brought him he describes very happily, and the whole composition is so uniformly excellent, in its originality of conception, as well as graphic touches, that it must be read through in order to be appreciated. As a masterpiece of its kind, it may be placed side by side with Burns' "Address to the Toothache."

The history of "Oran a bhonn-a-sia" was as follows:—A Skye drover, known to tradition as *Ruairi Bhorlum*, had occasion once to ferry cattle from Loch Ephort, in North Uist, across the Minch, to his native Island. Among others, the bard, whose body was known to be as vigorous as his mind, was called upon to give his assistance in shipping the live stock, and when all was over received, as the reward of his labours, what, in the uncertain light of eve, John's happy imagination took to be a guinea. He describes in the song the elaborately polite manner in which he thanked the generous donor, and how one of the company was at once despatched to the inn at Carinish in order to have some of the newly-got gold dissolved into mountain dew. But, alas! when the supposed guinea was produced to be changed, it turned out to be a base half-penny. The song is founded upon what seemed to be the drover's niggardliness, but the details were probably wrought out by the poet's imagination. The following are the first verse and chorus:—

Soraidh slan do'n duin' uasal
Thug dhomh 'a duais nach robh miothar,
'N deigh 's do'n ghrein dol na suidhe,
'S greis air tigheann de 'n oidhche;
Gus 'n do raisig mi 'n teine
Mo chridhe mire ri m' inntin,
Ann an duil gur e *guinea*,
A rinn an duine dhomh shineadh.

Haoi o haori horo thall,
Haoi o haori horo thall,
Haoi o haori horo thall,
Cha cheil mi air each,
Nach eil am beùds leam gann.

Farewell to the gentleman
Who gave the gift that was handsome,
After the sun had set,
And part of the night was past.
Till I reached the fire
My heart rejoiced within me,
In the thought that it was a guinea,
Which the man presented to me.

Haoi o haori horo thall,
Haoi o haori horo thall,
Haoi o haori horo thall,
I'll not conceal from others
That my reward is scanty.

The whole transaction, as an occasion for the exercise of his wit, was prized by John more than many guineas, and it is in that light, and not as the expression of malevolence, that the composition ought to be considered. The song, however, gave rather general offence in Skye, both to the subject of it and his friends. For this the author seems to have been sorry, for on singing it in company on one occasion, and hearing his audience burst into peals of laughter, he composed a supplementary verse, in which he hints that the darkness of the night might have been the cause of the mistake. Poor Ruairi, whether the smallness of the donation sprang from want of light or lack of heart, must have often wished that his feelings had been spared even at the expense of his purse.

The satire on the bagpipes, "Di-moladh piob Dhomh'uill Bhàin," is, on

the whole, the most laughable thing he has produced—perhaps the most ludicrous poem in the language. "Aoir Uisdein phiobair," by Macintyre, although possessing a sledge-hammer power of abuse, is coarse, and contains only one verse of really genuine humour :—

'N an cluinneadh sibh muc a' ruesil, &c.

The humour of MacCodrum's satire is sustained throughout, and the sallies of wit are more directed against the bagpipes than the individual who blew it. Some one composed a song in praise of *Domh'ull Bàn's* pagpipe-playing, and John, esteeming the eulogy ridiculously misapplied, satirized what the other lauded, and blamed the would-be poet for choosing such a subject, when there were minstrels like MacCruimmein and others, of whom any bard might be proud to sing. Over their praises he himself waxes enthusiastic, and descends in the happiest style to the consideration of *Domh'ull Bàn's* musical talents, and the history of his bagpipes. That history he traces in an imaginative way through all the vicissitudes of its fortune, from the days of Tubal Cain, through the disasters of the deluge, the damaging treatment of it by incompetent players, down to his own day, and mentions, in passing, the injurious effect which their attempts to blow it had upon the strength of two of the Fingalian heroes, Diarmad and Goll. He compares its strains to some of the most discordant sounds in nature; speaks of it as a trump whose horrid music might rouse every Judas that ever died, and uses a multiplicity of illustrations to describe its want of melody, which it would take too much space to mention. The following verse may serve to illustrate its general tenor :—

Turraraich an dolais
Bha greis aig Iain og dh' i.
Chesg i rifeidean conlaich
'Na chomhradh le ni.
Bha i corr a 's seachd bliadhna
Na h-atharrais bhialain
Aig MacEachain 'g a riasladh
Air sliabh Chnoc-a-linn.
An fhiudhaidh shean
Nach duisg gean,
Gnuis nach glan comhdach :
'S mairg do 'm bu leannan
A chrannalach dheonaidh.
Chuite' gran eorna
Leis na dh' fhoghnadh dhi ghaoith.

The substance of the above verse is that this musical instrument of woeful sounds was for some time in the possession of a John Og, who spent of oaten reeds upon it what would help to feed his cattle. MacEachainn, from Cnoc-a-linn also tortured it for seven years. Finally, he expresses pity for any one who has to play it, for it takes as much wind to blow it as would winnow a heap of barley grain.

This concludes MacCodrum's satires. I may be pardoned for having spent so much time over them, for I believe they are very characteristic of the man, and undoubtedly possess great merit, containing, perhaps, more abundant strokes of genuine humour than any others in the language. We shall next proceed to take up those poems by MacCodrum which are ethical in their aim and spirit. A. M'D.

Correspondence.

DR CLERK OF KILMALLIE AND SIR ALAN CAMERON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The proverbially lethargic spirit of the Reverend Dr Clerk has been aroused to addressing a long letter to the *Inverness Courier* (2d inst) on two subjects, one of which, "The Life of Sir Alan Cameron, 79th Regt.," appeared in the pages of the *Celtic Magazine* two years ago (1876), and the other, the disputed title of "Dr Norman Macleod of St Columba to the authorship of the Gaelic Dictionary," some months ago.

I am not about to support the statement in the biography of Mr MacPhun, the bookseller of Glasgow, that the Macfarlanes were the real authors of that compilation, which allegation was inadvertently copied into the *Celtic Magazine*, but I may observe that better taste would have accepted the explanation submitted by the Editor of the Magazine, rather than Dr Clerk's present resuscitated refutation in ponderous paragraphs. My business, however, is not with this subject, but, as the writer of the biography of Sir Alan Cameron, to reply to the charges the reverend doctor lays against me in that letter to the effect that "in my very imperfect life of Sir Alan, I bespatter without intelligible cause, and gratuitously depreciate the services of the late Colonel John Cameron, 92d Regt., and also misrepresent some inaccuracies committed by myself (Dr Clerk) in the unpretending memoir of the gallant Colonel." As it was in the pages of the *Celtic Magazine* the biography of Sir Alan Cameron first appeared, I would beg the favour of space in it to reply to the accusations of the reverend gentleman, in the belief that I am able to qualify them in a material degree.

When I was privileged to give that sketch of Sir Alan's life, I commenced by admitting in the following sentence the scanty materials furnished to proceed with :—

The details of the life and public services of this gallant officer, now to be submitted, are partly from oral information collected at intervals, and partly from documents received, and which, although imperfect, is hoped may be acceptable even at this distance since the lifetime of the subject. The absence of adequate notice of Sir Alan Cameron's services may be ascribed to his own reticence, and aversion to ostentatious publicity, as instanced by General Stewart of Garth and Sir John Phillipart.

Having thus at the outset of my attempt to write that biography, made the admission in the foregoing, I think the reverend critic might have spared his sneer at its imperfections—it was at any rate truthful. As to depreciating Colonel Cameron's actions, let the following extracts from my biography disprove the accusation. Referring to the operations at Almaraz (1812), I state that

General Hill mentioned Colonel Cameron of Fassifern in handsome terms for his gallantry.

Again, when in the Pyrenees—

The 71st and 92d Regiments, at the Pass of Maza, were under the command of the colonel of the latter, and notwithstanding the intrepidity and obstinate bravery with which every inch of ground was disputed by the enemy, the Highlanders eventually maintained their position.

Alluding to the conduct of the Colonel of the 92d at Quatre Bras and Waterloo, the following appears in the biography of Sir Alan Cameron:—

When the Duke ordered the 92d to charge, how they sprung over the ditch and cleared the French from the position. . . . . .

During the action of the 18th (Waterloo) the regiments in Park's brigade were not so frequently assailed, owing to their position; the 92d, however, was an exception, and that occasion alone was sufficient to immortalize its bravery. It was when one of the foreign corps gave way before a force of several thousands, who, in consequence, came directly in front of the 92d, whose strength did not then exceed three hundred. The regiment formed four deep, and in that compact order advanced until within twenty paces, when it fired a volley, and instantly darted into the heart of the column, in which it became almose invisible.

The two lines from Scott's "Field of Waterloo" are added—

And Cameron in the shock of steel
Fell like the offspring of Lochiel.*

I cannot think that any impartial person will construe the foregoing quotations depreciatory of Colonel Cameron of the 92d Regiment. The asterisk to the above lines directs towards a footnote in the biography, the contents of which were induced, no doubt, from the gross amount of panegyric which runs throughout Dr Clerk's memoir of Colonel John Cameron:—

Note in the Biography

* "Colonel Cameron, 92d Regiment so often distinguished in Wellington's dispatches from Spain" (note to a poem by Sir Walter Scott, 1816). This note must be accepted as more or less figurative, inasmuch, that as a matter of prosaic fact, Colonel Cameron is not mentioned twice in the Duke's dispatches. The poet must have mistaken him for other general officers of the same name. Half the Peninsular War had been through before the Colonel arrived; and, during the remainder, he was only present at one of the great battles (Vittoria). Arrozo, Molinos, and Maza, gallant actions as they were, and so written of by Napier, yet ranked only as desultory affairs. Absence from the principal engagements was the cause assigned for not including the Colonel of the 92d amongst those who received K.C.B. at the termination of the war (Gurwood, page 883). No officer of the army was more ambitious respecting his reputation than Colonel John Cameron, and indeed the same might be said of his family. After his death at Quatre Bras, the father applied for a baronetcy, which the Government did not think it gracious to refuse, on receipt of which he erected a monument, and the parish minister was engaged to write a memoir of him. The gallant Colonel has had no lack of posthumous fame. The reverend compiler filled it with needless hyperbole. At page 83, he says, "the author of 'Romance of War' knew the Colonel well." Mr Grant (the author) was not in the flesh till seven years after the Colonel was in his grave. Page 81—the funeral was attended by three thousand persons: and at page 110 he adds, "there lives in our vicinity one of the soldiers who joined the 92d at its embodiement in 1794, and down to 1815 he has been present with it at no fewer than *forty-four* engagements." If one-half the number in both quotations are relegated to fiction, and the other to fact, the statement will be nearer truth.

Dr Clerk in his letter to the *Courier* (2d May) states that the contents of the above note "bespatters" Colonel John Cameron; if so, it is entirely owing to the fulsome praise with which his "unpretending" memoir bespatters him. But does the statement in the note misrepresent the Colonel? Let the following extracts decide. Colonel Cameron and the 92d are engaged with the enemy at a place named Arriverete. Application was made to Wellington for permission to record it on the colours. Part of the reply is,—

I have no objection if the regiment still desire it. There is no doubt the troops behaved in this affair as they would in any of greater importance, but the result was not of that consequence to have rendered it known to the Army at large. It appears to me beneath the reputation of the 92d Regiment to have to explain for what cause the name of a particular place has been inserted in their colours.

When Colonel Cameron found himself not among the list of general

officers recommended for knighthood, he was much disappointed, and gave vent to his chagrin in a letter to Wellington, who was at the time attending the Congress at Vienna. A portion of the Duke's answer is,—

Not having received orders to recommend medals for *Arrozo*, *Molinos*, *Arie*, or *Arriverete*, it was impossible to recommend you for a medal for your services on these occasions; nor for *Fuentes Donoro*, or the *Pyrenees*; according to the rules I was bound to make out lists.

After reading these extracts from official sources (Gurwood's), surely no one will charge my note with unduly depreciating the services of the gallant Colonel. Dr Clerk states that the Colonel's brother officers erected the monument in his honour; but the following with reference to the monument appears in his memoir, on page 87, which is not quite consistent with that representation :—

The obelisk, which we have referred to, at the commencement of our task (*sic*), was soon raised. The expense, which we believe amounted to £14,000, was borne by Sir Ewen, and with a good understanding between him and the officers of the 92d.

The confliction between the two statements, however, can be settled by the admission of Colonel Mitchell to the Rev. Dr Macintyre of Kilmonivaig that neither the officers nor the men contributed a shilling towards its erection. Dr Clerk, in his recent contribution to the *Courier*, rebuked the editor of the *Celtic Magazine* for admitting articles similar to those, in reference to Colonel Cameron and Dr Norman Macleod, as subversive of universal friendship among Highlanders. A homily of that nature comes well from a divine, and still better if he had always observed the doctrine. Let me look into his "unpretending" memoir of Colonel John Cameron, and, at page 17, he is eugolising the devotion of the clans on the forfeited estates, and those of Lochiel in particular, in the following :—

They paid the Government its rent, and also remitted a second rent faithfully to Lochiel in France. The one they paid in deference to law, the other in deference to feelings and principles.

To that sentence he adds a note in the appendix, in extension of that sentiment, and which is as follows :—

Since going to press we have met with the record of a law plea, in which Lochiel was engaged, regarding a portion of his estate (1792). Amid evidence on various other points, it is deponed that on being restored to his lands in 1784, all the tenants, except two—Maclachlan, *Coruanain*, and Cameron, *Errachd—voluntarily gave him an increase of rent, and this they did while they held leases from the Crown. It may be added that the reason of Maclachlan not following the general example, was his being a minor, and under trustees.**

In this explanatory note the generous Doctor, while applauding the tenantry for their devotion to the chief, "from deference to feelings and principles," finds an excuse for one of the two recusants, but leaves the other at the mercy of silence; but when *two* only were the exceptions to this generous action, why notice them at all? It will scarcely be believed that the reverend notator possessed also the knowledge of the cause which existed at the time for Cameron, Erracht, "not following general example." The fact is, that the law plea to which he refers was between the latter gentleman and Lochiel. If Dr Clerk had included that information, when vouching for the cause of Maclachlan's dissension, exception might not be taken to his appendix; but left as it is, the admirers of the Highland tenantry, on reading of their abnegation, will be apt to contemn Cameron,

*** The father of Sir Alan Cameron of the 79th Regiment.**

Erracht, as an unsympathetic clansman. In defence of Dr Clerk, friends will inquire, What object could he, a stranger to the district aud to the people, have in leaving Cameron, Erracht, to this presumed obloquy? which will at first sight be concurred in so far as he himself was concerned; but in leaving the note unfinished, he was only obeying the behests of the gentleman (Sir Duncan Cameron) who engaged him to compile the memoir. And again, what motive could induce Sir Duncan to order it to be so? Well, it can only be said that the families of Fassifern and Erracht have been at variance from the date of that law plea (1784) down to the time of the disappearance of the last of both, some fifteen years ago. At any rate, the reverend compiler consented to be the medium of "depreciating" the character of Cameron, Erracht, when he was beyond the pale of being able to answer for himself—it was the case of the apothecary in the play. Which of the notes is the most inexcusable —that in Dr Clerk's appendix to the memoir, or that in the biography? And which of the two is most culpable?—Dr Clerk, or the editor of the *Celtic Magazine?* "Honour" would unquestionably reply, The first in both cases; and "Moral" would add, "First cast the beam out of thine own eye," &c.

THE WRITER OF ERRACHT'S BIOGRAPHY.

—o—

DR ARMSTRONG'S GAELIC DICTIONARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to statements in a recent number of your Magazine, as to the authorship of the above, I send you the following, for which I hope you will find a place :—

Dr Armstrong was born at Dull, on the 5th of February 1788, where his father, at the time of his birth, taught the Parish school. His mother was a native of Dull, and both she and her husband were quite familiar with the Gaelic language, as well as their children, who knew it, as their son Robert did, from their infancy. How the tale got currency, that Dr Armstrong acquired his Gaelic, I do not know. I have heard it myself, and believed it, until better informed.

Subsequently, until his death in 1828, his father taught the parish school of Kenmore; after which it passed into the hands of his son, still surviving. The Armstrongs were excellent teachers, and few of our parish schools sent so many successful competitors to our Universities as did the school of Kenmore, under the Armstrongs. It was at Kenmore, and under the able instructions of his father, that the future Celtic lexicographer was prepared to enter upon a University course. He studied at St Andrews—not at Aberdeen as your correspondent says—and distinguished himself so much, particularly in Classics, as to obtain special commendation from the late Dr Hunter, professor of Humanity there.

While he is profuse, in the preface to his dictionary, in acknowledging the help of all and sundry, who may have aided him, he never mentions the name of Mr Ewen Maclachlan;—unaccountable if, as your correspondent says, his dictionary "was mainly the work of Maclachlan." The vocabularies of Shaw, Macfarlane, and Macdonald, he tells us "were of great use to him; as well as the dictionaries of O'Brian and O'Reilly." He also mentions the names of many others that helped him—especially Dr Mac-

kinnon of Adelphi and Dr Ross of Lochbroom—of whom he says "that their knowledge of every branch of the Celtic language was the least of their acquirements." How is it, then, that he is so frank in his acknowledgements to these, and silent as to Maclachlan, I cannot explain in any other way, but this, that he had no particular acknowledgments to make to the latter. I am not depreciating Mr Maclachlan. He deserves the encomiums heaped upon him. But Dr Armstrong should also have his due.

Mr Maclachlan's share in the compilation of the Dictionary of the Highland Society is well known. The gentlemen to whom the prosecution of the work was entrusted after his death, do in this respect, ample justice to his memory. But how could they have possessed Maclachlan's manuscript, if, as your correspondent says, he sold it to Armstrong? Besides, the two dictionaries—Armstrong's and the Society's—are so dissimilar in form and structure, as to indicate that, even in germ, they are not the productions of the same author.

After Dr Armstrong had utilized and arranged his materials, and prepared the whole for the press, the house in which he had his manuscripts went on fire, and the whole perished in the flames. Most men would have shrunk from the labour of a second compilation; but, nothing daunted, Armstrong began, *de novo*, and re-produced the whole in the shape in which we now have it. When we consider the labour this involves, and the excellency of the work—which your correspondent justly says is "in many respects the best,"—it must be allowed he displays industry and talents of no ordinary kind. The late Marquis of Breadalbane, along with the Duke of Argyle, procured for him one of those Government annuities bestowed on men of literary eminence, and which he enjoyed till the period of his death, which took place in Surrey about ten years ago. Two brothers and a sister still survive. I omitted to mention what is not generally known, that Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary was published some time before that of the Society; and, that at the time of his death, he was making arrangements for a new edition, but which he did not survive to carry out. I have no intention of entering into controversy on these topics. My only object is to state facts, and what I have now said I have on the best authority.

While on this subject of Celtic literature, let me mention the following facts creditable to the Perthshire Highlands. It was at Logierait Manse, while on a visit there with his pupil, the late Lord Lyndoch, that Macpherson showed his first collection of Ossianic poetry to the late Dr Adam Fergusson, who was the first to urge the making of a larger collection of these poems, and to publish them. Dr Fergusson was a son of the Parish minister of Logierait. It was at Fortingall that Dean Macgregor compiled the MSS. of poetry lately given to the world by Dr Maclauchlan. Dr Armstrong was born at Dull, and educated at Kenmore. The New Testament was translated by the Stewarts of Killin, and passed through the press by Dugald Buchanan of Rannoch. Dr Smith of Campbeltown, Editor of *Seann Dana*, was a native of Glenorchy, on the borders of Perthshire. Our Gaelic has somewhat deteriorated perhaps; but the labours of these men show what it was. Dr Stewart, author of the Gaelic Grammar, was also a Perthshire man, and minister at Morlin.
—Faithfully yours,

KENMORE. ALLAN SINCLAIR.

O THA MI SGITH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—In the *Celtic Magazine* for April, to hand this morning, is a song put to music by "W. M'K.," which revives, very vividly, recollections of upwards of forty years ago to me, when this song, as also another happy ditty ascribed to Currie, were very popular at the foot of Strathnaver, my native place. Verse 4th, however, is awanting, which ran as follows :—

'Nuair thog thus do sheol,
'S e bha bronach mise,
'G ambarc as do dheigh,
'Gun do lein' bhi tioram.

There is a typographical error in the third word of the last line of second last verse—supply *o* for *s*.

"Currie" seems to have been an Argyleshire man, and owner of a schooner, with which he regularly came to buy herring, or for cargo, to Glen-dubh during the fishing season there. Bordering the Loch, or somewhere in its vicinity, was a well-to-do farmer, who had two daughters. The eldest was the author of the song, the other one Currie paid his addresses to, and of whom he seems to have been passionately fond, and of which there seems to have been a reciprocation. But the father, as indeed the whole of her family, were averse to their union. *Fear Bàn*, a young man in the neighbourhood, also courted her, and he, it seems, was the idol of the family—

B' annsa mac an t-seoid
Falbh le 'chleoc 's ghunna.

and in an evil hour, during the time that Currie was away, they compelled her to marry the *Fear Bàn*, but he never throve—"*Cha robh a shlaint aig lighich*"; and the next time that Currie came to the Eilean, he went to see her and found her on her death-bed. He was, however, induced to go to her bed side; at sight of him she grasped his hands, and the next moment she was a corpse. Currie immediately returned to his ship, and ordered anchor to be weighed, and to sail at once for home. His men thought him mad, as no doubt he was; but his orders were peremptory, and had to be complied with, and after clearing out of the loch he took to his bed, and died soon after his arrival at home.

Of his song, which I have not seen in print, I subjoin the chorus and one verse. I think I remember five verses of it, and if "W. M'K." cares for them, I shall be most happy to send them to him.

Chorus—Mo nighean donn thaghainn thu,
Mo roghhainn thu na'm faighinn thu,
Mo nighean donn thaghainn thu,
Mo roghainn thu a moran.

Verse—Bho thainig mi do'n tir so,
Cha 'n fhaca mi bean taogaisg,
'S ann leam is fhad an tiom,
Gus an caidil sinn an seomar.

—Yours truly,

ALEX. MACKAY

20 St Andrew Square, Edinburgh, 22d April 1878.

A PLEA FOR THE [HIGHLAND] PEASANT.

—o—

We extract the following from an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* for May, by Major W. S. Butler. We wish we could have placed the whole article before our readers, written, as it is, in such a fine, manly, and solder-like style, at the same time exhibiting the true and enlightened spirit of a statesman in the writer :—

That other Celtic race, that soldier breed, whose home was in the rugged mountains north of the Spey, was expiring beneath the remorseless tyranny of a monstrous law—the Highlands of Scotland were being cleared of men. If any stranger, unacquainted with our civilisation, had witnessed the cruel scenes enacted in our Highland glens in the latter half of the last century, and the first years of the present one, he would doubtless have asked in his simplicity, "What have these people done against the State? What law have they outraged? What class have they wronged, that they should thus suffer a penalty so dreadful?" And the answer could only have been, "They have done no wrong. Yearly they have sent forth their thousands from these glens to follow the battle-flag of Britain wherever it flew."

It was a Highland *rear-lorn* hope that covered the broken wreck of Cumberland's army after the disastrous day of Fontenoy, when more British soldiers lay dead upon the field than fell at Waterloo itself. It was another Highland regiment that scaled the rock face over the St. Lawrence, and first formed a line in the September dawn on the level sward of Abraham. It was a Highland line that broke the power of the Maharatta hordes, and gave Wellington his maiden victory at Assaye. Thirty-four battalions marched from these glens to fight in America, Germany, and India, ere the eighteenth century had run its course. And yet, while abroad over the earth Highlanders were the first in assault and last in retreat, their lowly homes in far-away glens were being dragged down, and the wail of women, and the cry of children, went out upon the same breeze that bore too upon its wings the scent of heather, the freshness of gorse blossom, and the myriad sweets that made the lowly life of Scotland's peasantry blest with health and happiness.

These are crimes done in the dark hours of strife, and amid the blaze of man's passions, that sometime make the blood run cold as we read them; but they are not so terrible in their red-handed vengeance as the cold malignity of a civilised law, which permits a brave and noble race to disappear by the operation of its legalised injustice.

To convert the Highland glens into vast wastes, untenanted by human beings; to drive forth to distant and inhospitable shores, men whose forefathers had held their own among these hills, despite Roman legion, Saxon archer, or Norman chivalry, men whose sons died freely for England's honour, through those wide dominions their bravery had won for her—such was the work of laws framed in a cruel mockery of name by the Commons of England.

It might have been imagined that at a time when every recruit was worth to the State a sum of £40, some means might have been found to stay the hand of the cottage clearers, to protect from motives of state policy, if not of patriotism, the men who were literally the life-blood of the nation. But it was not so. Had these men been slaves or serfs, they would, as chattel property, have been the objects of solicitude, both on the part of their owners and of their government; but they were free men, and therefore could be more freely destroyed. Nay, the very war in which so many of their sons were bearing part, was indirectly the cause of the expulsion of the Highlanders from their homes. Sheep and oxen became of unprecedented value, through the increased demand for food supplies, and the cottage neath whose roof-tree half a dozen soldier's sons had sprung to life, had to give place to a waste wherein a Highland ox could brouse in freedom. Those who imagine that such destruction of men could not be repeated in our own day are but little acquainted with the real working of the law of landlord and tenant. It has been repeated in our own time in all save the disappearance of a soldier race; but that final disappearance was not prevented by any law framed to avert such a catastrophe, but rather because an outraged and infuriated peasantry had, in many instances, summarily avenged the wrong which the law had permitted.

Thus it was, that about the year 1808, the stream of Highland soldiery, which had been gradually ebbing, gave symptoms of running completely dry. Recruits for Highland regiments could not be obtained, for the simple reason that the Highlands had been depopulated. Six regiments, which from the date of their foundation, had worn the kilt and bonnet, were ordered to lay aside their distinctive uniform, and henceforth became merged into the ordinary line corps. From the mainland, the work of destruction passed rapidly to the isles. These remote resting-places of the Celt were quickly cleared. During the first ten years of the great war, Skye had given 4000 of its sons to the army. It has been computed that 1600 Skye-men stood in the ranks at Waterloo. To-day, in Skye, far as the eye can reach, nothing but a bare brown waste is to be seen, where still the mounds and ruined gables rise over the melancholy landscape, sole vestiges of a soldier-race for ever passed away.*

We have already stated that the absolute prohibitions against the enlistment of Roman Catholic soldiers was only removed in 1800. As may be supposed, however, the removal of that prohibition was not accompanied by any favour to that religion, save its barest toleration; but yet we find that in the fourteen years of the war following, not less than 100,000 Irish recruits offered for the army. Nearly forty years of peace followed Waterloo. It was a grand time for the people who held that the country was the place for machinery and cattle, the town for machinery and men. The broad acres were made broader by levelling cottages and fences; the narrow garrets were made narrower by the conversion of farmers into

* It has been computed by a competent authority that during the period of the wars between America and France, in the latter end of the last and beginning of the present centuries, the Isle of Skye supplied 10,000 foot soldiers, 600 commissioned officers under the rank of colonel, 48 lieutenant-colonels, 21 lieutenant-generals and major-generals, 4 governors of British Colonies, 1 governor-general, and 1 adjutant.—[ED. *C. M.*]

factroy hands, and the substitution of sheep for shielings; the picturesque people, too, said the country looked better under the new order of things; vast areas, where men and women had lived, were turned into deer forests and grouse moors, with a tenth of the outcry, and far more injustice towards man, than accompanied the Conqueror's famous New Forest appropriations. A dreadful famine came to aid the cause of the peasant clearers in Ireland. It became easier to throw down a cottage, while its inmates were weakened by hunger; the Irish peasant could be starved into the capitulation of the hovel which, fully potato fed, he would have resisted to the death. Yet that long period of peace had its military glories, and Celtic blood had freely flowed to extend the boundaries of our Indian Empire to the foot-hills of the great snowy range.

In 1840, the Line Infantry of Great Britain held in the total of its 90,000 rank and file, 36,000 Irishmen, and 12,000 Scotch. In 1853, on the eve of the Russian War, the numbers stood—effective strength of Line Infantry, 103,000; Irish, 32,840; Scots, 12,512.

Within a year from that date, the finest army, so far as men were concerned, that had ever left our shores, quitted England for the East. It is needless now to follow the sad story of the destruction of that gallant host. Victorious in every fight, the army perished miserably from want. With all our boasted wealth, with all our command of sea and steam power, our men died of the common needs of food aud shelter within five miles of the shore, and within fifteen days of London.

Then came frantic efforts to replace that stout rank and file, that lay beneath the mounds on Cathcart's Hill and at Scutari; but it could not be done. Men were indeed got together, but they were as unlike the stuff that had gone, as the sapling is unlike the forest tree.

Has the nation ever realised the full neaning of the failure to carry the Redan on the 8th of September? "The old soldiers behaved admirably, and stood by their officers to the last; but the young," writes an onlooker, "were deficient in discipline and in confidence in their officers."

He might have added more; they were the sweepings of the large, crowded towns; they were in fact the British Infantry only in name, and yet, less than a year of war had sufficed to effect this terrible change. Here are the words in which these men have been described to us. "As one example of the sort of recruits we have received here recently, I may mention that there was a considerable number in draughts, which came out last week, who had never fired a rifle in their lives." Such were the soldiers Great Britain had to launch against the Russian stronghold at the supreme moment of assault. Nor did this apply solely to the infantry recruit. Here is a bit descriptive of the cavalry, dated 1st September, 1855: "No wonder the cavalry are ill, for the recruits sent out to us are miserable; when in full dress they are all helmet and boots."

It is said that as the first rush was made upon the salient at the Redan, three old soldiers of the 41st Regiment entered with Colonel Windham. The three were named Hartnady, Kennedy, and Pat Mahony; the last, a gigantic grenadier, was shot dead as he entered, crying: "Come, on, boys, come on." There was more in the dying words of this Celtic grenadier than the mere outburst of his heroic heart. The garret-bred "boys" would not go on.

It is in moments such as this that the cabin on the hill side, the shieling in the Highland glen, become towers of strength to the nation that possesses them. It is in moments such as this, that between the peasant-born soldier, and the man who first saw the light in a crowded "court;" between the coster and the cottier, there comes that gulf which measures the distance between victory and defeat—Alma and Inkerman on the one side: the Redan on the 18th of June and 8th September on the other.

We have seen that of the rank and file of the infantry of England in 1740, nearly sixty per cent. were Scotch and Irish, although the populations were ten million to fifteen. We will now compare the proportions existing since that time and to-day.

In 1853, the percentage was about forty-four. In 1868 it stood at forty, and in 1877 at thirty. Thus it has decreased, in less than forty years, about thirty per cent. This change will appear to many as one by no means to be deplored, but on the contrary to be accepted as a marked improvement. If we look upon it on the contrary, as an evil, it will not be because we believe the people of one portion of the empire to be superior to the other in fighting qualities, but because the decrease of the Irish and Scotch elements marks also the disappearance of the peasant soldier in the ranks of an army in which he has always been too scarce. The words of a great soldier are worth remembering upon this subject. "Your troops," said Cromwell to Hampden, "are, most of them, old, decayed serving men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows. You must get men who have the fear of God before them, and some conscience of what they do; else you will be beaten by the king's troops as hitherto you have been in every encounter." "He (Cromwell) began," says Marshall, "by enlisting the sons of farmers and freeholders. He soon augmented his troop to a regiment;" and thus was formed what another writer calls "that unconquered and unconquerable soldiery, for discipline and self-government as yet unrivalled upon earth. To whom, though free from the vices that usually disgrace successful soldiers, the dust of the most desperate battle was as the breath of life, and before whom the fiercest and proudest enemies were scattered like chaff before the wind."

Another good soldier, writing shortly after the Peninsular War, upon the depopulation of the Highlands, has left us this truth: "It is not easy for those who live in a country like England, where so many of the lower orders have nothing but what they acquire by the labour of the passing day, and possess no permanent property or share in the agricultural produce of the land, to appreciate the nature of the spirit of independence which is generated in countries where the free cultivators of the soil form the major part of the population." Had he written a few years later, he would have had to deplore a yet more extensive clearing of cottages (consolidation of farms is the more correct term), a still greater crowding of the population into the cities. He would have witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a great nation bent on redressing the wrongs, real or imaginary, of dogs and cats, of small birds and wild fowl, of horses and cattle; but obstinately blind to the annihilation or dispersion of millions of men and women, bound to it by the ties of race and country. Nay, he would have heard even congratulations upon the removal by want and hunger of

some two millions of Celts from the muster roll of the Empire. Two millions of the same people of whom our greatest soldier has said: "Give me forty thousand of them, and I will conquer Asia." Not for the conquest of further dominion in Asia, but for the defence of what we hold, we may soon want the thousands, and have to look for them in vain. Fortunate will it be if in that hour, when first the nation finds that there is a strength of nations greater than the loom and the steam-engine—a wealth of nations richer even than revenue—fortunate will it be for us, if then there should arise among us another Stein to plant once more the people upon the soil they have been so long divorced from, and to sow in Scottish glen, on English wold, and in Irish valley, the seed from which even a greater Britain may yet arise.

WHOLESALE AGENCY FOR THE *CELTIC MAGAZINE*.—In future the Trade will be supplied through the well-known firm of MACLACHLAN & STEWART, 64 South Bridge, Edinburgh.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The following contributions have been unavoidably crushed out:—"Lethe," by Machaon; "An Echo from the Antipodes," by Dunqueich, Victoria; "A Latha chi 's nach fhaic," by Abrach, a Sbliochd Shomhairle-Ruaidh, Melbourne, Australia; and "A Legend of Loch Maree," by M. A. Rose.

THE MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE, OF THE "BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."—We have much pleasure in intimating receipt of the following subscriptions in addition to those acknowledged in the November number of the *Celtic Magazine*, amounting to £33 15 0

Mr Evan MacColl, the Bard of Lochfine, Kingston, Canada ...	1	1	0
Dr Mackenzie Chisholm, Radcliff, Manchester	0	13	0
Mr Evander Maciver, factor, Scourie	0	10	0
Mr Roderick Mackenzie, Balblair Distillery	0	3	0
Mr William Allan, the Sunderland Poet	0	10	0
A Friend (in addition to a Guinea already acknowledged)	0	10	0
Mr Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage, Inverness	0	10	6
Mr Alexander Campbell, Shanghai, per Mr Samuel Dow, Glasgow ...	1	1	0
Members of Gaelic Society of Inverness, per Mr William Mackay, solicitor—			
Mr John Mackay, C.E., Swansea, Chief of the Society ...	2	2	0
Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness	1	1	0
Mr Donald Mackay, Ceylon	1	1	0
Mr George M. Campbell, Ceylon	1	1	0
Mr John Mackay, of Benreay	0	10	6
Dr F. M. Mackenzie, Inverness	0	10	6
Mr William Mackenzie, secretary, Gaelic Society	0	10	6
Mr Geo. J. Campbell, solicitor, Inverness	0	10	6
Mr G. G. Tait, solicitor, Tain	0	10	6
Mr Evan Mackenzie, solicitor, Inverness	0	10	6
Mr Finlay Macgillivray, solicitor, Inverness	0	10	6
Mr Fraser Campbell, draper, Inverness	0	5	0
Mr John Whyte, *Highlander* Office	0	5	0
Mr Ewen Macrae, Borlum	0	5	0
Mr John Macdonald, Exchange, Inverness	0	5	0
Mr Donald Campbell, draper, do.	0	5	0
Mr A. R. MacRaild, do.	0	2	6
Mr Finlay Maciver, carver and gilder, do.	0	2	6
Mr D. Mackintosh, High Street, do.	0	2	6
Total received	**£49**	**4**	**6**

INVERNESS, 17th May 1878.

THE RECENT CELTIC DEMONSTRATION by the Celtic Societies in favour of Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., turned out in every respect a magnificent success. This month we present our readers with a SUPPLEMENT, giving by far the most complete report of the proceedings which has been published, the greater portion of which is taken from the *Highlander*.

Literature.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS. Vol. VI.—1876-7. *Printed for the Society.* 1878.

THIS volume, which should have been in the hands of the members in July of last year, has just been issued, and is very creditable to the Society. We have first presented to us a full account of the fifth annual assembly, held in July 1876, and of the annual dinner in the following July, in which are preserved some excellent speeches delivered on the occasion by Professor Blackie, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart., and other gentlemen. These addresses appeared at the time in the local papers, and partly in our own pages; but, on the whole, we consider them well worthy of preservation in this permanent form. Captain MacRa Chisholm, Glassburn, relates an incident worth quoting :—

Thirty-five years ago I had the honour of a commission in the 42d Royal Highlanders, as a reward for my father's services at Waterloo and the capture of Paris. When I joined the "Forty-Twa"—"Scotia's darling corps"—the "Black Watch" was composed of real as well as loyal Highlanders. The officers were all Scotch except one, but he was educated at the Edinburgh University. The men were all Highland or Scotch except one—a Yorkshire born manufacturer—but he had the redeeming name of Munro. Well do I remember when the first English officer joined us, and the little frolic we had after mess transmogrifying him into a Scotchman. And how do you think we managed it? We made him eat and swallow a live thistle, prickles and all, and I must say he performed the operation like a man, and washed it all down with a *quaich* of real mountain dew. We then received him as a brother Scot. Is it not a pity and a shame, and a great mistake that our Highland Regiments are not kept *exclusively Highland*, or at least national. The Royal warrant of King George II., issued for regimenting the Black Watch companies, contains the command that "Recruits for the 42d Royal Highlanders were *always* to be raised in the Highlands of Scotland, the officers and men to be natives of that country, *and none other to be taken.*" Why, then, should English or Irish be taken into Highland Regiments, and dressed up in kilts, dirks, and feather bonnets? Why should not the true martial Highland spirit of those regiments be left unalloyed, instead of having regiments composed of different nations mixed promiscuously? If we are to have Highland Regiments why are they not composed of Highlanders, men and officers? men who would understand the notes of the war-pipe, which penetrate the inmost fibres of the heart and frame, and rivet the whole action of the soul to one point. It is thus that a charge to battle sounded in *piobaireachd* absorbs all the distracting cares and selfish sensibilities denominated fears, inflames the courage to enthusiasm, and renders a common man a hero. The sound of that martial instrument transports the Highlander with joy, in common circumstances, and renders him insensible to danger, and invincible in the conflicts of war.

Dr Hately Waddell's paper on the "Authenticity of Ossian" is out of sight the most valuable, from a literary point of view, in the whole volume, and should be read by every one who takes any interest in that question. No mere quotation would convey any idea of its power, eloquence, and brilliant ability. It is followed by a well written Gaelic paper by P. G. Tolmie, on "Remains of Ancient Religion in the North,"

which is well worthy of perusal. A paper by the Rev. Mr Watson, Kiltearn, on "The Collecting of Highland Legends," is very pleasantly written, but we think all he says might have been said with equal effect in half the space. The argument is far too elaborate and minute, so much so that the excellent object he has in view is pretty much lost sight of in the attractions of a very agreeable literary style.

"The Cosmos of the Ancient Gaels, in its Relation to their Ethics," by Donald Ross, H.M. Inspector for Schools, is ably written, but, as far as we can see, is not particularly suited to the objects of the Gaelic Society. The following may be true, but to publish such is hardly the purpose for which the Society exists :—

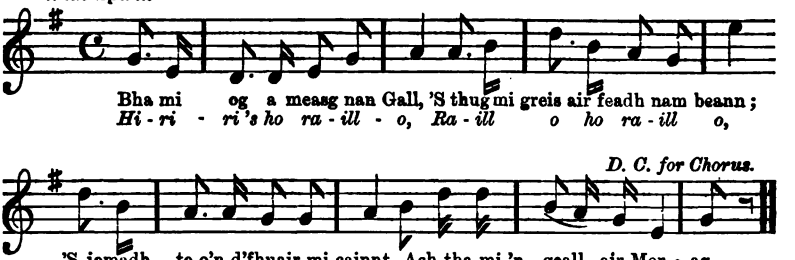
I have known a man of otherwise correct morals, a pious smuggler, reverently invoke the Divine blessing on his cup of whisky just taken from his illicit still. And this man was moral, and possessed a conscience thoroughly keen and purified by high influences. What Highland morality gained in intensity, it lost in compass. The clan that passed beyond the Tressachs, and plundered the valley of the Forth, was scrupulously honest within its own border; treachery, which was a heinous offence when practised against a Gaelic friend, was a cardinal virtue when brought to bear on the ruin of a Lowland foe. The circle of the individual, or the family, or latterly of the clan, was the limit of truth; falsehood had lost its character beyond that line. To defraud the British revenue was, if not exactly meritorious, at least a colourless action, quite compatible with the general goodness of Providence. The attitude of the old British Celt towards nature and the moral code which it created had their appropriate effect in influencing the national characteristics of his successor; his moral standpoint was narrow; his conscience was local; his ethics a secretion of only one stage of time. His virtues were not eternal. He opposed strength to strength, and when strength failed, artifice to force; and if he succeeded he congratulated himself in being a moral being. He was not in any sense a *Yahoo*, even although the practical moral code of this century endorses a central doctrine on his shifting one.

The paper bristles with jaw-breaking words and phrases which no one outside the teaching profession would ever dream of using. Many of them are beyond our comprehension; but that is, of course, our fault. We, however, demur to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness being handed over for the publication of mere philosophical essays by *non-members*, even if written by Inspectors of Schools, especially those of them who have not generally exhibited any peculiar predilections in favour of the people whose interest the Society professes to uphold.

We have a capital paper on "The Early History of the Glen and Royal Castle of Urquhart," by William Mackay, in which we have a most interesting account of his native district. Some of the statements made, and of the conclusions arrived at, may be open to doubt, but on the whole the paper is a valuable contribution to our local history, and we wish other members of the Society would follow Mr Mackay's example by giving the traditions and history of their respective localities. We would thus be collecting and preserving invaluable materials for an exhaustive history of the Highlands, and illustrating the character of the Highland people, by ascertained facts—not by mere negative philosophy.

The paper by Colin Chisholm on the "Clearance of the Highland Glens" is very much of this local character, though its facts are of national interest. For various reasons we consider it most valuable, and shall therefore place it almost entire before the reader in our next number. A list of members—nearly four hundred—and of the books in the library complete this interesting volume, which every paid-up member of the Society receives free of any charge.

MO NIGHEAN DONN IS BOIDHCHE.

With Spirit.

Bha mi og a measg nan Gall, 'S thug mi greis air feadh nam beann;
Hi - ri - ri's ho ra - ill - o, Ra - ill o ho ra - ill o,
D. C. for Chorus.
'S iomadh te o'n d'fhuair mi cainnt, Ach tha mi 'n geall air Mor - ag.
Hi - ri - ri's ho ra - ill o, Mo nighean donn is boidh - che.

KEY G.

: d ., l_1 | s_1 ., s_1 : l_1 . d | r : r ., m | s ., m : r . d | l

D. C. for Chorus.

: s ., m | r ., r : d . d | r : m . s, s | m . r, d : l_1 | d . ‖

Codach cinn is ailte snuagh,
'S e'n ordugh na ioma' dual—
Gus an cuir iad mi 'sa uaigh,
Cha toir mi fuath do Mhorag.
Hi-ri ri, &c.

Na h-orain mhilis thig o d' bheul,
'S annsa' leam na ceol nan teud;
'S binne no smeorach air geig
Na fuinn thig reidh bho Mhorag.
Hi-ri ri, &c.

'S cliuiteach, siofhalta, do bheus,
Aigne ciuin, 's e socrach, reidh
Gu seirceil, suairce, soitheamh, gleiste—
Gnuis na feile Morag!
Hi-ri ri, &c.

'Nuair lionta 'n deoch a bhiodh blath,
Ma fheasgar's na cupain bhan',
Ged dhuisgear sgainneal le each,
Cha chluinnear canran Morag.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

'Nuair chuirt an fhiodhal air ghleus,
Gu danns air an urlar reidh,
Bu dlu mo bheachd air gach te,
'S mo chridhe 'leum gu Morag.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

Na'n glacadh tu nise mo laimh,
Gu'n leiginn mulad mu lar,
Ghabhainn oran, 's dheanainn dan,
'S mo lamh gu'n tugainn pog dhut.
Hi-ri-ri, &c.

NOTE.—The above air is popular in all parts of the Highlands, and numerous bards and versifiers have wedded words to it. The words here given are from John Mackenzie's Gaelic collection of songs, "An Cruiteara." The air has not been previously published, so far as I know.—W. M'K.

MR ALAN R. MACDONALD JEFFREY, writing on the "Highland Crofters" in the *Scottish Magazine* for May, says:—"Deer and grouse now browse and flutter over the ground from which a hardy, honest race drew their sustenance. The spoilers are not, as a rule, distinguished by one grain of the virtues and *politess de cœur* of those whom they reduced to poverty or exile. I hold that a Government which spares neither time nor money in the detection and punishment of a murderer should exhibit a little more solicitude for the welfare and happiness of the living. But poor suffering humanity may go on suffering as long as his skin is neither black, yellow, nor copper colour. How different would be the case of the poor down-trodden Highlander were it his good fortune—in the eyes of the proselytisers—to be a lineal descendant of Ham.

THE

CELTIC MAGAZINE.

No. XXXIII. JULY 1878. Vol. III.

ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D.

This distinguished man, our brightest literary star in the north, has gone to his fathers on the evening of Sunday, the 26th of May last—retaining to the last the full use of his faculties—his intellect and power of speech—and suffering less pain than usually accompanies the separation of a powerful and masculine intellect from a strong and robust frame. Our most brilliant light has burnt out, leaving a blank, in literary circles in the Highlands, which no other amongst us is fit to occupy. Those who with greatest justice might claim the post of honour, will be first to admit the disparity of any contrast, and the truth of what we state.

On the occasion of the Doctor's jubilee, as editor of the *Inverness Courier*, we thought the event suitable for writing a sketch of his life, as one of a proposed series on distinguished gentlemen in the Highlands, and of which that recently published on Cluny formed the first. We wrote the intended biography, and intimated the fact of our intention to publish it to the venerable editor, knowing him to be of a particularly modest and retiring disposition, and feeling that he might be displeased for bringing him into any notoriety at the time. We received the following remarkable and touching letter in reply :—

"29 Ness Bank, Inverness, Tuesday, April 23, 1878.

"My Dear Sir,—I should have sooner acknowledged your note, but have been very unwell. I shall keep in mind the collection of facts connected with the evictions and changes in the Highlands, and shall be happy if I can render any assistance.

With respect to your proposed biographical notice, I beg you will dismiss the idea from your mind. I should be much distressed at any publication of the kind. Besides, I firmly believe that I shall not survive this year, and when that period arrives—I mean when my death takes place—it will be soon enough to chronicle my history.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) Robt. Carruthers."

As a matter of course the biography was laid aside, little expecting that it would have to be used so soon, and sincerely hoping that the melancholy forebodings expressed in the above communication were much further from being realised than the actual facts have since too truly justified. It is right to explain the reference in the first paragraph of the

letter as to the evictions and changes in the Highlands. In a then recent issue of the *Courier*, reviewing the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," and specially referring to Mr Colin Chisholm's paper on the Highland Clearances, Dr Carruthers concluded :—"A good history of the changes in the Highlands, the voluntary emigrations, the drafts into the army during the war, and the 'clearances' since the great Glengarry emigration, for the last century and a half, would form a most interesting volume, and sufficient materials exist for a diligent and honest enquirer. We recommend the task to the editor of the *Celtic Magazine*." To say that we did not feel flattered by the implied compliment from such a quarter, would be to state what was not true, especially so when our personal acquaintance with Dr Carruthors was not intimate, or of long standing. We wrote, informing him that we had taken an interest in the subject for several years, and that possibly, when other matters in hand were further advanced, we might take up the subject suggested, at the same time asking for his aid in the way of collecting facts, and directing us to the best authorities on the subject. Alas ! alas ! that he was not permitted to implement the promise so promptly and generously made. We think it best that the following sketch should appear, even in the sad and altered circumstances, as originally written :—

On the 16th of April Dr Carruthers completed his fiftieth year as editor of the *Inverness Courier*, a tenure of office unparalleled in the whole history of the newspaper press. In his issue of the 18th of the same month he, with charming modesty, alludes to this interesting era in his life, and in the history of the journal he has so ably and so judiciously conducted for half a century. That he may yet for many years be able to devote his matured and unobtrusive talents to his congenial work is the wish of all who have the honour of his acquaintance, or who have in any way come under the influence of his genial and kindly nature. Dr Carruthers is, and has been for many years, the father of the British press, and many a young aspirant to literary fame looked, and looked not in vain, if a deserving subject, for his kindly nod or beck of encouragement. He had the honour of first introducing the famous Hugh Miller to the world. Miller's Letters on the "Herring Fishery," which were his first contributions to literature, originally saw the light under the auspices of his future friend and admirer. Regarding these, Dr Carruthers, on an occasion to which we shall afterwards refer, said, "When Miller sent me his letters on the Herring Fishery, I saw that a great prose writer had risen in the land, and that the land would soon be filled with his fame." Nor was his prescience at fault, as has long ago been acknowledged by the literary world. "No part of the duty or employment of a country editor," Dr Carruthers continues, "is so agreeable as that of noticing and calling forth native talent and ingenuity. The opportunities are rare, but they are precious. It is like mercy, 'twice blessed'; in 'him that gives' it keeps alive the best feelings and sympathies of our nature; while in 'him that takes' it may stimulate latent powers, and lead to excellence in literature and science. Miller required no fostering; but I have known several cases in which a kind word did much; and, at all events, conferred happiness for a time." With all this excellent sentiment and friendly spirit towards the aspirant to literary fame, Dr Carruthers has

always been careful not to raise false hopes, or give encouragement except where he discovered traces of real merit, and hence the value placed by all literary amateurs on the slightest countenance from his experienced and discriminating pen. For ourselves we are ready to confess that we placed a higher value on his commendation and approval of our small beginnings than on that of all others put together; and just because we knew it would never be extended unless, in his judgment, it was really deserved.

In the note already referred to, in which he so modestly and gracefully intimates the completion of his fiftieth year as editor of the *Courier*, he informs us in the following touching manner that he is "still looking forward with hopes and plans for the future. The anniversary forms a sort of epoch in our humble annals—an editorial jubilee! Many recollections, chequered, like our April weather, with clouds and sunshine, naturally rise up on surveying so long a period. But having, at a comparatively recent date, on occasion of the banquet in Inverness, to which we were so kindly and generously invited in November 1871, described the circumstances under which that editorial career was undertaken, we need not again intrude on the indulgence of our readers with personal details. The subject of Self is one on which, as Byron has remarked, all men are supposed to be fluent and none agreeable, and the saying is, perhaps, most generally true after we have crossed the Psalmist's limit of threescore and ten. In such a case silence is golden even at a jubilee! We cannot, however, permit this day to pass without expressing in one word our deep obligation to that portion of the public who have lent us their support throughout all the changes and fluctuations of half a century. As one generation of readers dropped off another succeeded, the line still lengthening as the years advanced; and such a retrospect is well fitted to call forth our warmest acknowledgements to our friends at home and abroad, along with gratitude to the Great Disposer of events—the Supreme Controller of all our destinies. The heart must be cold indeed that is insensible to such impressions. But any attempt to embody them in words would be a task which we dare not venture to contemplate even in imagination. We have only simple thanks to offer, with earnest wishes for the welfare of all who chance to read these lines, and for the continued advancement and glory of our beloved native country."

On the occasion of the public banquet to which he here refers, he was presented with his portrait, a three-quarter length, painted by Sir Daniel Macnee, R.S.A., now President of the Royal Academy; as also with his bust, executed in marble by the late Alexander Munro, his own son-in-law, and a most distinguished sculptor. The bust was handed over at the time to the Provost of Inverness, to be placed in the Town Hall. The following is the inscription on the frame of the portrait:—"Robert Carruthers, LL.D., for forty-three years editor of the *Inverness Courier*: Presented to Dr Carruthers by upwards of 450 subscribers at home and abroad, 1871." The dinner was attended by most of the leading men in the north, presided over by E. W. Mackintosh of Raigmore, M.P., who justly remarked that Dr Carruthers, though a leading ornament of the press, had a very good claim to connect his name with other branches of literature, some of which were perhaps more consonant with his own

fancy; and all were proud to find that when he joined his literary friends in the south he found eager listeners among those of the most advanced culture. His scholarship was thorough and extensive, and he had the gift of a singularly clear and charming English style. No one who saw the bust in the Town Hall could fail to recognize his familiar lineaments. The execution of this memorial also commemorates a filial affection so true and so enduring that it nerved the failing hand which lingered in the patient labour upon the well-known outlines, and marked Munro's last work as his greatest work—the labour in very deed of love.

It may interest the reader to know that the *Inverness Courier* was started in 1817, and was for some time after conducted by Mr and Mrs Johnstone, under whose direction it obtained considerable popularity. Mrs Johnstone afterwards wrote the famous "Edinburgh Tales," and several other works, including "Meg Dod's Cookery." She subsequently conducted *Tait's Magazine*. When the Johnstones left Inverness, the *Courier* was left in charge of Mr Suter and the elder Reach, by whom it was more or less neglected; and it consequently declined. An editor was wanted, and fortunately found, on the recommendation of the late Mr Macdiarmid of the *Dumfries Courier*, in the subject of this paper. On the occasion already referred to, the Doctor describes the circumstances of his coming amongst us, his feelings, and resolves. He had a very vivid recollection of his journey to the Highlands, and of the interest and anxiety with which he watched, from the top of the mail coach, every turn of that wild, sinuous, and picturesque road from Perth to Inverness.

It was in the spring of 1828, and he had brought with him a letter, recently received from Roderick Reach, who was then, along with Provost Ferguson, one of the proprietors of the paper. The great Reform agitation of 1831 broke up the partnership, and in that year the paper fell entirely into the possession of Dr Carruthers. This, however, caused no coldness or estrangement on the part of those whom he designates his "early and affectionate Inverness friends." Mr Roderick Reach, several years afterwards, removed to London, where he became "the prince of newspaper correspondents," in which capacity he acted for the *Courier*. Of him Dr Carruthers says, "He was a man of a kind and generous nature, of very striking and varied talents; much of his intellectual superiority descended to his son, the well-known *litterateur*, Angus Bethune Reach; but there were certain native qualities and felicities—a certain careless lightness and exuberance—in which the older correspondent eclipsed the younger." He informs us that Mr Reach, when engaging him for the editorship of the *Courier*, had given him much good advice; and as the old coach plodded along through the defiles of Badenoch and Strathspey, he kept ever and anon glancing at the letter, in which the advice was contained, and pondering over its contents. "What I want you to provide," wrote Mr Reach, "is not only a dash of general literature, but good reading material for country lairds and farmers, shopkeepers and artisans—things that will give them a new stock of ideas, enlarge their minds, amuse their leisure hours, and help to promote their interests;" and though "selections" were also included in the catalogue, it must be admitted that it was far easier to demand than to provide such an excellent

bill of fare. We will allow him to give in his own words the spirit and the manner in which he set about supplying it—"To be local and to be useful was my first and chief desire. I thought I should make the *Inverness Courier* strictly and wholly Highland—not, indeed, to foster prejudices, flatter idle conceits, or to bolster up antiquated customs; but to draw attention to the interesting and romantic scenery of the land, to do justice to her character, point out the true sources of her wealth, and improvement in agriculture and fisheries, and with the aid of correspondents to put her in the way of following them with advantage. Such was the programme that I, in glowing colours, placed before my imagination. I was charmed with the country, the hospitality of the people was unbounded. I went on my way rejoicing; but, alas! now that the journey is near an end, and so few of the old associates remain in sight—dropped through the broken arches of the Bridge of Life, and swept away by the great tide—when I contrast the actual performance with the early anticipation, I am struck with grief and confusion, and wish, like the Greek general and statesman of old, that some one would teach me the art of forgetting. I must not, however, appear as if with mock humility, I decried what you have been pleased to mark with commendation. Good intentions go for something, and these I had. There is a gloomy proverb which says that a certain place, never mentioned to ears polite, was paved with good intentions, but this is a false dictum. Good intentions lead upwards, not downwards, and I had good correspondents as well as good intentions. One of these—the greatest of all—was that remarkable man, who, as Burns said of one of his friends, 'held the patent for his honours immediately from Almighty God'—I mean Hugh Miller." It may be stated with equal truth that while Dr Carruthers introduced to the world the prince of London correspondents, in the person of Roderick Reach, he has also the honour of being god-father in the same capacity to the prince of country correspondents, the accomplished and world-famous "Nether-Lochaber," as also the late versatile and cultured agricultural writer, Kenneth Murray of Geanies.

The paper of 1828, when Dr Carruthers became first connected with it, was a small meagre sheet, price sevenpence, burdened with a paper duty of threepence per pound weight, a stamp duty of fourpence on every sheet, and a duty of three shillings and sixpence on every advertisement. At that time there were only three newspapers north of Aberdeen—one in Elgin, recently established, and two in Inverness. Now we have about twenty, and in addition, a monthly Highland Magazine—our humble selves. It is pleasant to find that in those days of narrow and short-sighted ecclesiastical and sectarian ascendancy, the new editor of the *Courier* gave forth no uncertain sound on the great question then convulsing the Empire to its very foundation—that of Roman Catholic Emancipation. When the Duke of Wellington's Government gave way in that year to the irresistible power of an increasing liberal opinion among the people, Dr Carruthers wrote, among the first lines written by him in Inverness, "We congratulate the country on the conduct of the Premier and the Government. In matters of religion, the smallest discouragements for uniformity's sake are so many persecutions, and if (to use the words of Swift) the brand had been taken off the Dissenters,"

which was annually taken off by a bill of indemnity, "still the scar was visible, and, but for the wisdom of the Government, would have descended, like the mark of Cain, to their posterity." The new editor thus stood committed and pledged to the principle of religious liberty and freedom —the principle that no man should be debarred from civil privileges in consequence of his religious opinions. During the Reform agitation in 1831, a grand field-day was held in the open air in the Academy Park, with flags flying, music playing, and the people cheering as they passed; but of the speakers who took part along with him in the day's proceedings—Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Mr Fraser of Culbokie, Mr Fraser of Balnain, Mr John Fraser (Bughty), Dr Nicol, Roderick Reach, Mr Mackenzie of Ness House, and several others—the only one now living is Mr Fraser of Abertarff.

To follow the various important events which took place during such a long career, which Dr Carruthers chronicled and influenced, is beyond the scope of this article. We have the introduction of steam as the means of locomotion on sea and land, the penny postage, a free press, railways permeating almost every valley from Land's End to John O'Groat's, and to the Isle of Skye; magnificent steamers plying on our ocean and inland lakes, and photography, the telegraph, the telephone, and the phonograph, almost miraculous even in this scientific age. "Looking at these, and other recent marvels of our scientific skill," again to use the words of our subject, "our chemical and astronomical discoveries, our machinery and mechanism, one cannot help wondering at the audacity of certain prophets who predict the speedy dissolution of the world as if Providence had done this for one generation only. Why the world seems stored and equipped for a long course of ages, furnished with new and potent and ever-glowing elements of human greatness and happiness, and all we can hope for, pray for, and work for, is the extension of sound knowledge, earnest thought, and reverance among the mass of the people. that they may be able on the one hand to curb the mad and wicked ambition of rulers, and on the other hand to shun any approach to that fierce democracy and barbarism which desolated and degraded the capital of France."

Dr Carruthers was born in Dumfries, in November 1799, and is, therefore, in his seventy-ninth year. His parents were in reduced circumstances, so that the future editor only received a scanty education. He was apprenticed to a bookseller, like his friends and contemporaries, the Chamberses; was assidious in self-instruction, and in the cultivation of his natural taste for letters, which he exhibited in early life, having when very young written magazine and newspaper articles for his friend, Mr Macdiarmid, of Dumfries. After finishing his apprenticeship he went to Huntingdon to take charge of a school. Here he wrote a history of the town, mainly compiled from the Corporation records, which he published in 1826, still the only detailed record of the burgh for ever distinguished as the birthplace of Oliver Cromwell. In 1827 he published anonymously "The Poetry of Milton's Prose." In the following year he, as already described, became editor of the *Inverness Courier*. His most important literary production is his edition of Pope's Works, with a life of the poet. Nearly all the original matter in the first edition of Chambers's Cyclopædia

of English Literature was written by Dr Carruthers, and the second and third editions are entirely edited and written by him. This was no small labour to an editor who constantly superintended his own special work; for the Cyclopædia forms two bulky volumes of over 800 double-columned pages of small type in each, demanding an enormous amount of labour and research. He also edited Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," and contributed several biographical articles to the Encyclopædia Britannica; among others, William Penn, Queen Elizabeth, Jeffrey, and the Ettrick Shepherd. To the *North British Review* he contributed the "Seaforth Papers;" "Francis Jeffrey," to Chambers's "Papers for the People"; and we have in our possession in MS. a sketch by him of the Seaforth family never published. His "Highland Note-Book" was deservedly popular, and is long ago out of print. He delivered several lectures before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, the subjects being chiefly literary. The manner in which Dr Carruthers conducted the *Courier* secured for that paper the enviable position of being considered the best provincial newspaper in the Kingdom. It has been observed that it partook almost as much of the nature of a literary magazine as that of an ordinary news organ, making thus a valued and instructive visitor to the family circle at home and abroad. And it is pleasant to note that all these excellent qualities and literary labours have not been overlooked by our great centres of learning. In 1871 the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. Professor Macpherson introduced him in the following appropriate terms amidst the plaudits of the spectators:—"Mr Carruthers' claim to the honour I have to ask your lordships to confer I rest upon his many contributions to Scottish history, and more emphatically on his acquaintance with the whole range of British poetry from Chaucer and Barbour to the present time. Few men know so much of our poets or their works. Without delaying to allude to his minor contributions to our knowledge of their lives and to the criticisms of their works, I may refer to his most important work—his 'Life of Alexander Pope,' the standard life of that great literary genius, an admirable example of what literary biography ought to be, valuable in matter, sound in spirit, and pleasing in style." This followed by the magnificent banquet given him shortly after by his fellow-citizens was a suitable and well-merited acknowledgement of real good work in the literary field, removed from the great centres of learning and huge libraries, and without the facilities within the reach of those *literati* who have the privilege of living in Edinburgh and London. What would he not have done had he the same opportunities as some of his more fortunate brethren?

In addition to the foregoing we shall place on record, in permanent form, a few specimens of the opinions of his contemporaries regarding our departed friend. The *Scotsman* says that he took as his model his old master, Mr John Macdiarmid, the editor of the *Dumfries Courier*, and, in truth, he bettered the example—devoting himself to a larger range of topic, and to a fuller practical working out of the resources of provincial journalism than had been at the time anywhere else attempted, at least in Scotland. His literary judgments were Catholic and acute, derived from their author's position and experience. He was a remarkably correct

and careful writer, his English and his penmanship being equally examples of a chaste and beautiful style. He was master of a very wide range of classical English literature. Of his extensive reading and researches in that rich and varied field, his "Life of Pope" and his edition of "Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides" are the most notable examples. All his writings, however, even those which took the ephemeral shape of newspaper articles, were adorned by literary allusions, not far-fetched or elaborated, but easily dropped from the pen. His conversation in congenial company was equally enriched by anecdote and illustration, making his society, to those who could appreciate his genial humour and ample range within the limits of pure literature, highly entertaining, and even instructive. A constitutional shyness, which even his large and long intercourse with men of all classes never entirely rubbed off, rendered him chary of speech in large companies, so that he shone mainly or only among his familiar associates. No one, however, who might have been casually admitted to his society could have failed at once to discover that Dr Carruthers was a man of unusual conversational resources, which he used with equally rare facility and elegance, and without a tinge of pedantry. He was on terms of intimate intercourse and friendship with many of the most eminent literary men not only in Scotland, but in other parts of the kingdom. Among these may be named Dr John Hill Burton, Mr David Laing, Dr Charles Mackay, Dr John Brown, the late Mr Joseph Robertson, and Mr John Ritchie, Mr Maclaren, and Mr Russel of that journal. Mr Thackeray highly esteemed his character and companionship. They often met and corresponded. Scarcely any person of note in literature, or politically, visited Inverness without making a point of seeing the editor of the *Courier*, who extended to all a genial, simple, and refined hospitality. He had thus many friends in many quarters, and he never forgot old associations or failed to be of service to any one whom he could aid or oblige. He was, in his turn, a welcome guest in many houses, where his unfailing good nature, his inborn nobility of character, and his always delightful conversation made him at all times a cherished inmate. His private letters were delightful examples of easy and elegant epistolary intercourse, compliment, gossip, and information, all blended and flavoured with apt allusion or quotation.

The *Inverness Advertiser* pays the following graceful tribute to his memory:—"We must pay our humble tribute to the genuine worth and superior excellence of our friend who has just passed away. As a journalist—the profession to which the greater part of his lifetime was devoted—he stood unsurpassed in the ranks of the provincial press, having succeeded in giving a literary tone and character to the newspaper he has so long conducted which has been attained by perhaps no other in the United Kingdom. But while for many years he worked hard as a newspaper editor and conductor, when the combined work of such a position was thrown more upon the shoulders of a single individual than it is now-a-days, when the duties are more subdivided, Dr Carruthers was assiduous and persevering in other congenial literary occupations, and attained no ordinary standing among his literary *confreres*. His extensive acquaintance with English literature, his correct and masterly style, and his distinguishing critical impartiality were early recognised by those who best

knew the value of these rare acquirements; and our deceased townsman has therefore been for many years in close and intimate association with the leading literary men of the age, as well as with those other congenial spirits, the votaries of science and art. Personally, Dr Carruthers had many estimable qualities, which may be briefly summed up thus—a clear head, a generous heart, and a kindly hand. His affable demeanour, his inexhaustible conversational powers, and his homely sense and wit, were not thrown away on those who were privileged with his acquaintance."

We give these extracts, with which we heartily agree, as of more value than if we expressed ourselves independently, and in our own phraseology, and shall conclude by quoting from the notice which appeared in the *Courier*, so gracefully written, and in such excellent taste, by one who had every facility of knowing and appreciating him:—"In private life Mr Carruthers was a man of singularly simple habits, painstaking, laborious, and conscientious to a remarkable degree in the discharge of duty, given to hospitality, an excellent host, a fast friend. During the fifty years he has lived in Inverness—with exception, perhaps, of a few months he spent some years ago at Cannes, the guest of his son-in-law, Mr Munro the sculptor—we doubt if there was a single copy of the *Courier* published on which the impress of his hand was not laid in some one or other of its departments. As he used to say, he did not feel at ease in reading a book or a newspaper unless he had pen and ink, scissors and paste on the table. His fore-thought was remarkable; the last instance of it, one of an infinite number characteristic of his consideration for others, was when, knowing his end to be near, he prepared the budget of 'biographical notes,' written in his beautiful clear hand and duly docquetted, from which this memoir has been chiefly drawn up. Mr Carruthers married very early in life. It is now a good many years since the late Mrs Carruthers and he celebrated their golden wedding, and it was an inexpressible pleasure to her on the occasion, after fifty years of happy wedded life, in which she discharged her duties fondly and well, to see more than thirty descendants, children and grandchildren, gathered round their hospitable table, and to know that they were all fairly prosperous in the world."

Dr Carruthers was a firm and steady adherent of the Church of Scotland, and for many years attended the ministrations of the Rev. Alexander Macgregor of the West Church, who accorded him the last offices of religion. We were often struck with admiration beholding the venerable, silver-haired patriarch, with his open and benign countenance, sitting immediately in front of us in church, earnestly listening to the glad tidings, and gently moving his outstretched palm over the Bible in front of him, to suit the inflections and cadences of Gospel truth as they fell on his ears from the lips of the meek, simple, and unaffected preacher.

The funeral was a public one, attended by the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, in their official capacity; all our prominent citizens, many of the leading gentlemen—literary and social—throughout the north; and the inhabitants showed their esteem for the deceased by closing all places of business, and by every demonstration of respect, for one who all felt had for half a century shed a brilliant lustre on our Highland capital.

A. M.

A LEGEND OF LOCH MAREE.

—o—

Of all the many beautiful places in Scotland, none can surpass Loch Maree (Loch ma righ, or the King's Loch), so called from the incidents related in the following Legend :—Some centuries ago there lived near the loch an old woman and her son. Her husband and three elder sons had been slain, their humble home burnt, and their cattle driven off, during one of the fierce clan feuds which were only too common in those days. The poor woman had fled with her youngest son to this lonely secluded spot, where they found shelter, and after a while lived comfortably enough ; for Kenneth grew a fine active lad and keen sportsman, and with his bow and arrow and fishing-rod supplied plenty food. They also possessed a small herd of goats, which rambled at will among the mountains surrounding the loch, returning to the widow's cottage at milking-time. Among them was a very beautiful dun coloured one, which gave more milk than any of the others. This, together with her docile habits, made her a great favourite with the widow. One evening Kenneth returning home laden with the spoils of the chase, met his mother at the cottage door. The good woman was carrying the milk she had just taken from the goats, wearing a very dissatisfied look on her usually placid countenance. On her son asking what was the matter, she replied tartly, " Matter enough ; see the small quantity of milk I have got to-night ; the dun goat, who used to give more than any of the others, hardly gave a spoonful, and it has been the same the last two nights. I can't make out what ails the creature." Kenneth, tired after a long day's sport, answered lightly, that perhaps the goat was ill, or that she had not received food enough. His mother made no reply ; she, however, gave the goat a double allowance of food that night, and saw that she took it well ; but the next evening not a drop of milk did she give—indeed, it was evident she had been newly milked. The old woman was at her wits' end ; and directly her son came in, she began to complain loudly. " We must do something about that dun goat, Kenneth ; not a drop of milk did she give again to-night ; I am sure the fairies suck her, and if we don't stop it, I shant be able to make a single cheese to put by for the winter. You really must help me to find out all about it. Kenneth, who began to miss his usual allowance of milk at supper-time, professed his willingness to assist his mother. " But," said he, " what can I do to prevent it ? would it not be better to tie the goat up ?" " No, no," that would never do," replied his mother, " she has never been tethered, and would not stand it. The best thing for you to do will be to follow her to-morrow, and see where she goes." To this proposal Kenneth agreed, and early next morning started off after the dun goat, who soon separated herself from the rest of the herd, and made straight for a pass between two high rocks, bleating as she went. " Oh, oh !" said Kenneth to himself, " I shouldn't wonder if she has picked up some motherless fawn, which she suckles, for I have heard of such things before, and that is more likely than the fairies that mother talks about." He found it, however, no easy matter to keep the goat in sight, and her colour being so peculiar, it was

nearly impossible to see her at a little distance. Kenneth persevered manfully, springing from rock to rock almost as nimbly as the goat herself; but at last a sudden turn hid her for a minute from his sight, and try as he would, he could not again catch sight of her. So he had to own himself beaten; but he determined to wait until the usual time for milking, thinking he would be sure to see where she came from, so he waited patiently, but to no purpose. Not a glimpse did he get of her until he arrived at home, and saw her taking her food among the rest. His mother was anything but pleased at his non-success, more especially as she again did not get a single spoonful of milk from her. Terribly chagrined, Kenneth vowed he would solve the mystery if it took him a week to do so. Rising with the sun next morning, and taking some provisions and his bow and arrows with him, he started off in the same direction the goat had led him the day before. When he came to the place at which he lost sight of her, he concealed himself and waited. Before long he saw her pass, and immediately followed her, but the sagacious animal seemed to know that she was being traced, and redoubled her speed; so, in spite of Kenneth's utmost exertions, he again lost sight of her.

Heated and vexed, he threw himself on the ground, and exclaimed, "Confound the beast, I believe mother is right after all in saying the fairies have something to do with her. I'll give her up for this day." Having rested a while and taken some food, he strung his bow, for, said he, "'Twill never do to go home empty handed a second day." He spent the day among the hills with fair success, and was turning towards home, when, endeavouring to recover a bird he had shot, he scrambled on to a small grass-covered platform in front of a natural cave in the rock, and much was his astonishment to see the lost goat standing at the entrance of the cave. He called her, and held out his hand, but instead of running to him and licking his hand as usual, she stamped with her feet, and, lowering her head, stood in a state of defence. Convinced there was something in the cave, Kenneth tried to enter, but the goat stood firm, giving him some hard knocks with her horns. Finding she was so resolute, and not wishing to hurt her, he desisted for the present, marking the place well so as to find it easily again. The goat was again home before him, but not a drop of milk did she give. His mother was pleased he had discovered so much, and, said, "To-morrow I will go with you, and surely between us we shall manage to get a sight of the inside of the cave." Next morning the old woman and her son started, taking a rope with them to secure the goat if she should prove unmanageable. When they arrived at the cave, the goat was standing at the entrance, evidently angry, and determined to oppose them. In vain the widow called her pet names, and held out sweet herbs; the stubborn animal would not budge an inch for all their entreaties or threats. "Well," said Kenneth, "its no use standing here all day; I'll throw the rope over her, and drag her from the cave, and you shall go in mother, and see what she is hiding inside." No sooner said than done, and the poor goat was struggling on the ground, bleating loudly. As if in answer to her piteous cries, there issued from the cave, crawling on all fours, a beautiful boy about a year old, who scrambled at once to the goat,

and putting his little arms round the animal's neck, laid his face against its shaggy coat. She appeared delighted at the caress, and licked the hands and face of the child with evident affection.

At this unexpected sight, Kenneth and his mother were lost in astonishment and admiration. He at once satisfied himself, from the fairness and beauty of the child, and its being dressed in green, that it was indeed a veritable fairy, and his admiration for the goat was somewhat damped by a feeling of superstitious awe at being brought in such close proximity to one of "the good people." But the warm, motherly heart of the widow at once opened to the helpless infant, and, forgetting her natural fear of the supernatural, as well as her annoyance at the loss of her milk supply, she rushed forward, and catching the child in her arms, covered it with kisses, mingled with blessings on its beauty, and pity for its forlorn condition, vowing she would take it home, and cherish it as her own child.

Kenneth did not altogether approve of this proceeding, and exclaimed with some heat, "Mother! mother! what are you saying; don't you see it is a fairy? put it down, put it down, or perhaps you will get bewitched, and changed into some animal or other. How could a child like that, unless it was a fairy, live alone among these wild mountains, with no one to see after it? and where did it come from? No, no! mother; it is nothing but a fairy, and we had better leave it alone, and the goat too, for she is also, no doubt, bewitched, and we shall only get ourselves into mischief by meddling with her; or, if you must needs have the goat, just hold the rope, while I throw the fairy creature down the face of the rock, out of the animal's sight.

Before, however, Kenneth could lay hold of the child, he was arrested, and startled, by hearing a voice from the interior of the cave exclaiming, "Touch him if you dare! he is no fairy, but far better flesh and blood than you are." The next instant there rushed from the cave a young woman, scarcely out of her girlhood; fair enough, but with privation written in every feature of her face, while her torn dress and dishevelled hair, told a tale of want and exposure. Withal, there was a certain dignity about her that made Kenneth and his mother give way when she approached to take possession of the child, who clung to her with every mark of affection.

With an air of respect, mingled with astonishment, the widow asked who she was? and how she came there?

The stranger explained how she had been menaced with great danger in her own country, and had fled with her child for concealment to this secluded spot, and should have perished from absolute want if it had not been for the good-natured goat, whom she had enticed to the cave, and on whose milk she and the child had subsisted for several days.

The kind hearted widow at once offered them shelter and protection at her cottage, adding that she knew from sad experience what it was to be hunted from her own country like a wild animal.

Strange to say, Kenneth offered not the slightest objection to his mother's kind invitation. His dread of, and dislike to the fairies seemed to evaporate at the sight of a good-looking young girl. He offered no objection this time to the exercise of his mother's hospitality, which Flora

gladly accepted, and they all wended their way to the widow's cottage, followed by the sagacious goat, who seemed to perfectly understand how matters stood.

Thus they, for a time, lived happily and safely, and the widow found her visitors no encumbrance; for Kenneth exerted himself with such goodwill in hunting and fishing, that he supplied more than sufficient for them all. The boy grew a strong, sturdy fellow; and Flora, by good nourishment and mind at ease as to the safety of herself and charge, expanded into a most lovely woman, as amiable as she was beautiful, and assisted the widow in all her household duties, although it was very evident she belonged to a far higher class than that of her protectors.

Kenneth was the only one of the small circle who was not perfectly at ease. He who used to be one of the most happy and careless of mortals, with no higher ambition than to be a good sportsman, now became dissatisfied with himself and discontented with his lot in life. When out on the hills alone he would fall into moods of abstraction, building castles in the air, wishing he were a soldier—ah! if so, what wonderful feats of valour would he not perform; he would surpass all his comrades in courage and dexterity; he would be rewarded with knighthood; and then he would have the right to mingle with the best and noblest of the land; and then—then there would flash across his mind a vision of a brave knight fighting to assert the lawful claims of a fair lady, of his being successful, of his being rewarded by the hand and heart of the beautiful heroine; and then—then poor Kenneth would find his fine castle crumbling away, and standing alone with empty game-bag. So, with a sigh, he would wake to the commonplace world, and hasten to redeem the idle time already wasted; and besides, did not Flora prefer one sort of game, which he must get, and did she also not admire a wild flower he had taken home yesterday, and he must scale the highest rocks to find more for her to-day. On his return home he would present the flowers shyly, blushing and stammering at the graceful thanks he received for them. He would scarcely taste his food, but sit quietly, following with his eyes every movement of the bewitching Flora, until little MacGabhar—for so they had named the boy—would come and challenge him to a game of romps.

One day, when alone with his mother, Kenneth suddenly asked her "if she thought Flora was really the mother of the boy?" "Foolish boy," answered she, "do you think I have lived all these years and not know a maid from a wife? No, no; Flora is no more his mother than I am. And, son Kenneth, I wish to give you some advice: don't you go and fall in love with Flora, you might as well fall in love with the moon or the stars. Don't you see, she is some great lady, perhaps a princess, although now obliged to live in concealment. I expect little MacGabhar is her brother, and heir to some great lord. What we must do is to treat her with respect and kindness, and perhaps some day, if she gets her rights, you may be her servant, if she will accept your services. Though she never told me who she was, she showed me a very handsome sword and a beautiful scarlet velvet mantle trimmed with fur, which she said belonged to the boy's father, and she was keeping them to prove his birth some day."

This sensible though unpalatable advice fell like lead upon Kenneth's

heart, but still, thought he, "it will be something to be even her servant. I shall at least see her, and hear her voice."

Matters went on thus at the cottage for some time, until one day Kenneth came home hastily with the news that the Lord of Castle Donain, the chief of that part of the country, was come on a grand hunting expedition to the neighbourhood, and would probably call at the cottage, as he had done on former occasions. For themselves Kenneth had no fear, for although they did not belong to the chief's clan, he knew of their living on his estate, and had never offered any objection. It was only on Flora's account that he had hastened with the news. She, poor girl, seemed dreadfully agitated, and said, "that Lord Castle Donain was one of the last men she wished to know of her whereabouts," and suggested that she and MacGabhar should again take refuge in the cave until the danger was past; but, alas, it was too late. Already some of the foremost clansmen were in sight. In another minute the chief himself appeared, calling out to Kenneth to come as their guide, as he knew the ground so well. Kenneth hurried out, closing the door of the cottage after him. This Lord Castle Donain noticed, as also the uneasiness of the young man's manner. "How now, Kenneth," he exclaimed, eyeing him suspiciously, "what have you in hiding there? where is your mother? and why do you not ask me in to take a drink of milk as you used to do?" Kenneth confusedly muttered something about his mother not being well, and offered to fetch some milk for his lordship. The chief was now convinced that there was a secret, and determined to find it out. He entered the cottage without ceremony, exclaiming angrily, "What is the meaning of this, old dame? Do you not know you are only living on my estate on sufferance, and if you don't render me proper respect as your chief, I will soon pack you and your son off again." Then perceiving Flora, and being struck with her exceeding loveliness, he involuntarily altered his tone, and continued in a more gentle voice, "Ah! I now see the cause; you have a stranger with you. Who is she, Kenneth?"

Now this was a very puzzling question for poor Kenneth to answer, as he did not know himself, and being fearful of saying anything that might injure Flora. However, he answered as boldly as he could, that she was his wife. "Your wife, Kenneth?" said the chief, "impossible, where did you get her from? I am sure she does not belong to this part of the country, or I should have noticed her before; however, I must claim the privileges of a chief, and give her a salute." But when he approached Flora, she waved him off with conscious dignity, saying "he must excuse her, as it was not the custom in her country to kiss strangers." Her voice and manner, so different to what he expected from one in her seeming position, more than ever convinced the chief there was a mystery in the case, and when in answer to his enquiries, she told him her name was Flora, he exclaimed, "Kenneth, I am sure you are deceiving me, she is not your wife; her voice, her manner, and, above all, her name, convince me that she is of high birth, and most probably of some hostile clan, consequently she must return with me to Castle Donain, until I fathom the mystery surrounding her, and you may think yourself lucky that I do not order you to be strung up on the nearest tree for a traitor."

This speech threw them all into the greatest consternation. In vain

Flora pleaded to be left alone with her husband and child; in vain the widow and Kenneth asserted their innocence of wishing harm to the chief; he remained inexorable. To Castle Donain she must and should go. The widow, in the extremity of her grief, caught up the child, to whom she was greatly attached, and exclaimed, "Oh! little MacGabhar, what will become of you?"

On hearing this, Lord Castle Donain started as if an adder had stung him, and with agitated voice cried out, "MacGabhar! whence got he that name, for it is a fatal one to my family. Hundreds of years ago it was prophecied that—

> **The son of the goat shall triumphantly bear**
> **The mountain in flames; and the horns of the deer—**
> **From forest of Leyne to the hill of Ben-Croshen—**
> **From mountain to vale, and from ocean to ocean.**

So, little blue-eyed MacGabhar, you must come with me too, for I am sure you are a prize worth having."

Again poor Flora pleaded hard to be allowed to remain in her humble home; urging, what a disgrace it would be for him to tear her and her child away from her husband and home; but all vain. The chief refused to believe the story of her being the wife of Kenneth, and insisted in no very measured terms on her at once accompanying him to the Castle of Islandonain.

Finding all her appeals and supplications of no avail, Flora began to grow desperate. Drawing the child to her, she faced the chief with a look as haughty as his own, and producing a small, richly ornamented dirk, which she had concealed about her dress, vowed she would rather kill herself and the boy too, than that they should be taken prisoners.

This bold mein, and determined speech of Flora somewhat confused the chief, as he was far from wishing to offer any violence to one whom he was convinced was of high birth. It was consequently with a gentler voice and more respectful manner that he now addressed her, saying, "I do not wish to use any force towards you, and will therefore waive the question of you leaving your seclusion at present, but as I am thoroughly convinced there is a mystery about you, I will, as a precaution for my own safety, require to know more of your future movements." He accordingly directed one of his clansmen, Hector Dubh Mackenzie, to remain meantime as her guard; and then, to the great relief of the whole of the inmates, he retired from the cottage.

M. A. ROSE.

(To be Continued.)

MEMORIAL OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO LOCH-MAREE.—On a rock of pale red granite across the road from the Loch Maree Hotel, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, has caused to be inscribed the following memento of Her Majesty's visit last autumn to this celebrated spot:—"Air an dara latha-deug deth mhios meadhonach an fhoghair, 1877, thainig Ban-Righ Bhictoria a dh'fhaicinn Loch-Maruibhe, agus nan criochan mu'n cuairt. Dh'fhan i sea oidhche s'an tigh-osda so thall; agus 'na caomhalachd, dheonaich i g'um biedh a' chlach so 'na cuimhneachau air an tlachd a fhuair i 'na teachd do'n chearn se de Ros." For the benefit of our English readers we give the following literal English translation:—"On the 12th day of the middle month of autumn 1877, Queen Victoria came to visit Loch Maree and the country around it. She remained six nights in the opposite hotel, and, in her kindness, agreed that this stone should be a memento of the pleasure she experienced in coming to this quarter of Ross." The Gaelic inscription, which was drawn up by our friend the Rev. Mr Macgregor, Inverness, was submitted to, and approved by, Her Majesty.

HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

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[Continued.]

XIII. KENNETH, afterwards created Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, succeeded among those domestic quarrels and dissensions in the Lews to which we have already introduced the reader,* and which may suitably be designated the strife of the bastards. Upon the death of old Roderick Macleod, his son Torquil Dubh succeeded him, thus excluding Torquil Cononach from the succession on the plea of his being a bastard. The latter, however, held Coigeach and his other possessions on the mainland, with a full recognition by the Government of his rights to the lands of his forefathers in the Lews. His two sons having been killed, and his eldest daughter, Margaret, having married Roderick Mackenzie, brother of Kintail, afterwards the progenitor of the Cromarty family, and better known as the Tutor of Kintail, Torquil threw himself very much into the hands of Kintail for aid against the bastards. By the marriage of Kintail's brother Roderick with Torquil Cononach's eldest daughter, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach became heir of line to the ancient family of Macleod, an honour which still remains in his descendants, the Cromarty family, afterwards ennobled, and now represented by the Duchess of Sutherland and her second son, Lord Tarbat. Torquil Dubh procured considerable support for himself by a marriage with a sister of Macleod of Harris, and thus strengthened he made a descent on Coigeach and Lochbroom, desolating the whole district, and aiming at permanent occupation. Kintail, following the example of his predecessors—always prudent, and careful to keep within the laws of the realm—in 1596 laid the following complaint before King James VI. :—

Please your Majesty,—

Torquil Dow of the Lews, not contenting himself with the avowit misknowledging of your Hieness authority wherebe he has violat the promises and compromit made before your Majesty, now lately the 25th day of December last, has ta'n upon him being accompanied w 7 or 800 men, not only of his own by ylands neist adjacent, to prosecute with fire and sword by all kind of gud order, the hail bounds of the Strath-Coigach pertaining to M'Leod his eldest brother, likewise my Strath of Loch-

* The country generally was in such a lawless condition in this year, 1594, that an Act of Parliament was passed by which it was ordained "that in order that there may be a perfect distinction, by names and surnames, betwixt those that are, and desire to be, esteemed honest and true men, and those that are, and are not ashamed to be, esteemed thieves, sorners, and resetters of them in their wicked and odious crimes and deeds; that therefore a roll and catalogue be made of all persons, and the *surnames* therein mentioned, suspected of slaughter, &c." It was also enacted "that such interposed persons as take upon themselves to sell the goods of thieves, and disobedient persons and clans, *that dare not come to public markets in the Lowlands themselves*, whereby the execution of the Acts made against sorners, clans, and thieves, is greatly impeded," should be punished in the manner therein contained. Another Act provided "that the inbringer of every robber and thief, after he is outlawed, and denounced fugitive, shall have two hundred pounds, Scots, for every robber and thief so inbrought."—*Antiquarian Notes.*

broom, quhilks Straths, to your Majesty's great dishoneur, but any fear of God ourselves, hurt and skaith that he hath wasted w fire and sword, in such barbareus and cruel manner, that neither man, wife, bairn, horse, cattle, corns, nor bigging has been spared, but all barbarously slain, burnt, and destroyit, quhilk barbarity and cruelty, seeing he was not able to perform it, but by the assistance and furderance of his neighbouring Ylesmen, therefore beseeches your Majesty by advice of Council to find some sure remeid wherebe sick cruel tyrannie may be resisted in the begining. Otherway nothing to be expectit for but dailly increasing of his malicious forces to our utter ruin, quha possesses your Majesty's obedience, the consideration quharof and inconveniences quhilk may thereon ensue. I remit to your Highness guid consideration of whom taking my leif with maist humble commendations of service, I commit your Majesty to the holy protection of God eternal.

At the Canonry of Ross, the 3d day, Jany. 1596.

Your Majesty's most humble and obt. subject,

(Signed) KENNETH MACKENZIE of Kintail.

Kintail obtained a commission of fire and sword against Torquil Dubh, as also the forfeiture of the Lews, on which Torquil Cononach made over his rights to his relative, Mackenzie, on the plea of his being the next male heir, but reserving the lands of Coigeach to his own son-in-law, Roderick Mackenzie. The Mackenzies now assisted to obtain possession for their relative and the legitimate heir, but mainly through his own want of activity and indolent disposition, they failed with their united efforts to secure him undisturbed possession. They succeeded, however, in destroying the family of Macleod of Lewis, together with his tribe, the Siol-Torquil; and they ultimately became complete masters of the Island of Lews. The Brieve by strategem obtained possession of Torquil Dubh and some of his friends, and delivering them up to Torquil Cononach, they were by his orders beheaded in July 1597.*

In 1598 some gentlemen in Fife, known as the "Fife Adventurers," obtained a grant of the Island with the professed object of civilising the inhabitants. It is, however, beyond our province to detail their proceedings in the Lews, or describe the squabbles and constant disorders, murders, and spoliations which took place among the Lewsmen and the "civilizers" during their possession of the Island. The speculation proved ruinous to the adventurers, who in the end lost their estates, and were obliged to leave the Islanders to their fate. Mackenzie had for some time kept Tormod Macleod, Torquil Dubh's lawful brother, a prisoner, but he now released him, correctly thinking that on his appearance in the Lewis all the Islanders

* It fell out that the Breve (that is to say, the judge) in the Lewis, who was Chief of the Clan Illevorie (Morrison), being sailing from the Isle of Lewis to Ronay in a great galley, met with a Dutch ship loaded with wine, which he took; and advising with his friends, who were all with him there, what he would do with the ship lest Torquil Du should take her from him, they resolved to return to Stornoway and call for Torquil Du to receive the wine, and if he came to the ship, to sail away with him where Torquil Cononach was, and then they might be sure of the ship and the wine to be their own, and besides, he would grant them tacks in the best parts in the Lewis; which accordingly they did, and called for Torquil to come and receive the wine. Torquil Du noways mistrusting them that were formerly so obedient, entered the ship with seven others in company, where he was welcomed, and he commended them as good fellows that brought him such a prize. They invited him to the quay to take his pleasure of the feast of their wine. He goes, but instead of wine they brought cords to tie him, telling him he had better render himself and his wrongously possessed estate to his eldest brother; that they resolved to put him in his mercy, which he was forced to yield to. So they presently sail for Coigeach, and delivered him to his brother, who he had no sooner got but he made him short by the head in the month of July 1597. Immediately he was beheaded there arose a great earthquake, which astonished the actors and all the inhabitants about them as a sign of God's judgment.—*Ancient MS.*

would rise in his favour. In the meantime, Murdoch Dubh was carried by the Fife adventurers to St Andrews, and executed; but at his execution he, in his confessions, revealed the designs of Mackenzie, who was in consequence apprehended and committed to Edinburgh Castle, from which, however, he contrived to escape without trial, through his interest with the then Lord Chancellor for Scotland. After various battles and skirmishes between the brothers, the adventurers attempted to return in strong force to the Island, armed with a commission of fire and sword and all the Government power against Tormod. The quarrel continued with varied success and failure on both sides; the adventurers again relinquished their settlement, and returned to Fife to bewail their losses, having solemnly promised never to return to the Island or molest Mackenzie.

Kintail now, in virtue of Torquil Cononach's resignation in his favour (already noticed), obtained for himself a gift of the Lews under the great seal, through the influence of the Lord Chancellor. This he had, however, ultimately to resign into the hands of the King, and His Majesty vested these rights (1608) in the persons of Lord Balmerino, Sir George Hay, and Sir James Spence of Wormistoun, who undertook the colonisation of the Island. For this purpose they made great preparations, and assisted by the neighbouring tribes, they invaded the Lewis for the double purpose of planting a colony in it and of subduing and apprehending Neil Macleod, who now alone defended the Island. Mackenzie dispatched his brother, Roderick, and Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, with a party of followers numbering 400, ostensibly to aid the colonists—who now acted under the King's commission—and promised them his active friendship. At the same time he sent a vessel from Ross loaded with provisions, but privately sent word to Neil Macleod to intercept the ship on her way, so that the settlers, being disappointed of their supply of the provisions in which they trusted for maintenance, might be obliged to abandon the Island for want of the necessaries of life. Matters turned out just as Kintail had anticipated: Sir George Hay and Spence—(Lord Balmerino had meanwhile been convicted of high treason, and forfeited his rights)—abandoned the Island, leaving a party behind them to hold the fort, and intending to send a fresh supply of men and provisions back to the Island on their arrival in Fife. But Neil Macleod with his followers took and burnt the fort, apprehended the garrison, and sent them safely home, "on giving their oath that they would never come on that pretence again, which they never did." Seeing this, the Fife adventurers gave up all hope of establishing themselves in the Lews, and sold their rights to the Island, as also their share of the forfeited districts of Troternish and Waternish in Skye, to Kenneth Mackenzie, of Kintail, who at the same time obtained a grant from the King of Balmerino's forfeited share of the Island; and thus he finally acquired what he had so long and so anxiously desired. In addition to a fixed sum of money, Kintail gave the adventurers "a lease of the woods of Letterew, where there was an iron mine, which they wrought by English miners, casting guns and other implements till their fuel was exhausted and their lease expired." The King confirmed the agreement, and "to encourage Kintail and his brother Roderick in their work of civilizing the people of the Lews," he elevated the former to the

peerage as Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, at the same time conferring the honour of knighthood on his brother Rory, both dignities being of the same date—19th November 1609.

In 1610 Lord Mackenzie returned to the Lewis with 700 men, and finally brought the whole Island to submission, except Neil and a few of his followers, who retired to the rock of Berissay, and took possession of it. Religion seems to have been at a very low ebb at this time—almost extinct among the people; and to revive Christianity among them, his Lordship selected and took out along with him, the Rev. Farquhar Macrae, minister of Kintail (and afterwards of Gairloch), who had been recommended to that charge by the Bishop of Ross. Mr Macrae found plenty to do on his arrival in the Island, and he appears to have been very successful among the uncivilized inhabitants; for he reports having gained many over to Christianity, baptized a large number in the fortieth year of their age, and, to legitimise their children, married many others to those women with whom they had been for years cohabiting. Leaving the Rev. Mr Farquhar in the prosecution of his mission, his Lordship, the second time, returned home, having established good order in the Island, to the great satisfaction of the natives, and promising to return again to see them the following year.

We shall now return to the mainland, where, in 1597, another fierce feud broke out between the Mackenzies and the Munroes.* John MacGillechallum, a brother of the Laird of Raasay, molested the people and lands of Torridon, which then belonged to the Baynes of Tulloch. This John alleged that Tulloch, in whose house he was fostered, had promised him these lands as a gift of fosterage; but Tulloch, whether he had made a previous promise to John MacGillechallum or not, left the lands of Torridon to his own second son, Alexander Mor MacDhonnchaidh Mhic Alastair, *alias* Bayne. He obtained a decree against young MacGillechallum for disturbing his lands and people, and on a Candlemas market he came with a large following of armed men, composed of the most of the Baynes, and a considerable number of the Munroes, to the market stance, then held at Loggie. John MacGillechallum, quite ignorant of his "getting the laws against him," and in no fear of his life or liberty, came to the market as usual, and while standing buying something at a chapman's stall, Alastair Mor and his followers came up behind him unperceived, and without any warning struck him on the head with a two-edged sword, instantly killing him. A gentleman of the Clann Mhurchaidh Riabhaich Mackenzies, Ian Mac Mhurchaidh Mhic Uilleam, a very active and powerful man, who was at the time standing beside him, asked who dared to have spilt Mackenzie blood in that dastardly manner. He had no sooner said the words than he was run through the body with a sword; and thus fell, without drawing their weapons, these gentlemen who were known to be two of the best swordsmen in the North of Scotland. The alarm and the news of their death immediately spread through the market. "Tulloch Ard," the war cry of the Mackenzies, was instantly raised. Whereupon the Baynes and the Munroes took to their heels—the Munroes eastward to the Ferry of Fowlis, and the Baynes northward to the hills, both followed by the infuriated Mackenzies,

* Sir Robert Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland, p. 236, and MS. Histories of the Family.

slaughtering every one they overtook. Two gentlemen of the Mackenzies, Iain Dubh Mac Choinnich Mhic Mhurchaidh of the Clann Mhurchaidh Riabhaich, and Iain Gallda Mac Fhionnlaidh Dhuibh, the latter a Kintail man, were on their way from Chanonry to the market, when they met in with a batch of the Munroes flying in confusion, and learning the cause to be the murder of their friends at Loggie market, they instantly pursued the fugitives, killing no less than thirteen of them between Loggie and the wood of Millechaich. All the townships in the neighbourhood of the market joined the Mackenzies in the pursuit, and Alastair Mor Bayne only saved himself, after all his men were killed, by taking shelter and hiding for a time in a kiln-loggie. Two of his followers, who escaped from the market people, met with some Lewsmen on their way to the fair, who, noticing the Baynes flying half naked, stopped them, and insisted upon their giving a proper account of themselves. This proving unsatisfactory, they came to words, and from words to blows, when the Lewsmen killed them at Acha-n-eilich, Contin. The Baynes and the Munroes had good cause to regret the cowardly conduct of their leaders at Loggie market, for they lost over fifty able-bodied men for the two gentlemen of the Clan Mackenzie they had so basely murdered at the fair. A lady of the Clan Munro lost her three brothers on this occasion, and composed a lament, of which the following is all we could find :—

'S olc a' fhuair mi tus an Earraich,
'S na feill Bride 'chaidh thairis,
Chaill mi mo thriuir bhraithrean geala,
Taobh ri taobh a' sileadh fala.
'Se n dithis a rinn mo sharach',
Fear beag dubh a chlaidheamh laidir,
'S mac Fhionnlaidh Dhuibh a Cinntaile
Deadh mhearlach nan adh 's nan aigeach.

When night came on, Alastair Mor Bayne made his escape from the kiln, and went to his uncle Lovat, who sent James Fraser of Phopachy south with him with all speed to prevent information from the other side reaching the King before he had an opportunity of relating his version of it. His Majesty was at the time at Falkland, and a messenger from Mackenzie was there before Alastair Mor, pursuing for the slaughter, by the latter, of his (Mackenzie's) kinsman. John Mac Mhurchaidh Mhic Uilleam and Mackenzie would have been successful had not John Dubh Mac Choinnich Mhic Mhurchaidh taken the law into his own hands by burning, in revenge, all Bayne's cornyards and barns at Lemlair, and thus gave Bayne an opportunity of presenting another and a counter claim ; but the ultimate result was that the King and Council obliged Kintail and Tulloch mutually to subscribe a contract of agreement and peace towards each other in all time coming.

In the same year, Alexander MacGorrie and Ranald MacRory, the sons of Glengarry's uncles, murdered in Lochcarron in 1580, having arrived at maturity, and being brave and intrepid fellows, determined to revenge the death of their parents. With this object they went to Applecross, where John Og, son of Angus MacEachainn, already mentioned as one of the murderers of Glengarry's uncles, lived. They surrounded his house and set fire to it, burning himself and his whole family.

Kintail sought redress for this from Glengarry, who, while he did not absolutely refuse, did not grant it, or punish the wrong-doers; and encouraged by Glengarry's eldest son, Angus, who had now attained his majority, the cousins continued their depredations and insolence wherever they obtained an opportunity, taking advantage of Mackenzie's absence, who had gone on a visit to France. Besides, they made a complaint against him to the Privy Council, whereupon he was charged at the pier of Leith to appear before them on an appointed day under pain of forfeiture. In this awkward emergency, Mr John Mackenzie, minister of Dingwall, went privately to France in search of his chief, whom he found and brought back in the most secret manner to Edinburgh, arriving there fortunately in time to present himself next day before the Council in terms of the summons at Glengarry's instance; and after consulting his legal adviser and other friends, he appeared quite unexpectedly before their Lordships.

Meanwhile, when the rev. gentleman was on his way from France, Alexander MacGorrie and Alexander MacRory killed Donald Mackenneth Mhic Alastair, a gentleman of the family of Darochmaluag, in his bed. The shirt, covered with his blood, had been sent to Edinburgh to await Mackenzie's arrival, who the same day presented it before the Privy Council, as evidence of the foul crime committed by his accusers. Glengarry found himself unable to prove anything material against Mackenzie or his followers; but, on the contrary, Mr John Mackenzie, minister of Dingwall, charged the former with being instrumental in the murder of John Og and his family in Applecross, and in that of Donald Mackenzie of Darochmaluag; undertook to prove this, as also that he was a sorner, an oppressor of his own and of his neighbours' tenants, an idolater, who had a man in Lochbroom making images, in testimony of which he brought south the image of St Coan, which Glengarry worshipped, which was called in Edinburgh Glengarry's God, and which was by public order burnt at the Cross; that Glengarry was a man who lived in constant adultery with the Captain of Clan Ranald's daughter, after he had put away Grant's daughter, his lawful wife; whereupon Glengarry was summoned there and then to appear next day before the Council, and to lodge defences to this unexpected charge. He became alarmed, and fearing the worst, fled from the city during the night, "took to his heels," and gave up further legal proceedings against Mackenzie. Being afterwards repeatedly summoned, and not putting in an appearance, most of the charges were proved against him; and he was, in 1602,* declared an outlaw and a rebel; a commission of fire and sword was granted to Mackenzie against him and all his followers, with a decree of ransom for the loss of those who were burnt and plundered, and for Kintail's charges and expenses, making altogether a very considerable sum. But while these legal matters were being arranged, Angus Macdonald, younger of Glengarry, who was of a restless, daring disposition, with some of his followers went under silence of night to Kintail; burnt the township of Cro, killed and burnt several men, women, and

* Record of Privy Council, 9th September 1602; Sir Robert Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland, p. 248; Letterfearn, MacRa, and other MS. Histories of the Mackenzies.

children, and carried away a large spoil of cows and other cattle. Mackenzie, hearing of this sudden raid, became much concerned about the loss of his Kintail tenants, decided to requite the quarrel by at once executing his commission against the Macdonalds of Glengarry, and immediately set out for the pursuit, leaving a sufficient number of men at home to secure the safety of his property. He marched with a following of seventeen hundred men, taking three hundred cows along with him to maintain his followers, from his farm of Strathbran. Alexander Ross of Invercharron accompanied him, in command of a hundred and eighty men from Balnagown, while John Gordon of Embo commanded a hundred and twenty sent to his aid by the Earl of Sutherland, in virtue of their long standing bond of manrent; but, according to our authority, he "retired at Monar, growing faint-hearted before he saw the enemie." Andrew Monro of Tigh an Uamhair (Novar) also accompanied Kintail on this, as on several other expeditions. The Macdonalds, hearing of Mackenzie's approach, had driven all their cattle to Morar, where they gathered in full force to guard them; and Kintail, learning this, marched straight where they were; harried and wasted all the country through which he had to pass; defeated and routed the Macdonalds, and drove into Kintail the largest booty ever heard of in the Highlands of Scotland, "both of cows, horses, small bestial, duin-uasals, and plenishing, which he most generously distributed amongst his soldiers, and especially amongst such strangers as were with him, so that John Gordon of Embo was at his repentance for his return." Mackenzie lost only two men killed in this expedition, but a few of the Kintail men, whom he ordered to be carried home on litters, were wounded.

There are several instances recorded of the prowess and intrepidity of Alexander of Coul during this expedition. He was, except John MacMhurchaidh Mhic Ghillechriost, the fastest runner in the Mackenzie country. As Coul was on his way to Kintail, leading his men and driving the creach, he met three or four hundred of the Camerons, who sent his Chief a message demanding "a bounty of the booty" for passing through their territory. This Mackenzie resolved to grant, and ordered thirty cows and some of the younger animals to be given them, saying that it "was fit that hungry dogs should get a collop;" whereupon Alexander of Coul and his brave band of one hundred and twenty started aside, and swore with a great oath that if the Camerons dared to take away a single head, they would, before night, pay dearly and have to fight for that collop; for he and his men had already nearly lost their lives in driving them through a wild and narrow pass where they had killed eighteen of the enemy before they got the cattle through; but he would let them pass then in obedience to his Chief's commands. The messengers, hearing this ominous threat, notwithstanding Kenneth's personal persuasion, would not on any account take the cattle, but marched away "empty as they came."

Before starting on this expedition, Kintail drove every one of Glengarry's followers out of their holdings in Lochalsh and Lochcarron, except a few of the "Mathewsons and the Clann Ian Uidhir," and any others that submitted to him and proved their sincerity by "imbrowing their hands in the enemy's blood." The Castle of Strome was still, however, in the hands of the Macdonalds.

Mackenzie had not well dissolved his camp when Alexander MacGorrie and Ranald MacRory made an incursion to the district of Kenlochewe, and having there met some women and children who had fled from Lochcarron with their cattle, attacked them unexpectedly, killed several of the defenceless women, all the male children, and "houghed" all the cows which they were not able to carry away.

In the following autumn, Alexander MacGorrie made a voyage to Applecross in a great galley, contrary to the advice of all his friends, who looked upon the place as a sanctuary which all Highlanders had hitherto respected, being the property of the Church. Notwithstanding that many took refuge in it during the past, he was the first who ever pursued any one to the place, "but," says our authority, "it fared no better with him or he rested, but he being informed that some Kintail men whom he thought no sin to kill anywhere," had taken refuge there with their cattle, he determined to kill them, but on his arrival he found only two poor fellows, tending their cows. These he murdered, slaughtered all the cows, and took away as many of them as his boat would carry.

A few days after this Glengarry combined with the Siol Alein and the captain of Clan Ranald's men, who gathered together amongst them the number of thirty-seven birlinns with the intention of sailing to Lochbroom, and on their return to burn and harry the whole of the Mackenzie territories on the west coast. Coming to an arm of the sea on the east side of Kyleakin, called Loch na Beist, opposite Lochalsh, they sent Alexander MacGorrie with eighty men forward in a large galley to examine the coast in advance of them. The first landed in Applecross, in the very spot where MacGorrie had previously killed the two Kintail men. Mackenzie of Kintail was at this time on a visit to Mackenzie of Gairloch, at his house on Island Rory in Loch Maree, and hearing of Glengarry's approach and resolution, he ordered all his coasts to be placed in readiness, and sent Alexander Mackenzie of Achilty, with sixteen men and eight oarsmen, in an eight-oared galley belonging to John Tolmach, a son of Rory Mhic Allan Macleod who still possessed a part of Gairloch, to watch the enemy and view the coast as far south as Kylerhea. John Tolmach himself accompanied them, in charge of the galley. On their way south they landed by the merest chance on the north side of the point where MacGorrie landed. They noticed a woman gathering shellfish on the shore, who no sooner saw them than she came and informed them that a great galley had landed in the morning on the other side of the point. They at once suspected it to be an advanced scout of the enemy; and ordering their boat round the point in charge of the oarsmen, they themselves took the short cut across the neck of land, and on their journey, when half-way across, they met one of Macdonald's sentries lying sound asleep on the ground. They soon sent him to his long rest; and blowing up a set of bagpipes found lying beside him, they rushed towards the Glengarry men, who, suddenly surprised and alarmed on hearing the piper, and thinking a strong force was coming down upon them, all fled to their boat, except MacGorrie, who swore a great oath when he left it that he would never return with his back to the enemy; but finding it impossible to resist them single-handed, he retired a little, when they furiously attacked him. He drew aside to a rock, placed his back against

it, and fought most manfully and with extraordinary intrepidity defending himself and receiving the enemy's arrows in his targe. He was, however, ultimately wounded by an arrow. which struck him under the belt, yet no one dared approach him with his sword; but John Dubh MacChoinnich Mhic Mhurchaidh noticing his amazing agility, seeing their own boat had just arrived, and fearing they would loose Glengarry's galley unless they pursued it at once, went round to the back of the rock carrying a great boulder, which he dropped straight on the brave MacGorrie's head, instantly killing him. Thus died the most skilful and best chieftain—had he equally possessed wisdom and discretion—then alive of the Macdonalds of Glengarry.

The Mackenzies immediately took to their boat and pursued Macdonald's galley to Loch na Beist, where, noticing the enemy's fleet coming out against them, John Tolmach, who steered, recommended them to put out to sea; but finding the fleet gaining upon them, they decided to land in Applecross, where they were nearly overtaken by the enemy. They were obliged to leave their boat and take to their heels for the safety of their lives, hotly pursued by the Macdonalds; and were it not that one of Mackenzie's men—John Mac Rory Mhic Mhurchaidh Mathewson—was well acquainted with the ground, and led them to a ford on the river between two rocks, which the Macdonalds missed, and the night coming on, they could not have escaped with their lives. The Macdonalds returned to their boats, and on their return discovered Alexander MacGorrie's body, whose death "put their boasting to mourning," and conceiving his fate ominous of additional misfortunes, they carried him along with them, prudently returning home, and disbanding all their followers. In the flight of the Mackenzies Alexander of Achilty was nearly overtaken, being so stout that he fainted on the way. John MacChoinnich, who noticed him falling, threw some water on him, and drawing his sword swore that he would kill him on the spot if he did not get up at once rather than that the enemy should kill or capture him. They soon arrived at Gairloch's house in Loch Maree, and gave a full account of their expedition, whereupon Kintail decided upon taking active measures against the enemy. In the meantime he was assured that the Macdonalds had returned to their own country. Mackenzie soon after returned home, and the people of Kintail and Glengarry tiring of these incessant slaughters and mutual injuries, agreed in the month of May to a cessation of hostilities until the following Lammas. Of this agreement, however, Kintail knew nothing; and young Glengarry, who was of an exceedingly bold and restless disposition, against the earnest solicitations of his father, who agreed to the cessation of arms between his people and those of Kintail, started with a strong force to Glensheil and Letterfearn, while Allan Macdonald of Lundy with another party went to Glenelchaig; harried those places, took away a large portion of their cattle, killed some of the aged men, several women, and all the male children. They met none of the principal and able-bodied men, who withdrew some distance that they might gather together in a body to defend themselves, except Duncan MacIan Mhic Ghillechallum in Killichirtorn, whom they apprehended and would have killed, had not a gentleman of the Macdonalds, who was formerly

his friend and acquaintance, prevailed with young Glengarry to send him to the Castle of Strome, where he still had a garrison, rather than kill him.

The result of this expedition encouraged young Angus of Glengarry so much that he commenced to think fortune had at last turned in his favour, so he called upon all the chiefs and leaders of the various branches of the Macdonalds throughout the west, soliciting their assistance against the Mackenzies, which all of them agreed to give him the following spring.

This soon came to Mackenzie's ears, who was at the time residing in Islandonain Castle; and fearing such a powerful combination against him, he went privately to Mull by sea to consult his cousin, Maclean of Duart. The latter undertook to prevent the assistance of the Clan Ranald of Isla, Glencoe, and Ardnamurchan, by, if necessary, invading their territories, and thus compelling them to protect their own interests at home. Old Glengarry was still most anxious to arrange a permanent peace with Mackenzie rather than re-commence their old battles; but young Angus, restless and turbulent as ever, would hear of no peaceful settlement, but determined to start at once on an expedition, from which his father told him he had little hopes of his returning alive—a presentiment which turned out only too true.

(To be Continued.)

*** **We beg to tender our hearty acknowledgments to those who have already so promptly subscribed for the "History of the Clan Mackenzie," for a list of whom please see our advertising sheet.** A. M.

TO LETHE.

—o—

Oh Lethe, Lethe, far away thy tide,
Or art thou drained by wee of later years?
Oh could the living stand upon thy side.
Thy banks might overflow with bitter tears!

There's not a sea but some kind haven opes,
And stormiest billows may be left behind;
But deeds committed once, and cherished hopes,
Are traced in deathless fires upon the mind.

The colours fade upon the rough-worn gem,
The wounded lily dies with dying day;
But in the heart may live a broken stem,
And trampled buds that never can decay.

When Venus hung within the soul's dark night
The lamp of love, she swore by earth and sky,
One breath alone could fan it into light,
And living once that it should never die.

Then, fabled Lethe, vain thy dusky flood,
No dreamy virtue mingles with thy wave,—
Here let me sit, and o'er hope's blasted bud
Pour forth my tears beside my darling's grave.

MACHAON.

AN ECHO FROM THE ANTIPODES.

—o—

THE following stanzas were suggested by the circumstance of the writer and his friend having gone out recently to view from the bluffs of the Glenelg River, Victoria, the magnificent effects of extensive bush-fires on the remote horizon. My friend carried with him his side-arms, in the shape of a most portentous looking war-pipe, not the least striking element in which was the chanter of M'Crimmon, as it is known out here by the few who take an interest in Highland music and its cognate relations. It bears evident marks of antiquity, and, I believe, of superlative excellence. It has been in the possession of its present owner for over fifty years, and he points with mingled feelings of regret and pride to a gap in the "virl" of the chanter, with which, in some "tuilzie" more than forty years ago, he knocked down an assailant. The chanter is peculiarly thin and shell-like. The *bouches*—as I think they are termed—are gulphed, from frequent use, to the extent of requiring to be *bouched* with silver, which is about to be done. It is different in aspect from the general run of chanters from the abnormal distance between the "ludaig," or lowest note, and the *trabŭco*-like opening forming its *embouchure*. It came back from America by some means, and was in the possession for a time of the Rankins, pipers to Coll, before it fell into the hands of the present owner—an old Skyeman, and a piper of no mean pretensions—who lent it for the nonce to my young friend and troubadour, an enthusiastic Celt, who, to a barbaric taste for pipe music and Gaelic literature, superadds a cultivated taste for floriculture, poetry and painting, with just a *soupçon* of astronomy and chemistry. On asking him for a "spring," he struck up "Maccrimmon's Lament." Having been reading the "Princess of Thule" during the afternoon, "I was ass vekksed" as old Mackenzie himself could have been, and strung together the following lines :—

Awake, now, MacVurich! upon that black chanter
Macrimmon's light fingers beat deftly so long;
Once again ring the glories of races departed,
Whilst I lay me down here, and keep time to thy song.

Ah me! that lament! Couldst thou not choose another
To raise my lone spirit to bravery, love?
Couldst thou not find a measure round which I could gather
Old mem'ries that flit like dim spectres above?

How oft did his pulse wake the notes that could cherish
The sweetest remembrance of mountain and stream?
Arouse, if thou canst—but, alas! thou canst never—
The charm that burst forth from *his* reed like a beam.

What is it about that deep wail that enwraps me?
And shrouds one's bright hours like the wraith of a chief?
And what the weird tone, half-concealed, that enthrals me?
'Tis a wail—yes, I know—'tis the wild "joy of grief."

Farewell, now, Macrimmon ; I have treasured thy spirit,
I have sobbed and have cheered at thy bidding alway ;
Not a note of thy numbers in memory slumbers,
And I throb to the heart that could tune such a lay.

Then, change, now, MacVurich, that moan for an onset,
And stir the old blood that is stagnating now ;
Let me list to Lochiel, Tullibardine, Macpherson,
And Keppoch, the valiant, who each kept his vow.

"Clann-a-Choin !" I can grasp the loud blast of that summons,
Whilst mem'ry glides back o'er a wildering string,
And I bow to the Gentle one—he was *my* chieftain,
In fealty was fierce for his country and king.

Next rages, suggestive, a mustering slogan—
Graig-dubh, Clann-a-Chattan, seem flung to the breeze,
Whilst Athol he bleats in his true whimp'ring challenge,
Mackintosh's Lament drifts a dirge through the trees.

How few can believe that in this far-off region,
Live hearts that can never—let them strive to—forget !
The word that the Martyr told us, 'twas Remember !
'Tis a riddle to all—WE remember it yet.

Hush, a moment ! and look at the crimson sky round us,
Auchnacarry seems pouring its heart o'er its sills ;
Pray let us forgive, though we can't but remember
The Butcher that frenzied our folk from their hills.

So, soften those war-notes, and let us restore us
A kindly remembrance of people gone bye ;
Let us chill the fierce feud-fires resentment lights round us,
But for king and for country be ready to die.

DUNQUOICH.

GRAY STREET, HAMILTON, VICTORIA.

[*FINAL APPEAL.*]

MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE OF "THE BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."—It is intended to erect the monument of this deserving Celt this month (July) in his native parish of Gairloch. It is an obelisk of grey Aberdeen granite, twelve feet six inches high ; and it is intended to place upon it an inscription in Gaelic and English if sufficient funds are forthcoming, but at present we are about £7 short of the necessary amount for a proper inscription in both languages. Will not a few of our wealthy Celts put their hands in their pockets for such an excellent object, and so enable us to commemorate on the monument at least some of the work performed by this literary benefactor of our race, of whom Professor Blackie wrote, that "we owe more to John Mackenzie of the 'Beauties' than even to Macpherson," of Ossianic celebrity ? We have it now in our power to acknowledge our obligations, once and for all ; and will it not be done by a few of those who can well afford it ?

Amount of subscriptions already received and acknowledged...	**£49**	**4**	**6**
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NORTHERN FOLK-LORE ON WELLS AND WATER.*

By Alex. Fraser, Accountant.

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I.

A recent writer, speaking of Well Worship, says:—"A spring of water has always something about it which gives rise to holy feelings. From the dark earth there wells up a pellucid fluid, which, in its apparent tranquil joyousness, gives gladness to all around. The velvet mosses, the sword-like grasses, and the feathery ferns, grow with more of that light and vigorous nature which indicates a fulness of life within the charmed influence of a spring of water, than they do elsewhere. The purity of the fluid impresses itself, through the eye, upon the mind, and its power of removing all impurity is felt to the soul. 'Wash and be clean,' is the murmuring call of the waters, as they overflow their rocky basins, or grassy vases; and deeply sunk in depravity must that man be who could put to unholy uses one of Nature's fountains. The inner life of a well of waters, bursting from its grave in the earth, may be religiously said to form a type of the soul purified by death, rising into a glorified existence and the fulness of light. The tranquil beauty of the rising waters, whispering the softest music, like the healthful breathing of a sleeping infant, sends a feeling of happiness through the soul of the thoughtful observer, and the inner man is purified by its influence, as the outer man is cleansed by ablution."

Among all nations, in all ages, and amid all climes, well worship and superstitious observances with respect to the uses to which water might be put, have prevailed. The ancient Greeks and Romans peopled hill and dale, wood and grove, well, stream, and lake with divinities of good or evil influence, whose kind offices they besought, or whose power to inflict injury they strove to avert, by peace-offerings and sacrifices. Horace, in his beautiful ode to the small fountain of Bandusia, situated on his charming little rural retreat, gives us a sample of well worship among the Romans, as practised in his day. Addressing the fountain, he says:—

> To thee, the goblet, crowned with flowers,
> The rich libation justly pours;
> A goat whose horns begin to spread,
> And bending, arm his swelling head,
> Whose bosom glows with young desires,
> Which war or kindling love inspires,
> Now meditates his blow in vain.
> His blood shall thy fair fountain stain.

Virgil frequently alludes to the subject, and, in conformity with Roman ideas, orders the planting of groves around fountains, as the souls of heroes were supposed to inhabit fountains and frequent groves; and Seneca says, "Where a spring rises or a river flows, there should we build altars and offer sacrifices." From an early period of their history, the Jews seem

* With an Account of some interesting Wells in the neighbourhood of Inverness and the North.

also to have been infected with ideas of the same kind. In the time of our Saviour, we have preserved for us by the pen of St John the Evangelist, a graphic picture of how a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, and withered, waited for the moving of the water in the pool of Bethesda—"for an angel," it is related, "went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water; whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had." Other instances might be adduced, and though no special mention is made of wells in the rebukes administered to the Hebrews by the prophets for their idolatry, there can be little doubt they occupied an important place in the worship of the heathen gods in groves and elsewhere throughout Palestine. Our Roman Catholic friends in later days found the above passage with respect to Bethesda to be to them an invaluable treasure, as is attested by the countenance they gave to many of the ceremonies practised by the common people at so-called holy wells.

Our forefathers, the ancient Celtæ, worshipped wells, streams, and lakes, and had, among other water divinities, a river-god called Divona. Their relations, the ancient Britons and Saxons, were not behind; and it is interesting to trace the similarity that exists between the forms and objects of worship among the representatives of the Aryan races, however widely they may chance to be scattered.

Canute forbade the worship of heathen gods, the sun or moon, fire, or flood-water, wells, torrents, stones, or trees. It is thought, however, that he meant to put a stop to the propitiating of the demons who were supposed to lurk in wells, rivers, and fountains, rather than to the holy uses to which some of them were put. In 567 the Synod of Tours protested against the perpetration of "rites unknown to the Church at rocks, or trees, or wells, the marked places of the heathens." At this period, not only wells, but woods, waters generally, and birds and beasts were commonly worshipped. Gregory III., in 740, forbade the Germans to use divinations, consult fountains, or offer sacrifices in sacred groves.

Lakes and rivers were supposed to harbour water bulls and water horses, or kelpies. These could assume various forms, according to pleasure. Marvellous tales are told of the transformations they could undergo to attain their ends. The former were considered to be friendly toward mankind, while the latter were hostile, and made use of all kinds of alluring devices to entice and destroy. In our young days the kelpie was represented to be a most beautiful horse, who used, on Sundays especially, to come forth from a deep pool or river, and, by its gentle ways, enticed those who were profaning the Sabbath to caress and fondle it. Upon its being patted, the hands of the victims adhered to the hide of the supposed horse; and he galloped off with them into the water, where they were drowned, or torn to pieces.

Among the curious superstitions which have come down to us from the practices of our ancient forefathers may be classed the notion that rain water collected in the hollows formed on the surfaces of large stones, was useful for the removing or curing of warts, wens, moles, and other fleshy excrescences. The water had to be applied by moonlight, with one's back to the moon, and its light streaming over the right shoulder. There were other remedies which were quite as curious, and equally effectual, but

upon these we shall not enter at present. Water from a south running stream, and from under a bridge over which the dead were carried and living walked, possessed many special virtues. During the operation, there must be no looking backward.

Burns has made good use in his "Tam O'Shanter" of the notion that no evil being dare cross a running stream in pursuit of man; and in his "Hallowe'en" has preserved some curious practices regarding water. In his "Address to the Deil," he embodies the common notions with respect to water kelpies. An old writer remarks, "River water which continually moveth, runneth, and floweth, is very good for the seething of pease."

On the morning of the New Year, just at the moment 'twixt twelve o'clock of the old and one o'clock of the new year, it was at one time a common custom to draw water from the *dead and living* ford. The water, so gathered. was considered sacred, being termed "Uisge Caisreachd," but in performing the ceremony the pail or vessel was not to be allowed to touch the earth, profound silence was to be observed during the operation; and the contents were drank as a powerful means of warding off the influences of evil spirits, witches, and the effects of evil eyes, during the course of the year. A similar ceremony was observed on Christmas eve. The skimming of the well, also a practice in Scotland, was productive of like results when partaken of. In the south, new ideas were attached and other benefits attributed to this ceremony, and the maid who was so successful as to secure the first *cream* of the well had the best chance of being the first to get married, and to make a fortunate match. This "skimming of the well" was also called the "Flower of the well," and is thus alluded to in an old poem:—

Twall struck,—twa neebour hizzies raise,
An' liltin gaed a sad gate;
The "flower of the well" to our house gaes
An' I'll the bonniest lad get.

In some quarters it was a common belief that fresh water, just at the turn between the old and new year, became, for an instant, converted into wine. The skimming of fresh water was a custom among the Roman Augurs. They observed certain motions and circles on the surface of water so gathered, and predicted accordingly.

Highlanders, when they went to bathe in, or drink from, holy wells, approached by going round the spot from east to west, on the south side, in imitation of the sun's apparent daily motion. When thirsty, while travelling, they never willingly put their lips to well or stream, as to do so would infallibly ensure mishap, not to mention the possibility of imbibing water insects, or other extraneous matter that might prove prejudicial. Failing other ready appliances, they invariably make use of the palms of their hands. They also prefer to wash outside, and in a running stream, and are partial to the use of a dish of alderwood, which endows the water with unheard of virtues, besides purifying and cleansing it of hidden deleterious matter. Stagnant pools are their aversion, as being dark and gloomy, plentiful in aquatic vegetation and creeping things, they harbour and conceal enemies who seek their hurt, and they avoid such pools as they would the plague.

Common every-day water may, by certain appliances, be made to

supply the place of that taken from the consecrated well. We give an instance, one of many:—A gentleman, presently resident in Inverness, has informed us, that having had occasion to be in Tain on business for some time, about twenty years ago, he one day became suddenly unwell, and had almost fainted. His landlady got alarmed, and summond to her assistance the neighbouring gossips. They said one to another, when in council assembled, "*Ghabh suil air;*" *i.e.*, "an evil eye has affected him." and thereupon took possession of, and undressed the patient partially, and laid him upon a table. Having done so, a common wooden pail was filled with water, to which were added the following coins—half-a-crown, a shilling, and a sixpence. They then stirred the water with a stick, going round the pail in procession during the process, and muttering an incantation which to the sick man was quite unintelligible. Thereafter he was washed with this consecrated water, and manipulated upon after a strange fashion. A stone of roundish form, somewhat like a pebble was dropped into the pail by the wise woman of the party. Strange to say, this stone burst into pieces with a hissing noise, and immediately the patient recovered his usual health. Probably, alarm at the proceedings may have aided his rapid recovery, and, as he afterwards remarked, his illness might have consisted only of a little squeamishness in the stomach. No doubt the stone was a bit of unslaked lime. In the case of an animal supposed to be affected by an evil eye, an eye-witness has informed us that the operation was somewhat similar. The water was given to the animal to drink, part of it put in the ears, and some of it sprinkled over the face and eyes, over the back, and the tail switched through the wetted hand, which dispelled the mischief. The vessel was then emptied, and if one of the coins adhered to the bottom, the disease was the effect of the evil eye, and cure effected. If otherwise, the trouble resulted from some other cause, and was to be treated accordingly.

The natives of Barvas had a peculiar custom on the first day of May, of sending a man across the river at dawn of day to prevent any females from crossing it first, as that would hinder the salmon from ascending the river all the year through.

Gathering May-dew, and visiting wells, were 1st of May usages, and in some quarters are still observed. Wonderful virtues were ascribed to May-dew, and the drinking of, and bathing in, holy wells, before or just at sun-rise. The spells of witches and fairies were thereby rendered harmless; no ill of any kind could befal the faithful observer of the requisite ceremonies for a whole year thereafter.

Fergusson, the poet, has recorded the practice of the Edinburgh youth of his day in the following lines:—

> On May-day, in a fairy ring,
> We've seen them round St Anton's spring,
> Frae grass the caller dew-draps wring,
> To weet their ein,
> And water clear as crystal spring
> To syn them clean.

Under date April 20, 1826, a correspondent to Hone's "Every-Day Book" gives an amusing account of gathering May dew on the first of May. On the very summit of Arthur's Seat a moving mass was to be

seen, dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, many of the male sex in kilt, all dancing round a May-pole. Whisky, or mountain dew, rather than May, was in repute. Groups were to be observed on knoll and flat, music and dancing were the order of the morn among all. At six o'clock the common folk gave place to their betters. Mr Pepys, that most wonderful of gossips, informs us that his wife went on a certain occasion to Woolwich for change of air, and to lie there all night, convenient as it were, so "to gather May-dew to-morrow morning," which she was told was the only thing in the world to wash her face with. Besides washing their faces with the May-dew, the maidens were wont also to throw it over their shoulders "in order to propitiate fate in allotting them a good husband."

During the middle ages, the priests, as they could not wean the people from their Pagan usages and superstitions, acted as the Romans had done before them. They took groves and fountains under their own special care; and in room of Pagan deities, the land, in fact all Europe, was inundated with saints. These came in shoals, indeed, to such an extent that to fill up the calendar and find the requisite number to suit every emergency that arose, hosts of beautiful individuals had to be created. Under the presure of necessity, and in the dearth of suitable names for the high dignity of saintship, Pagan gods and devils at one leap, as it were, became Roman Catholic saints, as the calendar of the most Christian Church clearly sets forth even to the present day. Here again we have the curious jumble that so oft repeats itself in the world's history—the gods of one age become the demons of the next, and the so-called heroes of one age (though, in fact, the scourges of the earth, and hence properly called devils) become the gods of a succeeding age. It remained for the Church of Rome to purify this mass, dub the constituents saints, and allot them each his respective duty as presiding saint over well, wood, and fountain, and over church and city. It is related of St Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, that coming on a certain occasion to a fountain which the Magi honoured, and to which they paid offerings and made sacrifices, he consecrated the spot and diverted it to holy uses. In Cornwall it was a custom on Palm Sunday for the people to resort to a noted well, each bearing a cross, which, after giving something to the priest, they threw into the well. If the cross swam the bearer of it would outlive that year, but if it sank he was to die. It was during this period that the practice of *waking* and *dressing* wells, with a great deal of other mummery, came into vogue again with renewed vigour. The practice was old as the hills, but was gradually dying out, until fostered in the manner noted.

The waking of wells is the origin of many, nay, of almost all, the fairs and wakes still observed in country villages. Traces of it are to be found in the visits paid to the wells at Culloden and Munlochy Bay, in the neighbourhood of Inverness, of which more anon, not to mention a host of others. Well-dressing is still observed in England, especially in the counties of Derby and Cumberland. The religious element, however, has entirely disappeared. An old song of the fifteenth century has the following repentant observation:—

I have forsworne it while I live, to *wake* the *well*.

It was a custom in some places on the first Sunday after Easter to visit springs, wells, and fountains, carrying lights, in commemoration of the passage of the Red Sea. In Pagan times it had been a practice, on a certain day, at Oxford, to go out to a well or spring to dress it, present offerings of flowers, dance around, and sing hymns. The priests utilized the ancient habit of the people, and after various ceremonies, the same kind of performance was enacted, but on the latter occasion holy songs were sung. Truly, "Darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people."

As might naturally be expected in a country like ours, so diversified with hill and dale, and so frequently refreshed by the dews of heaven, wells abound in quantity, quality, and variety, from Land's End even unto John O'Groat's. Every well had its virtue or tradition, and was of note at some time or other. The more noted or holy wells survived longest, and these are plentiful enough. Some, however, are only to be found in old books, and in the names of streets and other localities. They were consulted as oracles, and resorted to because of the healing influences ascribed to them. Some could cure insanity, some the leprosy peculiar to the country in bygone days. Some possessed virtues which destroyed or rendered null the evil influences of witches, fairies, and the devil; and some afforded, or were reputed to afford remedies against all and every kind of trouble both bodily and mental. The ceremonies attached, and the kinds of tribute exacted were singularly absurd. Pins, rags, threads, pebbles, shells, nails, buttons, bits of rowan tree, small coins (both silver and copper), locks of hair, fowls (in the case of a female a hen, and in that of a man, a cock), flowers, &c.—in fact, it did not much matter what the offering was, provided there was one—were left in the neighbourhood of the well, thrown into it, or paid to the presiding priest, who of course always expected coin or something useful. Then the ceremonies to be observed included standing in the water, kneeling in or near it, washing with, or bathing in, or drinking of it. There were some at which it was necessary to lie for a cetain time near the water, on set days, and thereafter go round a fixed number of times, or until the recital of the Lord's Prayer had been completed, or a certain number of aves repeated and beads had been told. The ceremonies, in a word, were as various as the offerings were numerous, while both were equally unmeaning and ridiculous. Of course a faith that could remove mountains was also requisite, and with all conjoined a cure was inevitable, if not at once, most certainly in course of time. Alas! the faith so necessary was not always forthcoming, and consequently the expected virtue failed. Recourse was then had to the working of miracles. We have read of a poor cripple being brought to a well to be cured. The credit of the spot had been decaying in consequence of the marvels wrought at another not far off. The man could not summon sufficient faith, the operation therefore failed, and he was whipped for his little faith.

Traces of wells are to be met with in abundance in our larger towns, while in some they pour forth their contents as plentifully as in the days of old. In Glasgow is a street called Stockwell Street. It is so named from the "Ratten Well," which is now a mess of impurities. Sir William Wallace with his followers is said to have encountered a band of Englishmen here,

whom, of course, he defeated, and then threw into the well. As the work proceeded, Wallace exclaimed, "Stock it well! stock it well!" and hence the name of the street. The impurity of the well is attributed to the putrification of the dead bodies. Edinburgh and its vicinity had many wells of note, some of which still exist. In London there were several fountains of note. The notorious Hollywell Street had a famous one in its vicinity. Clerkenwell was that round which the parish clerks enacted their mysteries on sacred festivals. Aldgate Pump owed its virtue to the fact that the water permeated through the old churchyard. St Chad's was much in repute as an antidote against billiousness. A teacher in Kentish town used to visit it with his pupils once a week "as a means of keeping the doctor out of the house." It lay in Gray's Inn Road, near King's Cross. Camberwell, Walbrook, Bridewell, Sadler's Wells, all point to the existence of springs in these quarters. Linlithgow is, besides its familiar Crosswell, remarkable for its supply of water, which is attested by the following old rhyme, illustrating what distinguished certain Scottish towns:

Glasgow for bells,
'Lithgow for wells,
Fa'kirk for beans and pease,
Peebles for clashes and lees.

To which we may add,

Leith for bugs and fleas.

Inverness has in its vicinity more than one Welltown, and had at one time a well in Church Street, the name and site of which are preserved in the expression, "Well house," with which we have met occasionally in old deeds and books. It was on the site now occupied by the Bank of Scotland or thereabouts, and traces of its existence were observed a few years ago when the bank was being erected. Some curious stones of a dark brown colour, and of very soft nature, were found in the course of excavation for the foundation of the building. These were apparently composed of sand, and in size and shape resemble the small biscuits called ginger nuts. They, and other curiosities also found at the same time, have possibly a story to tell could we but find the key to it. The Well-house immediately after the battle of Culloden was the scene of the murder of two unarmed fugitives by Rae, the Cumberland Volunteer, who wrote an account of the rising, quartered himself afterwards upon the Rev. James Hay, minister of the Scottish Episcopal Church at Inverness, with this advantage to the latter, that the one Philistine he was obliged to entertain kept the others at a distance.

Mr John Rhind, architect, Inverness, has informed us that while excavating for the foundation of the present Workmen's Club in Bridge Street, he found very perfect traces of what appeared at one time to have been an important well. The circular basin was lined with stone and had been carefully constructed. Water was still oozing up, and found its way into the adjacent sewers. Probably, in former ages, there were many similar to this in Inverness. A good specimen of this species is to be seen in the kitchen at Cawdor Castle.

LOCHIALL 'S LOCHABAR.

"AN LATHA 'CHI 'S NACH FHAIC."

—o—

Seraidh bh' uam thar stuadhan mòr-chuain
Dh'ionnsuidh 'n t-sluaigh 'tha 'n tir na mòr-bheann,
Fior Chloinn-Chamaroin, 'riamh bha deonach
'Sheasamh còir an aghaidh èucoir.

Dream nach meataichear le cruadal,
Air cho dian 's ga frasadh luaidhe,
'S dh' aindeoin braise 's nimh an fhuathais,
'Chosnadh buaidh, cha dual dhoibh gèilleadh.

A measg mhaithibh ard na rìoghachd,
Tha 'n Ceann-feadhna mar 'bha shinns'rean,
'Seasamh maith a's coir na tire—
Dileas ann an am ur h-éiginn.

'S e so Domhnull nan tri Domhnuill—
Stoc na craoibhe 'sgaoil a meoirean,
Tha na dion, 's na tlus, 's na comhdach,
'S na cuis bheo-shlainte do 'n fhèumach.

'Measg gach mùthadh cleachdaidh, 's foghlum,
Chairich tim air nò an t-saoghail,
Tha Lochiall na Thriath air daoine
'Dhearbh gum b'fhaoineis gun bhi reidh riu.

Dh' eireadh leis do Chlann nan Gaidheal,
Mar o shean a' ghleachd ri namhaid,
Buidheann thaghta, pailt an aireamh—
Siol nan armunn ri uchd strèipe.

A mac an àite 'n athar fhuaradh,
Anns gach linn air bith a chualar:
Sid an teisteas 'bha dhoibh dualach:—
Maise, 's uaisle, 's buadhan cèille.

'N gealladh 'thugadh 'dhaoine caoimhneil—
Seilbh 'bhi ac' san tir mar oighreachd—
Fhuair iad sid, gun airc, mar thoill iad,
Mar ri aoibhneas cloinn a's cèile.

Durachd mhaith a chridhe bh 'uamsa
Thun an àit 'tha fada tuath orm,
Far 'bheil Arcaig 'cluith ri bruachaibh,
'Ruith gu luath le fuaim a' tearnadh.

Duthaich m' athraichean 's mo chairdeis
Anns an d' fhuair mi 'n toiseach m' arach,
Ged as cian uam nise 'tha i
Bi'dh mo bhaigh dh'i gus an eug mi.

ABRACH,
a Shliochd Shomhairle-Ruaidh.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

JOHN MACCODRUM.

—o—

III.

HAVING now disposed of all the Satires by MacCodrum which we proposed to discuss, we proceed to the consideration of those of his poems in which he assumes an ethical, or didactic standpoint. This class, comprehending though it does only three poems, makes up for the smallness of its number, by the high excellence of its quality.

Caraid 'us Namhaid an uisge bheatha is a long metrical dialogue, between the friend and enemy of whisky. From the mode in which the controversy is conducted, it is clear that, so far as morality is concerned, the *Namhaid* has the best of the argument. He is thoroughly in earnest, and depicts in graphic language, the worst results of intoxication. The *Caraid*, on the other hand, scarcely makes an attempt to strengthen his position, by the advocacy of moderation. He speaks of the pleasures of jovial drinking, even to excess, and seems to delight in picturing to himself and to his opponent the power possessed by John Barleycorn "to steep the senses in forgetfulness." The *Namhaid* takes the view of a stern uncompromising ascetic; in fact, corresponds in all essential respects to the member of a modern I.O.G.T., while the *Caraid*, taking up the *nunc est bibeudum* point of view, looks at the matter in the light and careless fashion of the epicurean, to whom pleasure is the highest good. Between the extremes of the roystering reveller, and him who looks at alcohol as the accursed thing, the poet does not indicate that *via media*, which is equally removed from excess and total abstinence. Yet although the bard's sympathies, as a moralist, are evidently along with the *Namhaid*, with whom he clearly wishes that the victory should remain, at the same time it is apparent that he has a warm side to the *Caraid* also, and a secret satisfaction in making him describe the pleasing influence of the barley bree, in dispelling cold and care, cowardice and sorrow—at least for a time. Were he speaking of his own sincere convictions, as well as of the practice of his life, he would doubtless have steered between Scylla and Charybdis, and while guarding against making shipwreck of his moral teaching upon the rock of drunkenness, would with equal care have shunned the shallows of self-righteous teetotalism. The whole poem exhibits a rare mastery of the language, as well as purity of diction, a vein of genial humour and a sustained rhythm throughout. It is original in conception, and must always hold a high place in the poetic literature of the Gael. The two last verses contain the summing up of the arguments *pro* and *con*, and, in the words which the poet puts into the mouth of *Caraid*, he manifests an intimate acquaintance with the *modus operandi* in whisky distillation, a knowledge of which was no uncommon accomplishment in those olden times.

In *Oran na h-oige* human life, from infancy to youth, is compared to the progress of the Seasons. The characteristics of each of the months, as of their influence upon the different stages of life, are accurately described, till at last, when the poet comes to summer, he turns to the young man rejoicing in the buoyancy of youth, the summer of man's career, asks

him how long does he expect that the pride of life can endure, and answers it in the lines—

Nuair a dh'fhalbhas an samhradh ciuin blath,
Theid gach uamhar 's gach ardan air chul.
(When the calm and warmth of summer go,
Then the pride of life shall go too.)

Even youth, when its sun shines fairest, must not boast nor glory in the things of sense, for the last stern fact of existence shall some day, perhaps soon, have to be faced. And when that dark problem has been solved, where then is the tongue that uttered guile, and the heart that harboured hatred; where those eyes, the windows through which desire entered the soul, the arm that performed feats of strength, the body in which dwelt the haughty soul? All these questions MacCodrum asks, with the solemnity of one who has felt the deep mystery of life, and is profoundly conscious that death is the most certain of all facts. Over the brightest lives does that "shadow fear'd of man" spread his dark cold mantle, breaking many fair companionships, and dulling the murmur of gentle lips. He is no respecter of persons, and the proudest of the earth must be subject to his sway.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

The Roman poet, in one of his meditative moods, sings :—

Pallida mors, æquo pulsat pede,
Tabernaque pauperum regumque turres,

and the truth which Mrs Hemans and the Venusian bard have embodied in these lines, John MacCodrum expresses in the last verse of his song to youth, in words that are no less apt and telling—

Gur e 'n gaisgeach nach gealtach, am bàs
Leis an coingeis an saibhir no 'm bochd,
'N uair a thilgeas e'n gath nach teid iomrall,
Cho cuimseach ri urrachair a mhoisg.
Cha 'n amhairc e dh' inbhe no dh' uaisl',
Ach gach ardan 's gach uamhar 'na thosd,
'S ni cinnteach 'shiol Adhamh o thus,
Bas nadurr' 'us cunntas na chois.

Of *Oran na h-Aoise* we cannot say much that is not well known already to the readers of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," a work with which, I presume, every true Highlander is familiar. This is perhaps the best which MacCodrum ever composed, and it would, I think, be difficult to point out a better Gaelic poem of similar length and subject. Few bards, indeed, in any language, have given a truer or more graphic picture of that age which "slips into the bare and slipper'd pantaloon, when the grasshopper has become a burden, and the wheel is broken at the cistern." It is not the picture of a green old age which MacCodrum draws, but one of ideal decrepitude and feebleness, into which ills and sorrows, more numerous than the plagues of Egypt, have been crowded. It was more than likely that it was composed when he himself was tottering down the vale of years, and the lengthening shadow had fallen on his path, for the expression throughout has the ring of genuine experience. It is true,

indeed, that hardly any actual instance can realise that catalogue of evils which the bard enumerates in his vivid description; nor is it likely that the evening of his own life was the mournful, solitary thing which he describes, but probably some feeling, deeper and more personal than mere observation of life, would have suggested the sentiment of the lines—

Aois ghliogach gun chàil,
'S tu 's miosa no 'm bàs,
'S tu 's tric a rinn tràill dhe 'n treun-fhear.

(Shaky age without zest,
Thou art worse than death,
Thou did'st oft into a slave
Turn a hero.)

A. M'D.

WE'LL HAVE OUR HIGHLANDS RIGHTED YET.

—o—

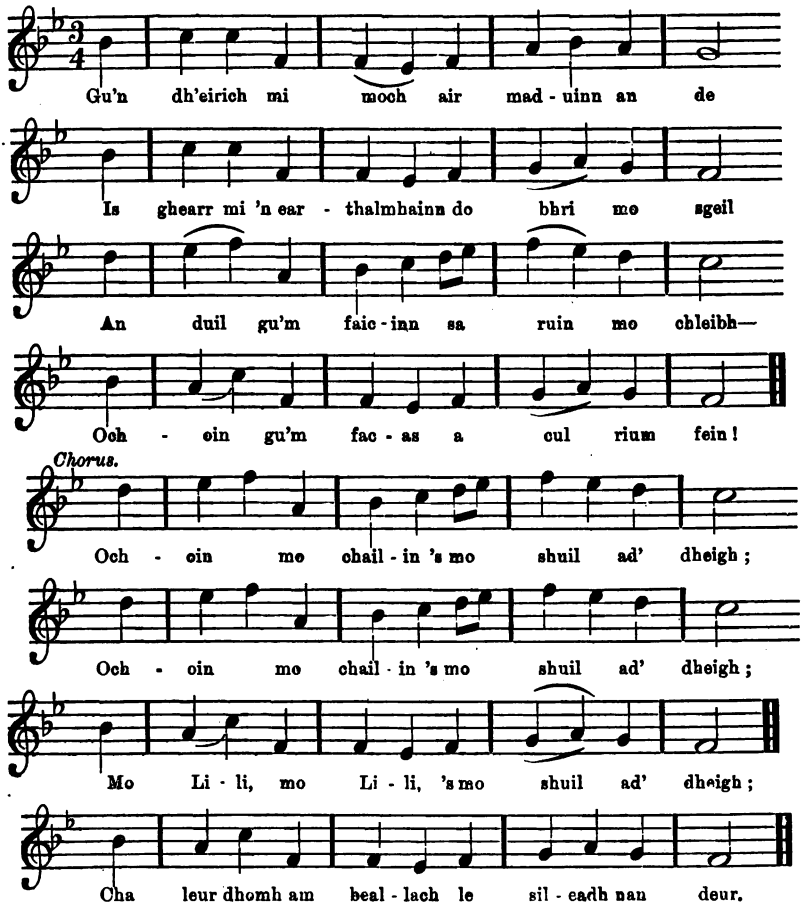
We'll have our Highlands righted yet,
Too long have they been slighted yet;
Come! let us join, and bold combine,
To have our Highlands righted yet.
Some Highland lairds are loth to move,
Their hearts seem dead to Highland love,
But sterling men will ready prove
To have their Highlands righted yet.

We'll have our Highlands righted yet,
And happy all united yet;
Our Gaelic tongue, from Eden sprung,
No longer shall be slighted yet.
We'll have it taught to every bairn,
Its glorious beauty all must learn,
Then every mountain, hill, and cairn,
Shall leap to see it righted yet.

We'll have our Highlands righted yet,
Our cottars all requited yet;
God made the earth for men of worth,
Then why are they so slighted yet?
Shall men be reft of home and bread,
That brutes for sportsmen may be fed?
No! no! such laws of Wrong we'll shed,
And have our Highlands righted yet.

We'll have our Highlands righted yet,
Our name no longer blighted yet;
When every glen shall teem with men,
And thousands be delighted yet:
Then let us work with Highland skill,
With Highland hearts of fire and will,
And never yield our faith until
We have our Highlands righted yet.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

OCHOIN! MO CHAILIN.

Gu'n dh'eirich mi mooch air mad - uinn an de
Is ghearr mi 'n ear - thalmhainn do bhri mo sgeil
An duil gu'm faic - inn sa ruin mo chleibh—
Och - oin gu'm fac - as a cul rium fein!
Chorus.
Och - oin mo chail - in 's mo shuil ad' dheigh;
Och - oin mo chail - in 's mo shuil ad' dheigh;
Mo Li - li, mo Li - li, 's mo shuil ad' dheigh;
Cha leur dhomh am beal - lach le sil - eadh nan deur.

KEY B FLAT.

: d | r : r : s_1 | s_1 : f_1 : s_1 | t_1 : d : t_1 | l_1 : —
: d | r : r : s_1 | s_1 : f_1 : s_1 | l_1 : t_1 : l_1 | s_1 : —
: m | f : s : t_1 | d : r : m.f | s : f : m | r : —
: d | t_1 : r : s_1 | s_1 : f_1 : s_1 | l_1 : t_1 : l_1 | s_1 : — ‖

Chorus.

: d | r : — : s_1 | s_1 : f_1 : s_1 | t_1 : d : t_1 | l_1 : —
: d | r : — : s_1 | s_1 : f_1 : s_1 | l_1 : t_1 : l_1 | s_1 : —
: m | f : s : t_1 | d : r : m.f | s : f : m | r : —
: d | t_1 : r : s_1 | s_1 : f_1 : s_1 | l_1 : t_1 : l_1 | s_1 : — ‖

Na'm bitheadh sud agam mo lugh 's mo leum,
Mi 'm shuidh' air a' bheallach 's mo chu air eill,
Gun deanainn-sa cogadh gu laidir treun,
Mu'n leiginn mo leannan le fear 'tha fo'n ghrein.

'S ann orm-sa 'tha mulad 's am fabhras mor,
O'n chualas gu'n deach' thu le Brian a dh-ol,
Mo chomunn cha dean mi ri mnaoi 'sam fheoil,
O rinn thu mo threigsinn 's mi fein a bhi beo.

O' cha'n eil uiseag no faoilinn bhan
Am barr a' chaisteil 'san robh mi 's mo ghradh
Nach eil ri tuireadh a dh-oidhche 's a la
O'n chual iad gu'n ghlacadh an cailin air laimh.

Ged bhiodh sud agam lan buaile bho
Do dh-or 's do dh-airgiod nam bheil 'san Roinn-Eorp,
'S mi gu'n tugadh iad seachad a chionn bhi riut posd
Fo dhubhar a' bharraich ann a' Fanaich an fheoir.

O cha'n eil car anns an t-sean mhada-ruadh
Nach eil anns an oigear tha riutsa ga luaidh,
Gu feallta, carach s gu lubte fuar
'S ma's e de leannan tha agam riut truas.

NOTE.—The above melody and chorus are popular and well-known, but the other verses are not. The first four verses and chorus are given in the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," page 381, and the last two I learned from Mr Colin Chisholm, Inverness. Mr Chisholm's verses, however, don't appear to have formed originally a part of the same song. It is stated in the "Beauties" that the four verses there given are the composition of an Irish student "who had taken a fancy for a Highland girl when attending the classes in the University of Glasgow," and that the "Brian" mentioned in the third verse was another Irish student, and a rival of the poet. The air is peculiarly Celtic and beautiful.—W. M'K.

HANDSOME HIGHLAND SOLDIERS.—The King, having never seen a Highland soldier, expressed a wish to see one. Three privates, remarkable for their figure and good looks, were fixed upon and sent to London, a short time before the 42d Regiment marched. They were—Gregor Macgregor, commonly called Gregor the Beautiful; John Campbell, son of Duncan Campbell, of the family of Duneaves, Perthshire; and John Grant, from Strathspey, of the family of Ballindalloch. Grant fell sick, and died at Aberfeldy. The others were presented by their Lieutenant-Colonel, Sir Robert Munro, to the King, and performed the broadsword exercise, and that of the Lochaber axe, or lance, before his Majesty, the Duke of Cumberland, Marshal Wade, and a number of general officers, assembled for the purpose, in the great gallery of St James's. They displayed so much dexterity and skill in the management of their weapons, as to give perfect satisfaction to His Majesty. Each got a gratuity of one guinea, which they gave to the porter at the palace gate as they passed out. They thought that the King had mistaken their character and condition in their own country. Such was, in general, the character of the men who originally composed the Black Watch. This feeling of self-estimation inspired a high spirit and sense of honour in the regiment, which continued to form its character and conduct, long after the description of men who originally composed it was totally changed. These men afterwards rose to rank in the army. Mr Campbell got an ensigncy for his conduct at Fontenoy, and was captain-lieutenant of the regiment when he was killed at Ticonderoga, where he also distinguished himself. Mr Macgregor was promoted in another regiment, and afterwards purchased the lands of Inverardine, in Breadalbane. He was grandfather of Sir Gregor Macgregor, a commander in South America.—*Stewart's Sketches.*

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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

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[Continued.]

Angus, younger of Glengarry, taking advantage of Mackenzie's absence in Mull, gathered as secretly as he could in the latter end of November all the boats and great galleys within his reach, and with this large fleet loaded with his followers, passed through the Kyles under silence of night, and coming to Lochcarron, he sent his marauders ashore in the twilight. The inhabitants perceiving them, escaped to the hills, but the Macdonalds slaughtered the aged men who could not escape, and many of the women and children; seized all the cattle, drove them to the Island of Slumbay, where their boats lay, and filled them with the carcases. Before, however, they had fully loaded, the alarm having gone through the districts of Lochalsh and Kintail, some of the natives were seen coming in the direction of Lochcarron, when the Macdonalds deemed it prudent to remain no longer, and they set out to sea pursued by a shower of arrows by way of a farewell, which, however, had little effect upon them, as they were already out of range.

The Kintail men now returned by the shortest route to Islandonain, sending twelve of the swiftest of their number across country to Inverinate, where lay, newly built, a twelve-oared galley, which had never been to sea, belonging to Gillecriost MacDonnchaidh, one of Inverinate's tenants. These heroes were back at the castle with the boat before several of their companions had arrived from Lochcarron. During the night they set to work, superintended and encouraged by Lady Mackenzie in person, to make arrangements to meet the enemy. The best men were picked out. She supplied them with all the materials and necessaries within her reach, handed the lead and powder to them with her own hands, and gave them two small pieces of brass ordnance. She ordered Duncan MacGhillechriost, a powerful handsome fellow, to take command of the galley in his father's absence, and charged them all with the honour and protection of herself in her husband's absence. This was hardly necessary, for the Kintail men had not forgotten the breach of faith committed by Macdonald regarding the recent agreement to cease hostilities for a stated time, and

other recent sores. Her ladyship wishing them God-speed, they went on their way rejoicing most heartily, and in the best of spirits. She mounted the castle walls, where she stood encouraging them till night—until she could no longer see them.

On their way towards Kylerhea they met a boat from Lochalsh, which came to inform them of the enemy's arrival at Kyleakin. Learning this, they kept their course to the south side of the loch. It was a moonlight night, and calm, with slight showers of snow occasionally falling. The tide had already begun to flow, and judging that the Macdonalds would wait the next turning of the tide to enable them to get through Kylerhea, the Kintail men, longing for their prey, resolved to advance and meet them. They had not proceeded far, rowing very gently, and placing seaweed in the rowlocks so as not to make a noise, when they noticed a boat rowing at the hardest and coming in their direction; but from its small size they thought it must be a boat sent by the Macdonalds in advance to test the passage of Kylerhea. They therefore allowed it to pass unmolested, and proceeded northward to meet, if possible, Macdonald's own galley. When they neared the Cailleach, a low rock midway between both Kyles, they noticed it in the distance covered with snow. The night also favoured them, the sea looking calm, black and mournful to the enemy. Here they met the first galley of the foe, and drawing up near it, they discovered it to be Macdonald's great galley, ahead of the rest of the fleet. Macdonald, as soon as he noticed them, called out twice in succession, Who is there? but received no answer, and finding them drawing nearer he called out the third time, when he received in reply a full broadside from Mackenzie's cannon, which disabled his galley and threw her on the rock already mentioned. The men on board Macdonald's galley thought they had been driven on shore, and flocked to the fore part of the boat, striving hard to make their escape, thus capsizing and filling the galley. On discovering their position, seeing a long stretch of sea lay between them and the shore, they became greatly confused. They found themselves completely at the mercy of their enemies, who sent some of their men ashore to dispatch any of the poor wretches who might swim to land, while the rest remained in their boat killing and drowning the unfortunate Macdonalds at pleasure. And such of them as managed to reach the shore were killed or drowned by those on land, not a soul out of the sixty men on board the galley escaping except Angus Macdonald himself, who still breathed, although he had been wounded twice in the head and once in the body. He was yet alive when they took him aboard their galley, but died before morning. Hearing the uproar, several of the Lochalsh people went out with all possible speed, with two smaller boats, under the command of Dougall MacMhurchaidh Matthewson, and took part in the fray; but by the time they arrived few of Macdonald's crew were alive. Thus ended the career of young Angus of Glengarry, a chief to whom his followers looked up and whom they justly regarded as a bold and intrepid leader, though deficient in prudence and strategy.

The remainder of Macdonald's fleet, which were, to the number of twenty-one, following behind his own galley, having heard the uproar, returned to Kyleakin in such terror and confusion that each thought his

nearest neighbour was pursuing him. They landed in Strathardale, left their boats "and their ill-cooked beef to these hungry gentlemen," and before they slept they arrived in Sleat, from which place they were sent across to the mainland in some of the laird's small boats. The great concern and anxiety of her ladyship of Islandonain can be easily conceived; for all that she had yet learnt was the simple fact that an engagement of some kind had taken place, and this she only knew from having heard the sound of cannon during the night. Early in the morning she noticed her men returning accompanied by another great galley. This brightened her hopes, and going down to the shore to meet them, she heartily saluted them, and asked if all had gone well with them. "Yea, Madam," answered their leader, Duncan MacGillechriost Maclennan, "We have brought you a new guest, without the loss of a single man, whom we hope is welcome to your ladyship." She looked into the galley and at once recognised the body of young Angus of Glengarry, which she ordered to be carried ashore and properly attended to. The men proposed that he should be buried in the tomb of his predecessors, "Cnoc nan Aingeal," in Lochalsh; but this she declined, observing that if he could her husband would not allow the Macdonalds, dead or alive, any further possession in that locality, and therefore she ordered young Glengarry to be buried with her own children, and such other children of the predecessors of the Mackenzies of Kintail as were buried in Kilduich, saying that she considered it no disparagement for him to be buried with such cousins, and if it were her own fate to die in Kintail, she would desire to be buried amongst them. This proposal was agreed to, and everything being ready suitable for the funeral of a gentleman of his rank—such as the place could afford in the circumstances—he was next day buried in Kilduich, in the same tomb as Mackenzie's own children. This is not the common tradition regarding young Angus Macdonald's burial; but we are glad to find, for the credit of our common humanity, the following conclusive testimony in an imperfect but excellently-written MS. of the seventeenth century, and which we found in every respect remarkably correct and trustworthy:—"Some person, out of what reason I cannot tell, will needs affirm he was buried in the church door, as men go out and in, which to my certain knowledge is a malicious lie, for with my very eyes I have seen his head raised out of the same grave and returned again, wherein there was two small cuts, noways deep."

The author of the Letterfearn MS. informs us that MacLean had actually invaded Ardnamurchan, and carried fire and sword into those and the adjoining territories of the Macdonalds, whereupon the Earl of Argyll, who claimed the Macdonalds as his vassals and dependants, obtained criminal letters against MacLean, who sent for his brother-in-law, Mackenzie of Kintail, at whose request he had invaded the country of the Macdonalds. Both started for Inveraray. The Earl seemed very determined to punish MacLean, but Mackenzie informed him that "he should rather be blamed for it than MacLean, and the King and Council than either of them, for he having obtained, upon good grounds, a commission of fire and sword against Glengarry and such as would assist him, and against these men's rebellion and wicked courses, which frequently his lordship seemed to own, that he did charge, as he did severall others of the king's loyal sub-

jects, MacLean to assist him." So that, if MacLean was to be punished for acting as his friend and a loyal subject, he hoped to be heard by the King and Council under whose orders he acted. After considerable discussion, they all parted good friends, Argyll agreeing not to molest MacLean any further. Mackenzie and MacLean returned to Duart, where his lordship was warmly received and sumptuously entertained by MacLean's immediate friends and kinsmen for the services which he had just rendered to their chief. While thus employed, a messenger arrived from Mackenzie's lady and the Kintail men. After young Glengarry's funeral, she became concerned about her husband's safe return, and at the same time was most anxious that he would be advised of the state of matters at home. She therefore dispatched Robert Mac Dhomh'uill Uidhir to arrange the safest plan for bringing her lord safely home, as the Macdonalds were still prowling among the creeks and bays further south. Robert, after the interchange of certain preliminaries, informed his master of all that had taken place during his absence. MacLean, amazed to hear of such gallant conduct in the absence of their chief, asked Mackenzie if any of his own kinsmen were amongst them, and being informed there was not, MacLean replied, "It was a great and audacious deed to be done by fellows." "Truly, MacLean," returned Mackenzie, "they were not fellows that were there, but prime gentlemen, and such fellows as would act the enterprise better than myself and kinsmen." "You have very great reason to make the more of them," said MacLean; "he is a happy superior who has such a following." Both chiefs then went to consult as to the best and safest means for Mackenzie's homeward journey. MacLean offered him all his chief and best men to accompany him home by land, but this he declined, saying that he would not put him to such inconvenience, and would just return home in his own boat as he came; but MacLean ultimately persuaded him to take his own great galley, Mackenzie's own being only a small one. So he sailed in his friend's great birlinn, under the command of the Captain of Cairnburgh, accompanied by several other gentlemen of the MacLeans.

In the meantime, the Macdonalds, aware that Mackenzie had not yet returned from Mull, "convened all the boats and galleys they could, to a certain island which lay in his course, and which he could not avoid passing. So, coming within sight of the island, having a good prospect, a number of boats, after they had ebbed in a certain harbour, and men also, making ready to set out to sea. This occasioned the captain to use a stratagem, and steer directly to the harbour, and still as they came forward he caused lower the sail, which the other party perceiving made them forbear putting out their boats, persuading themselves that it was a galley they expected from Ardnamurchan, but they had no sooner come forgainst the harbour but the captain caused hoist sail, set oars and steers aside, immediately bangs up a bag-piper and gives them shots. The rest, finding the cheat and their own mistake, made such a hurly-burly setting out their boats, with their haste they broke some of them, and some of themselves were bruised and had broken shins also for their prey, and such (boats) as went out whole, perceiving the galley so far off, thought it was folly to pursue her any further, they all returned wiser than they came from home."

"This is, notwithstanding other men's reports, the true and real narration of Glengarrie Younger his progress, of the Kintail men their meeting him in Kyle Rhea, of my lord's coming from Mull, and of the whole success, which I have heard *verbatim* not only from one but from several that were present at their actings." *

Mackenzie landed at Islandonain late at night, and found his lady still entertaining her brave Kintail men after their return from Glengarry's funeral. While much concerned about his troublesome relative's death, he heartily congratulated his gallant retainers on the excellent manner in which they had protected his interests during his absence. Feeling that the Macdonalds would never rest satisfied until they wiped out the death of their leader, Mackenzie determined to clear them out of the district altogether. The castle of Strome, still in possession of Glengarry, was the greatest obstacle in carrying out this resolution. It was most convenient for the Macdonalds, always finding it a good asylum when pursued by Mackenzie's followers. To show how it was taken, we shall again quote from the "Ancient MS." simply modernizing the spelling :—"In the spring of the following year, Lord Kintail gathered together considerable forces and besieged the castle of Strome in Lochcarron, which at first held out very manfully, and would not surrender, though several terms were offered, which he (Mackenzie) finding, not willing to lose his men, resolved to raise the siege for a time; but the defenders were so unfortunate as to have their powder damaged by the women they had within. Having sent them out by silence of night to draw in water, out of a well that lay just at the entrance of the castle, the silly women were in such fear, and the room they brought the water into being so dark for want of light, when they came in they poured the water into a vat, missing the right one, wherein the few barrels of powder they had lay. And in the morning, when the men came for more powder, having exhausted the supply of the previous day, they found the barrels of powder floating in the vat; so they began to rail and abuse the poor women, which the fore-mentioned Duncan Mac Ian Mhic Ghillechallum, still a prisoner in the castle, hearing, as he was at liberty through the house, having promised and made solemn oath that he would never come out of the door until he was ransomed or otherwise relieved." This he was obliged to do to save his life. But having discovered the accident which befel the powder, he accompanied his keepers to the ramparts of the castle, when he noticed his countrymen packing up their baggage as if intending to raise the siege. Duncan instantly threw his plaid over the head of the man that stood next to him, and jumped over the wall on to a large dung heap that stood immediately below. He was a little stunned, but instantly recovered himself, flew with the fleetness of a deer to Mackenzie's camp, and informed his chief of the state of matters within the stronghold. Kintail renewed the siege and brought his scaling ladders nearer the castle. The defenders seeing this, and knowing that their mishap and consequent plight had been disclosed by Duncan to the enemy, they offered to yield up the castle on condition that their lives were spared, and that they be allowed to carry away their baggage. This

* "Ancient MS.," in our possession, the property of Allangrange.

was readily granted them, and "my lord caused presently blow up the house with powder, which remains there in heaps to this day. He lost only but two Kenlochew men at the siege. Andrew Monro of Teannouher (Novar) was wounded, with two or three others, and so dissolved the camp."

The author of the Letterfearn MS. writes, regarding the castle of Strome:—"The rooms are to be seen yet. It stood on a high rock, which extended in the midst of a little bay of the sea westward, which made a harbour or safe port for great boats or vessels of no great burden, on either side of the castle. It was a very convenient place for Alexander Mac Gillespick to dwell in when he had both the countries of Lochalsh and Lochcarron, standing (as it did) on the very march between both." A considerable portion of the walls is still standing, but no trace of any of the apartments. The sea must have receded many feet since the stronghold was in its glory; for now it barely touches the base of the rock on which the ruin stands. We have repeatedly examined the ruin, and ruminated with mixed feelings upon the past history of the fortress, and what its ruined walls, could they only speak, might bear witness to.

In the following year (1603), the chief, Donald Graamach, having died, and the heir being still under age, the Macdonalds, under his cousin, Allan Dubh MacRanuil of Lundy, made an incursion into the Mackenzie country, in Brae Ross, plundered the lands of Cilliechriost, and ferociously set fire to the church during divine service, when full of men, women, and children; while Glengarry's piper marched round the building cruelly mocking the heartrending wails of the burning women and children, playing the well known pibroch, which has been known ever since under the name of "Cilliechriost," as the family tune of the Macdonalds of Glengarry. "Some of the Macdonalds chiefly concerned in this outrage were afterwards killed by the Mackenzies; but it is somewhat startling to reflect that this terrible instance of private vengeance should have occurred in the commencement of the seventeenth century, without, so far as we can trace, any public notice being taken of such an enormity. In the end, the disputes between the chiefs of Glengarry and Kintail were amicably settled by an arrangement which gave the Rossshire lands, so long the subject of dispute, entirely to Mackenzie; and the hard terms to which Glengarry was obliged to submit in the private quarrel, seem to have formed the only punishment inflicted on this Clan for the cold-blooded atrocity displayed in the memorable raid on Kilchrist."* Eventually Mackenzie succeeded in obtaining a crown charter to the disputed districts of Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and others, dated 1607; and the Macdonalds having now lost the three ablest of their leaders, Donald's successor, his second son, Alexander, thought it prudent to seek peace with Mackenzie. This was, after some negotiation, agreed to, and a day appointed for a final settlement.

In the meantime, Kintail sent for twenty-four of his ablest men in Kintail and Lochalsh, and took them, along with the best of his own kinsmen,

* Gregory, pp. 302 3. For a full account of this atrocious and inhuman act of murder and sacrilege, see Vol. I. pp. 83-86 of the *Celtic Magazine;* or the "Historical Tales and Legends of the Highlands," now in the press. Full details will also be given in the forthcoming "History of the Clan Mackenzie" when published separately.

to Baile Chaisteil, where his uncle Grant of Grant resided, to purchase from him a heavy and long-standing claim he had against Glengarry for depredations committed on Grant's neighbouring territories. The latter was unwilling to sell, but ultimately, by the persuasion of mutual friends, he offered to take thirty thousand merks for his claim. Mackenzie's kinsmen and friends from the west were at this time lodged in a great kiln in the neighbourhood, enjoying themselves with some of Grant's men, who came to keep them company. Kintail sent a messenger to the kiln to consult them as to whether he would give such a large amount for Grant's "comprising" against Glengarry. They patiently listened to the messenger until he had finished, when they told him to go back and tell his chief, that if they had not had great hopes that Grant would "give that paper as a gift to his nephew after all his trouble," he would not have been allowed to cross the Ferry of Ardersier; for they would like to know where he could find such a large sum, unless he intended to harry them and his other friends, who had already suffered sufficiently in the wars with Glengarry; and, so saying, they took to their arms, and desired the messenger to tell Mackenzie that it was their wish that he should leave that paper where it was. And if he desired to have it, they would sooner venture their own persons and those of their friends at home to secure it by force, than to give a sum which it would probably be more difficult to procure than to dispossess Glengarry altogether by their doughty arms. They then left the kiln, and sent one of their own number for their master, who, arriving, was strongly abused for entertaining such an extravagant proposal, and requested to leave the place at once. This he consented to do, and went to inform his uncle Grant that his friends would not hear of his giving such a large sum, and that he preferred to dispense with the claim against Glengarry altogether than lose the goodwill and friendship of his retainers, who had so often endangered their lives and fortunes in his quarrels. Meanwhile, one of the Grants who had been in the kiln communicated to his master the nature of the conversation which had passed there when the message about the price asked was received by Mackenzie's followers. This made such an impression upon Grant and his advisers, that he prevailed upon Mackenzie, who was about starting for home, to remain another night. This he consented to do, and before morning he obtained the "paper" for ten thousand merks, a third of the original sum asked for it.

"Such familiar relationship of the chief with his people," our authority says, "may now-a-days be thought fabulous; but whoever considers the unity, correspondence, and amity that was so well kept and entertained betwixt superiors and their followers and vassals in former ages, besides as it is now-a-days, he need not think it so; and I may truly say that there was no clan in the Highlands of Scotland that would compete with the Mackenzies, their vassals and followers, as to that; and it is sure their superiors in former times would not grant their daughters in marriage without their consent. Nor durst the meanest of them, on the other hand, give theirs to any stranger without the superior's consent; and I heard in Earl Colin's time of a Kintail man that gave his daughter in marriage to a gentleman in a neighbouring country without the earl's consent, who never after had kindness for the giver, and, I may say, is

yet the blackest marriage for that country, and others also, that ever was among their commons. But it may be objected that now-a-days their commons' advice or consent in any matter of consequence is not so requisite, whereas there are many substantial friends to advise with; but its an old Scots phrase, 'A king's advice may fall from a fool's head.' I confess that is true where friends are real friends, but we ordinarily find, and partly know by experience, that, where friends or kinsmen become great and rich in interest, they readily become emulous, and will ordinarily advise for themselves if in the least it may hinder them from becoming a chief or head of a family, and forget their former headship, which was one of the greatest faults, as also the ruin of Monro of Miltown, whereas a common man will never eye to become a chief so long as he is in that state, and therefore will advise his chief or superior the more freely."

The day appointed for Mackenzie and Glengarry's meeting finally to arrange terms arrived. The former had meanwhile bought up several decreets and claims against Glengarry, at the instance of neighbouring proprietors, for "cost, skaith and damage" done to them, which altogether amounted to a greater sum than the whole of Macdonald's lands were in those days worth. They, however, settled their disputes by an arrangement which secured absolutely to Mackenzie all Glengarry's lands in Ross, and the superiority of all his other lands, but the latter Glengarry was to hold, Mackenzie paying him a small feu as superior. In consideration of these humiliating concessions by Glengarry, Mackenzie agreed to pay twenty thousand merks, Scots money, and thus ended for ever the ancient and long-continued quarrels between these powerful families.

In the words of the Earl of Cromarty, Kenneth, first Lord of Kintail, "was truly of an heroic temper, but of a spirit too great for his estates, perhaps for his country, yet bounded by his station, so as he (his father) resolved to seek employment for him abroad; but no sooner had he gone to France, but Glengarry most outrageously, without any cause, and against all equity and law, convocates multitudes of people and invades his estates, sacking, burning, and destroying all. Kenneth's friends sent John Mackenzie of Tollie to inform him of these wrongs, whereupon he made a speedy return to an affair so urgent, and so suitable to his genius, for as he never offered wrong so he never suffered any. His heat did not overwhelm his wit, for he took a legal procedure, obtained a commission of fire and sword against Glengarry and his complices, which he prosecuted so bravely as in a short time by himself and his brother he soon forced them to retreat from his lands, and following them to their own hills, he soon dissipated and destroyed them, that young Glengarry and many others of their boldest and most outrageous were killed, and the rest forced to shelter themselves amongst the other Macdonalds in the Islands and remote Highlands, leaving all their estates (in the West) to Kenneth's disposal. This refers to the atrocious affair of Cillechriost narrated elsewhere, and the consequent depression of the house of Glengaray after this period (1603). This tribe of the Clan Ranald seem to have been too barbarous for even those lawless times, while by a strange contumacy in latter times, a representative of that ancient family pertinaciously continued to proclaim its infamy and downfall by the adherence to the wild strain

of bagpipe music (their family pibroch called Cillechriost), at once indicative of its shame and submission. Kenneth's character and policies were of a higher order, and in the result he was everywhere the gainer by them." He was supported by Murdoch, the second of the family of Redcastle; Alexander of Coul, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, and Alexander of Kilcoy, the three latter being his own brothers; all persons of more than common intelligence and intrepidity.

Lord Kenneth first married Ann, daughter of George Ross of Balnagown, and had issue by her—first, Colin "Ruadh," his successor, created first Earl of Seaforth; second, John of Lochslin, who married Isobel, eldest daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, fourth of Gairloch, and died without lawful issue; and third, Kenneth, who died unmarried. By this marriage he also had two daughters, Barbara, who married Donald, Lord Reay; and Janet, married to Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, Baronet. Kenneth married, secondly, Isobel, daughter of Sir Gilbert Ogilvie of Powrie, by whom he had issue; George, who afterwards succeeded Earl Colin as second Earl of Seaforth; Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, and Simon Mackenzie of Lochslin. Simon was twice married and left a numerous offspring, who shall afterwards be more particularly referred to, as he is generally believed to have carried on the male line of the ancient family of Kintail. Kenneth had also a daughter, Sibella, by the second marriage. She first married John Macleod of Harris; secondly, Alexander Fraser, Tutor of Lovat; and thirdly, Patrick Grant, Tutor of Grant. His lordship appears also to have had two other sons, who died young, John, first designated of Lochslin, and Alexander. He died in 1611; was buried "with great triumph" at Chanonry, and was succeeded by his second and eldest surviving son.

(To be Continued.)

GENEALOGICAL TABLES OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE.—This great clan may safely be congratulated on the amount of attention it is receiving. Within a few weeks of the issue of a prospectus of a History of the Clan, by the editor of this Magazine, a circular is issued intimating a set of "Genealogical Tables" of the clan, from the first of the name to the present time, prepared by Major Mackenzie of Findon, compiled from the papers of his late brother, Mr Lewis M. Mackenzie; a gentleman who devoted many years to the collection of everything which would throw light on the great clan to which he was proud to belong. These Tables show the origin, succession, and relationship of the different families of the clan; as also, particulars of the various marriages between some of its members and many of the most illustrious families in England and Scotland. We are glad to find that the descent and lines of the Earls of Ross, the Lords of the Isles, and the MacDougalls of Lorne, and others—families closely connected with the Mackenzies by various marriages and descent—are to be given. Nothing now remains but for the clan themselves to do their duty and support those who are spending valuable time and labour in unearthing and recording in a permanent form the Origin, Descent, History, and Traditions of their forbears. Our own efforts are, in this respect, in a fair way of being handsomely and substantially appreciated; and we trust Major Mackenzie will receive the encouragement he so well deserves. We have now before us the proof sheets of a few of the principal Tables, and we are in a position to state that they are marvellously correct, and full in their details. For full particulars we refer the reader to another part of the Magazine.

NORTHERN FOLK-LORE ON WELLS AND WATER.*

By Alex. Fraser, Accountant.

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II.

In the vicinity of Inverness wells are very numerous, and as more or less interest attaches to all, we shall dwell upon them at more length, especially as hitherto most of them have escaped any particular observation.

Taking then the left bank of the river Ness, we have, at Englishtown, near Bunchrew, "Fuaran a' Chladaich," or Sea-well, also called "The General's Well." Tradition says that General Wade resided for a time at Englishtown, and hence the latter name. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that a General Fraser had his abode there for some time, to whom the name may be more justly attributed. It has been suggested that the name might have arisen from the fact of the well being a place of "general" resort; but on the same ground every much-frequented one might, with equal propriety, be so styled. Old people called this, as we have said, the Sea-well, and we prefer to continue this name. It is covered by the tide to the depth sometimes of four feet, and we are informed by Mr Cran, Kirkton, on whose farm it may be said to be situated, that even when so covered, the cattle rush in and freely partake, for the water bubbles up with force and in volume sufficient to turn an ordinary mill-wheel. This well was once nicely enclosed with causeway, built up all round within, and made easy of access, of all which traces may yet be seen. There are three other wells of a similar kind further down the Firth; one near the Toll below Raigmore, but much further from the shore, and to which stepping stones point the way; a second near the Church of Petty, and a third near Campbelltown. All these, being similarly circumstanced with regard to the tide, were supposed to possess virtues of a like kind, the most noted, however, being that near Englishtown. The number of people who used to flock out thither in spring was quite a nuisance to the farmer, for they trod down and spoilt his crops to gain access, and were not all content to take the same path. Flagons, pails, and other vessels were in request to convey the precious fluid home; and there are many still living in Inverness and its neighbourhood who remember with glee taking part in this solemn and important labour. The drinking of this water was a special remedy for the curing of hooping-cough, not to mention a host of other troubles. In 1832, and still later during other visitations of cholera, all these sea-wells were much resorted to, in the hope that the use of the waters would keep away the scourge.

Next in order, as we approach Inverness, is "Priseag" Well. David Macdonald, an Inverness baker, and a kind of poet, in his verses entitled "The Invernessian Lasses," published in his collection called the "Mountain Heath," sings thus:—

> Aurora gilds the orient sky—
> The god of day advances,

* With an Account of some interesting Wells in the neighbourhood of Inverness and the North.

And Flora sips the silver dew,
While 'mong her flowers she dances.
I'll hie me forth to *Priseag fount*,
At base of my *Parnassus*—
Drink freely, then Craig Phadrick mount
To muse on Nessia's lasses.

In a foot note, he says this is "a spring which gushes out of one of the smaller rocks which leads up to Craig Phadrick, in the immediate vicinity of the village of Clachnaharry."

This neighbourhood is historic ground. Close by was fought the clan fight betwixt the Mackintoshes and Munroes in the year 1454, which is commemorated by the monument erected on one of the highest of the rocks, by the late Huntly Robert Duff of Muirtown, about 1834. This rocky spot, though a pretty sight by day, was considered a dangerous locality at night, being much frequented by the enemy of mankind and his friends, who crouched and lurked in the many holes and corners on the watch, and ever alert to annoy some luckless wight who might have to pass by. The arch fiend, while in pursuit on one occasion of a benighted traveller, left the impression of his large palm on the face of one of the rocks, having, as the story goes, succeeded in depriving the victim of a portion of his flowing upper garment. The fairies frequented the pleasant little plateau above and to the west of the spring. The remedy against the cantrips of the latter and the snares of the former was to be in possession, or to have during the day partaken of, the sacred well. This well is said to have been blessed by Saint Kessog, who gives its name to Kessock Ferry, where he miraculously escaped being drowned while crossing, and succeeded in bringing again to life his two charges, the sons of the King of Munster, after they had been drowned. The water of Priseag was powerful for the curing of sore eyes, the strengthening of weak eyes, and when silvered, that is, when a silver coin had been immersed in a portion of it, and the mixture imbibed by man or beast, for averting the effect of the evil eye. A crooked sixpence was the best kind of coin, perhaps because it was more commonly met with in those days.

Around Craig Phadrick were several wells, of which some still exist. All were believed to be possessed of some predominating virtue, not to mention those attributed to springs in general. On the top of the hill itself, which the country people long ago called "Larach an Tigh Mhoir," "the site of the great house," there was said to have been a well. The same has been said of Knockfarrel, near Dingwall, on which were two, one called St. John's and the other St. Thomas'. One of these was at one time called Fingal's, regarding which we beg to refer our readers to the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer," where will be found some curious circumstances respecting it. With reference to the so-called wells on the tops of vitrified forts, we submit the following communication kindly furnished by Mr Walter Carruthers, President of the "Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club," which we think will settle the point as to their existence :—"Mr Matthew Davidson, father of the late Mr James Davidson, superintendent of the Caledonian Canal, was stationed at Clachnaharry, in charge of the Canal works in 1812, and in March of that year, at the request of Mr Telford, the engineer of the Canal, he made a careful

report upon the character and construction of Craig Phadrick. One of the points to which Mr Davidson directed his attention was, whence the occupants of the fort could have derived their supply of water. He says, —'No well could be discovered in the Fort, nor have I heard of any traditionary one being there. Indeed, a well sunk in the rock would have been hopeless labour, as it could not possibly get any other supply than rain water. The water from condensed vapours on the sides of the hill would trickle down the steep rock on all sides of the Fort. When the old trial pits within the Fort were cleared out on the 11th inst., the surface of the rock was found wet, as if a little water had been shed upon it. There is no water to be procured nigher than a spring in the plantation above the farm house of Kinmylies, about 300 feet perpendicularly below the summit of the hill. The south-west entrance has probably been employed for procuring water from this spring. From the scarcity of water and the total want of food, likewise the want of room, cattle could not be admitted for any length of time into the Fort. Perhaps the animal food of those ages was procured by the chase and hunting in the forests only.'"

Near the Muirtown Toll-house, and on the opposite side of the highway, is "Fuaran Ault an ionnlaid," or the Well of the Washing Burn. It was neatly enclosed, and built round with stone by the late H. R. Duff of Muirtown, of whom we have already spoken, and has the following inscription engraved upon the top stone,—"Luci Fontisque Nymphis," *i.e.*, "To the Nymphs of the Grove and the Fountain." At each corner, underneath this, are inscribed the letters "H. R. D.," and the date "1830." This fountain is pleasantly shaded, beautifully situated, and always affords a cool and refreshing draught. Being the reputed haunt first of the Druid, and afterward of the Priest, its virtues were accordingly numerous and extraordinary. More than one Druid Circle stood in the vicinity, and later there was also close by a chapel. Such spots were always favourites with both Druids and priests. The waters of this spring were reputed to be especially efficacious for the curing of cutaneous diseases. Among the ceremonies to be observed were washing in the passing burn and drinking of the well, both a certain number of times, with the customary formalities of genuflexions and prayers, and hence the name of "Well of the Washing Burn." It is recorded that a soldier's wife having immersed her child which was affected with scurvy in the healing waters of the fountain, the presiding saint, insulted at the indignity, deprived the place of his presence, and the virtues disappeared. Probably the poor woman, in her anxiety for the welfare of her infant, thought that by going with one bold stroke to the fountain head she would snatch all the benefits of the accumulated virtues at once, in all their force, and so neglected the usual tedious formalities. The above and similar instances of washing call to mind Elisha's message to Naaman the Syrian, of "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." The late Angus B. Reach, in a contribution to *Chambers's Journal*, gives a pleasing, fanciful sketch of this well and the locality generally. Montrose, while being conveyed a prisoner from Sutherland to Edinburgh, is said to have quenched his thirst here, the well, easily visible from the high road, having attracted

his attention. That he did so allay the burning heat of the fever under which he was labouring, somewhere hereabouts, is attested by the following graphic picture from the hand of the author of the "Wardlaw Manuscript," which, though often cited, will still bear repetition. Under date of 1650, he writes,—"We are now to set down the fatal *preludium* of one of the noblest generals the age saw in Britain, whose unexampled achievements might form a history; were its volumes far bigger than mine, it would yet be disproportionate to the due praise of this matchless hero. But now I set down that which I was myself eye witness of. The 7th of May, at Lovat, Montrose sat upon a little shelty horse, without a saddle, but a bundle of rags and straw, and pieces of rope for stirrups, his feet fastened under the horse's belly, and a bit halter for a bridle. He had on a ragged, old dark reddish plaid, and a cap on his head; a musketeer on each side, and his fellow prisoners on foot after him. Thus he was conducted through the country (from Caithness), and near Inverness, upon the road under Muirtown (where he desired to alight, and called for a draught of water, being then in the first crisis of a high fever), the crowd from the town came forth to gaze; the two ministers went thereupon to comfort him. At the end of the bridge, stepping forward, an old woman, Margaret M'George, exclaimed and brawled, saying,—'Montrose, look above, view these ruinous houses of mine, which you occasioned to be burned down when you besieged Inverness;' yet he never altered his countenance, but with a majesty and state beseeming him, keeped a countenance high. At the cross was a table covered, and the magistrates treated him with wines, which he would not taste, till allayed with water. The stately prisoners, his officers, stood under a forestair, and drank heartily; I remarked Colonel Hurry, a robust, tall, stately fellow, with a long cut in his cheek. All the way through the streets, he (Montrose) never lowered his aspect. The Provost, Duncan Forbes, taking leave of him at the town's end, said,—'My Lord, I am sorry for your circumstances.' He replied,—'I am sorry for being the object of your pity.'" Below the toll-house referred to, and in the bank of the Canal, was a small mineral spring which attracted attention some thirty years ago. It is now quite forgotten, or has disappeared.

Above the Inverness District Asylum, and immediately below the ascent to Craig Dunain, is "Fuaran a Chragain Bhric," or the "Well of the Spotted Rock." This was, in former times, a place of great resort, the waters, among other healing virtues, being supposed to be strongly diuretic. The bushes around were adorned with rags and threads, while pebbles, pins, and shells might be observed in the bottom of the spring. We have seen one juniper bush, close by, so loaded with rags and threads as to be hardly distinguishable. This was also a fairy well, and if a poor mother had a puny, weak child which she supposed had been left by the fairies in place of her own, by exposing it here at night, and leaving some small offering, as a dish of milk, to propitiate the king of fairy land, the bantling would be carried away, and in the morning she would find her own restored and in health. There was a similar well near Tomnahurich, and quite appropriately, for is it not the hill of the fairies? and who does not know that they there interred with becoming pomp and all due solemnity the famous Thomas the Rymer himself? In Skye, there is

another spring which was resorted to for the same purpose, and instances have been mentioned where the deluded parent found her child lying dead on the following morning. A more expeditious and effective method was to make a large roving fire, roll up the supposed changeling loosely, and place it on the top. The door of the house being left open, and water from the nearest sacred well sprinkled about, the supposititious child soon vanished up the chimney with a scream, while the real one was borne in on invisible hands, and deposited safely on the floor. If, after all, the child was not a changeling, it would slowly become unfolded from its wrappings, and roll gently to the earth. We should have observed that salt, to which everything evil has an intense aversion, had to be sprinkled over the fire in the foregoing ceremony.

On the Caplaich Hill, near about where the estates of Dochfour, Relig, and Dochgarroch march, is "Fuaran Dearg," or the "Red Well." It is about two miles south of Dunain Hill. It is a chalybeate spring, and hence the name. There is another of the same kind at Auchnagairn. They are plentiful enough both in the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland. Its circular stone basin was placed there by the late Colonel Charles Maxwell Maclean of Dochgarroch in the year 1822. Of the Red Well it is related that on one occasion while the lairds of Grant and Muirtown were out hunting in the neighbourhood, the former became suddenly ill, but that on partaking of the water he was as suddenly restored. On a late occasion, a large shooting party sat down close by to luncheon, and after his betters had been served, and had gone away to resume their sports, the butler of an ancient house set about spreading an entertainment for "self and friends," and, as a preparatory step, placed three or four bottles of champagne in the well to cool. When the time came for the production of this precious fluid, lo! it was found to have been spirited away. The poor butler looked stupid, not knowing what to say, and was in the position of the fox who, having caught a fat goose, after carefully hiding it, went to invite a friend to dine. But alas! a man had observed the proceeding, removed the goose, and waited to see the result. The friends having returned, and finding no dinner, it was in vain to demonstrate that it had been there. The host looked abashed, the guest angry, and imagining he was befooled, gave his would-be entertainer a sound cuffing, which he received as meekly as if deserved. The butler made what amends he could. Soon after, the hunting party returned loaded with spoil. The homeward procession was formed, and the piper at its head blew up the return march, but in such fashion of gait and action, and such strange music did he discourse, that it was quite clear who the spirit was that caused the champagne to disappear in more than one sense. He had observed the actions of the butler, carried off and emptied the bottles himself.

The last well we shall draw attention to on the left bank of the Ness is that called the "General's Well," a little above the bridge leading into the Islands, and near the entrance to the grounds of Bught. From time immemorial it has borne the same name; though some associate it with Wade, and others with Caulfield, both of whom were frequent visitors in Inverness during the construction of roads in the Highlands. The latter resided for a time at Cradlehall, and gave the place that name after a

kind of *lift* he had invented for conveying his guests upstairs, to save them the trouble of walking, or when they were in such a state after dinner that they were unable to mount the stairs. Others again attribute the name to Captain Godsman, who was local factor for the Duke of Gordon, and resided and died at Ness House. His remembrance is still kept alive in Inverness by the name "Godsman's Walk," once a favourite resort. He dressed up the well and neighbourhood, making all easy of access to the public. The spring, however, was put into its present condition about sixty years ago by a Mr Jamieson, who is still alive and resides at Newcastle. He was the son of Charles Jamieson, an Inverness silversmith, a man of some little note in his day, and a bailie of the burgh, of whom the older portion of the natives relate many curious anecdotes. Being so conveniently near the town, it was much frequented, and the number and variety of diseases it could subdue were proportionately great. Its waters were carried away in small and large quantities, far and near. Children and young people affected with rickets were brought to it, and manipulated upon with its waters. To strengthen the virtue of the water, silver coins of all sizes, together with small pebbles, were immersed in the well, and various curious ceremonies were observed. A gentleman, who on one occasion had witnessed the performance, has informed us that in one instance he saw a mother put into the water a half-crown, a shilling, a sixpenny piece, and a groat, as also some small round stones or pebbles. She then stripped her child, and with moistened hands operated upon its ribs and shoulders in a most extraordinary manner, and certainly not at all to the satisfaction of the child, for it howled all the time. This spot is still much frequented, but very few indeed, we imagine, attribute any virtue to the mere drinking of the water or washing with it.

Crossing over through the Islands in the Ness, the next well that occurs to us is that of Aultnaskiach, which is thus celebrated by the local poet already quoted. The poetry is the merest doggerel, but will serve to preserve the memory of the well. He sings, or attempts to sing, as follows :—

At Aultnaskiach's crystal well,
What joys I feel no tongue can tell ;
Slinking, winking, drinking deep
Of the latent, potent, cheap
Hygeia's spring, pure, pure, from nature's hand,
The sacred wine of Nessia's mountain land.

The spring exhales a sweet perfume,
The flowers are gaily springing
By Aultnaskiach's crystal burn,
A choir of birds is singing—
I'll wander there wi' my sweet love,
Where hazels green shall screen us,
And talk of soul-fraught tales of bliss
With charming Jeanie Innes.

This well was situated on the brae face behind the house at the bridge leading to Drummond.

Springs and wells are plentifully scattered over the face of the Leys. From Balrobert onward to the Moor of Culloden, up and down the face of the hill, they are to be met with. There are no less than twelve about Bogbain. These feed the burns and dams which turn all the mills in the valley of Millburn, and that to the east of the "Hut of Health." Near

the Culcabock dam, the late Mr Forbes, chemist, discovered two mineral springs, which caused some little stir at the time.

In the neighbourhood of Leys Castle, are the Bog-well, Stable-well, Stirrup-well, and Road-well. Of none of these have we heard anything very particular. Near Balmore of Culduthel, are "Fuaran na Lair Bàna," or the "White Mare's Well," the fabled resort of a kelpie of very destructive propensities; and the Holy-well, which supplies the farm. The latter had no special characteristics to distinguish it from others of that class, save that it frequently needed a thorough cleansing to keep it in healthy condition. Its sacredness is attributed to its connection with the ceremonies of the ancient religion. Druid circles and stones with rude figures sculptured thereon were once of frequent occurrence all over the Leys, and some of them still remain. Opposite Balmore, by the side of the private road leading to Leys Castle, we have the "Schoolmaster's Well," near which William Mackenzie, one of our Gaelic poets, lived, and "taught the young idea how to shoot," and the possessor thereof to *shout*, for he was very severe, and that during the space of forty years. He bore a loving regard towards this well, and like another Horace celebrated its virtues and the beauties of the locality in song. Though severe during school hours, he was as a poet should be, kind and tender-hearted. His memory is still fresh among the few of the old people who yet survive. To his forcible separation from his beloved well and the neighbourhood he attributed the ill-health which overtook him upon his removal to Inverness, where he died shortly after. The simple-minded in the district, because of the poet's affection for the fountain, attributed to it virtues of which he never dreamed, and long held it in reverence accordingly. It is now, however, sadly neglected, and what with improved drainage and other modern inventions, promises soon to disappear altogether.

By far the most noted well in this quarter was "Fuaran na Ceapaich," or the "Keppoch Well." We say was, as it has disappeared, being covered up and ploughed over, the waters being partly diverted into the adjacent burn, and partly carried into the mansion-house of Culduthel. It was situated above the present smithy, nearly opposite Oldtown of Culduthel, and came, strange to say, from Keppoch in Lochaber, a distance of about sixty miles away. If, however, we consider, this is not after all so very strange. It is related that the famous nymph Arethusa, not liking the attentions of the river god Alpheus, fled from him over hill and dale, and having implored the assistance of Diana, was changed into a fountain. The pursuit still continued, and to aid her votary the goddess opened a path for her under earth and sea; the lover still followed in hot haste, as a god assuredly might, and both rose up again near Syracuse in Sicily, having come all the way from Elis in Greece. Nay, more, we have just quite lately heard of a spring that disappeared from the district of Strathdearn, and re-appeared in an out of the way place in the wilds of Canada, merely to gratify the whim of a silly old man who was unwilling to go and join the rest of his family in the land of promise, to which they had removed many years before, and where they were prospering beyond their fondest hopes, because of his attachment to the spring at the end of his old hut. Being at last compelled to move, we may imagine his astonishment when he recognized the presence of his dear old friend in the new country, and also of that of a large white stone that

stood by its side, on which he was wont to sit on a summer Sabbath's eve reading his bible. In the Leys, water very often appears and disappears in the most annoying and mysterious manner, sometimes gushing gleefully forth as if possessed with a spirit of destructive frolicsomeness, to the dismay of the farmer, in the very midst of a cultivated field. We have been told by a farmer in the district, that during a hot season some years ago, when water was scarce, and consequently had to be conveyed at considerable expense and trouble from a distance, he was exceedingly surprised one day to see a fountain burst open in the very centre of his dairy. This might be said to be a little too convenient, and far from ceremonious. However, the phenomenon lasted throughout the season, and as suddenly disappeared. Now that a better system of drainage has been introduced, such sights will become rare. But to return to the Keppoch Well, we are told its patron saint or presiding genius, being insulted in Lochaber, removed his presence and the health-giving waters to their present site in the Leys. By a person who in his youth was wont to frequent the spring it is described as being possessed of a mineral taste, and of a darkish hue. It was situated in a grove of trees, and afforded a rich supply. He says it was much resorted to from all quarters, and large quantities were carried away for home consumption. No matter what the malady, such was the faith in the beneficial effects of the water that recourse was had to it, and the application of the water was both external and internal. It was considered a special and effective specific in cases of diarrhœa. Another peculiarity about this well was that it could inform those who consulted it whether a sick person would recover or not. For this purpose a piece of wood was placed at the bottom, with a stone above it, and the name of the patient pronounced; if the wood within a given time bubbled up with the water to the surface and floated away, it was life; but if, on the contrary, it remained at the bottom, death was certain. The well also declared whether plighted troth had been violated. If a pin or nail were dropped into the water and descended with the point downward all was safe; but if, on the contrary, the pin or nail turned round and went down head foremost, the accused was guilty. Wells possessed of similar powers are common in England and Wales. No tribute appears to have been paid to the Keppoch Well, which is singular. The usual ceremony, however, of walking round the place from east to west, approaching by the south, had to be observed.

The only other well in the immediate neighbourhood of Inverness we shall notice is that at Culcabock village, called "Fuaran Slagan Dhonnachaidh," or the "Well of King Duncan's Tomb." Tradition, always stubborn in what it asserts, will have it, in spite of any proof to the contrary, that King Duncan was murdered at Inverness, and buried at a spot near Draikies, not far from this well, called King Duncan's Tomb. The valley through which this spring discharges its contents, and that of Millburn to the west, were in old times considered uncanny places, being believed to be the resort of witches. Here they met safe from intrusion, and practised their devices; among others, that of making clay images of their victims, and placing these in the burns, where they gradually wore away, and so in proportion did their representatives.

THE CLEARANCE OF THE HIGHLAND GLENS.*

By Colin Chisholm, Ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London.

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After forty years' absence from this part of the country, I shall state the opinions that I now entertain of matters in the Highlands, and as briefly as possible place before you the impressions on my mind with regard to the most prominent changes in the Highlands during this long interval.

In the first place I feel bound to express my sincere pleasure at the sight of the noble efforts of the Gaelic Society of Inverness to rescue our ancient and venerable language from decay and dissolution. Professor Geddes of Aberdeen says that "it can boast a pedigree better far than that spoken in the highest places in the land, and can claim the start of English on the soil of Britain by ten centuries, and that in a literary form." Professor Morley, of London, states that "a man cannot be a thorough English scholar without a knowledge of Celtic;" and Professor Alison, of Glasgow, said "that the man who speaks two languages is equal to two men, and advances in usefulness at the same ratio for every language he speaks." It augurs well for the development and success of your Society that the Provost, the Chief Magistrates, and the Town Councillors of Inverness have opened the Town Hall of the largest county in Scotland for your deliberations. All thanks to them for it, and for their friendly appearance among us at our principal meetings.

It is a source of pleasure for me to state without favour or prejudice that this town of Inverness has improved in every imaginable respect during the forty years alluded to. In sanitary respects the town is unquestionably 500 per cent. better than it was in my early recollection. In well-designed and stately houses there are portions of Inverness that will compare favourably with, if not surpass, equal lengths of London streets and shops. Large and spacious hotels with every accomodation, comfort and civility; an abundant meat, vegetable, and fish market; suburban villas, and every fanciful architecture. Add to this the daily arrival and departure of railway trains to and from every part of the Kingdom, as well as the steamboats plying both by salt and fresh water. Old nature seems to have designed the town and environs of Inverness as the Madeira of Scotland, but it remained for the scientific acumen of our friend Mr Murdoch to demonstrate the salubrity of the town; and it is satisfactory to note that his labours on this score stand unanswered and unchallenged. My house being on a rising ground above the town where, according to tradition, the Cross or centre of Old Inverness stood, I can see from my windows for many miles, and it is most gratifying to see the surrounding country studded with small but substantial stone and slated houses and offices to correspond with the moderate size of the farms on which they are built. All honour to the proprietors of these estates.

* Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness.

They belong principally to the Baillies of Dochfour, Leys, and Redcastle.

Let us now leave the immediate neighbourhood of Inverness, and wend our way north, south, east, or west, and what do we see on all sides? Large farms infested with game and burrowed like honey-comb by rabbits. If we extend our walk to the Glens, we find them thoroughly cleared—the native population sent to the four quarters of the globe, wild beasts, wild birds, and game of every description in quiet possession and feeding among the crumbled walls of houses where we have seen happy families of stalwart Highlanders reared and educated! This is no exaggeration. During the last twelve months I travelled through the counties of Inverness, Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, Moray, Banff, Perth, and Argyle; and I can bear testimony to the general depression and desolation caused throughout the Highlands, I maintain, by the operation of the iniquitous Class Laws called Game Laws. They are like the Upas Tree, withering all within their unhallowed atmosphere, sending the bone and sinew of the Highlands to foreign lands. They turn large tracts of country into cheerless and inhospitable deserts. They sever the proverbial and ancient bond of union and attachment between chief and clansman. The chief is distrusted frequently for his acts, communicated through his factor, and the clansman is thereby disheartened. Thus another town-land or perhaps a whole Glen is laid waste and placed at the disposal of wild beasts. The work of destruction and depopulation in the Highlands has gone on so regularly for nearly a hundred years, and especially during the last fifty years, that the few farmers left on the Lowlands have a difficulty in finding servants and labourers to work their farms. Every part of the Highlands through which I have passed seemed to be much in the same way—the surface of the land, as it were, in sombre mourning covered with heather lamenting the absence of the strong arm that used to till and ought to reclaim it, to enable it to fulfil the purposes for which land was given to man, viz., to make it support the greatest possible number of human beings in the greatest possible degree of comfort and happiness. The law that enables one man to say to another, "I will not cultivate one acre, and I will not allow you to do so," is most unnatural and most iniquitous in its results.

It is most satisfactory to know, I think, that the British Government has ignored freedom of contract between landlord and tenant in Ireland by the Ulster Tenant Right and the Irish Land Bill of 1870. Since the Bill of 1870 was passed into law the landlord in Ireland is not the judge between his tenants and himself. It is the Chairman of Quarter Sessions, a Government officer, independent of both landlord and tenant, who must decide whether the rent demanded is excessive or not. There may be legal quibbles still in the way of amicable settlements between landlord and tenant in Ireland; but the Land Bill of 1870 seems to me to bear this construction. It is not long since a tenant farmer got £700 damages from his landlord in Ireland for raising his rent and thereby compelling him to leave the farm. At this moment English good sense stands like a bulwark between the landlord and cultivator of the soil in Ireland. Landlords, factors, and leases are no longer supreme in Ireland. The Chairman of Quarter Sessions is arbitrator from this time forward. England abolishes landlordism in Ireland by advancing money through

the Board of Works to every honest tenant who has ambition to purchase his farm in fee simple from his landlord. The repurchase system has made rapid progress in some of the Continental kingdoms of Europe. Notably in Prussia. From the day that Napoleon I. crossed the Rhine the Government of Prussia looked with sorrow and astonishment at the number of young Germans who flocked around Napoleon's standard. They soon discovered that these men were flying from landlord tyranny. Having discovered the cause, they applied the remedy; they valued every farm on large estates throughout Prussia; enacted laws to enable tenants in possession to purchase their farms, and on certain conditions advanced money to enable the farmer to pay for his land. In Austria they have a repurchase system also. They have a land system of their own in France since 1789, one feature of which, I think, is, that no man can derive more than £5000 per annum from land in France. Large landed estates have often been the cause of revolutions and bloodshed.

Macaulay, in his review of Mitford's History of Greece, justly says:—"In Rome the oligarchy was too powerful to be subverted by force, and neither the tribunes nor the popular assemblies, though constitutionally omnipotent, could maintain a successful contest against men who possessed the whole property of the State. Hence the necessity for measures tending to unsettle the whole frame of society and to take away every motive of industry—the abolition of debts and the agrarian laws—propositions absurdly condemned by men who do not consider the circumstances from which they spring. They were the desperate remedies of a desperate disease. In Greece the oligarchical interest was not in general so deeply rooted as in Rome. The multitude, therefore, redressed by force grievances which at Rome were commonly attacked under the form of the Constitution. They drove out or massacred the rich and divided their property." This is ancient history, but the French Revolution of 1789 is modern. Thus we see in ancient and modern history, that the land was the bone of contention. The first grand error of Britons was selling what did not belong to us. That which is on the land belongs to man, because he made it, or helped to rear it, but the land itself belongs to no man, and no generation of men, because they did not make it. The law of England, interpreted by the ablest, expressly declares that man can only hold an estate in land. The modern theory of a general commerce in land was unknown in England till the demise of the Stuart dynasty. More than one half of some English counties was held in common. On the lowest computation, says a report of the Commons Preservation Society, "5,000,000 acres of common land have been enclosed since the reign of Queen Anne." It is not easy in the various and conflicting statements set forth occasionally to estimate the amount of land still unenclosed and subject to common rights in England and Wales. I have seen it put as low as 2,600,000 acres. On the other hand it is stated that so recently as the reign of George III., eight million acres of commonage still remained. There was no pauperism under such a system. Milk, butter, cheese, bacon, poultry, and some sheep were within the reach of all. There was no absolute ownership of land either by great or small, but there was fixity of tenure during good behaviour to all.

The King or Queen, as representing the public, exercised strict, just,

and impartial control. We are no more than trustees for our successors. But we have divested ourselves of the power of compelling any man to cultivate an acre. Yet history tells us that this want of cultivation has on several occasions been very nearly the downfall of England. In the face of all former experience, it is melancholy to see our landed proprietors through the Highlands encouraging a system among us that would not be tolerated in England. The noblemen and capitalists who come among us from England to elbow out of house and home our native population *know too well* that it would be not only impolitic but *most dangerous* to try such experiments on their own countrymen.

Forty years' residence in England convince me that the free, brave, independent, and justice-loving people of England would not tolerate or brook oppression from any man or from any class of men. Instance—how quickly the voice and press of England brought the Earl of Darnley to his knees when he attempted to dispossess one of his tenants near Gravesend some three or four years ago. It may be urged that the dukes and nobles, capitalists, and sportsmen who come among the ruins of farms and villages in the North had no hand in clearing the people out of the way of sheep, deer, and game. Be that as it may, they are in possession, and it was in anticipation of such unscrupulous tenants that the people were driven out, and deprived of farms, houses, and homes. In such cases as these the strong arm of the law ought to interpose between enormous wealth and honest industry.

To prevent you from thinking that I am dealing in generalities only, just imagine that such men as the Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Portland come from England annually to imitate our Highland Duke of Athole and Northern Duke of Sutherland, in increasing their stock of deer and extending the size of the Ducal Forests. I ask what chance would the cultivator of the soil have in the same atmosphere with the Ducal Deer? One would think that some, if not all, of these forests were extensive enough. Let us hear what Mr Thomas Graham Murray said of the Forest of Athole while he was under examination by a committee of the House of Commons on the 26th July 1872. In answer to a question, Mr Murray said, "You will find that in Mr Scrope's book he gives a calculation of the number of acres. His book was written in the time of Duke John, about the year 1828 or 1829, and he makes the whole forest 135,000 acres; but of that 51,000 acres were then under deer, the rest being grouse ground. And you will observe that it is just about the quantity that it is now. I do not think there has been any change scarcely since that time." Further on in his evidence, Mr Murray, speaking of the Athole Forest, says:—"It has been a forest from time immemorial." Mr Murray, is one of the first, and probably one of the most honourable lawyers in the kingdom. He tells us the extent of Athole Forest, but cannot tell us how long that enormous amount of land has been lost to the community.

Ordinary mortals might think this extent of forest, with its "five to seven thousand deer as estimated by Mr Scrope," ought to satisfy the slaughtering propensities even of a Duke. But nothing of the sort. Last year his Grace of Athole added about 10,000 acres to his old deer forest. The lands cleared for that purpose are Glenmore and Glenbeg,

with the Glen of Cromalt and the different smaller glens and corries that branch off from the above-mentioned glens.

Be it remembered, however, that all this misappropriation of land is perfectly legal and legitimate according to the present usages of society. Nay, more, if the four noblemen alluded to, or any other capitalists, had the means and the chance of purchasing every inch of land (perhaps boroughs excepted) in the Highlands of Scotland, to convert it into deer forests, and turn the present remnant of the Highlanders out of house and home, they would be quite within the pale of the law as interpreted by society in modern times. We see this principle acted on year by year, and it is against this irresponsible power that every well-wisher of justice ought to appeal. It appears to me that some of our members who are learned in the law might tell us whether the original charters of our landed proprietors justify them in substituting wild beasts for human beings? If the charters empower landlords to destroy the people, by depriving them of their birth-right, the land on which they were born, they are quite at variance with recent legislation, in as much as the pauper has now a life interest in the land of his birth. Yes, the proprietors and the paupers are the only two classes of the community who have any hold of the land of this country. There is not a man in Europe so completely divorced from the land of his birth as the Highlander of Scotland.

Now, lest you should imagine that I content myself with making statements and then conveniently forgetting to prove them, let me briefly revert to the time and circumstances which inaugurated the unhallowed system of depopulation in Inverness-shire. As to the time, I have heard Edward Ellice, Esq. of Glen-Cuaich, M.P., stating before a committee of the House of Commons, on the 28th March 1873, that "the great depopulation was in 1780 and 1790, when the colony of Glengarry was founded in Canada, by the number of people that were sent out from Scotland to obtain their low lying crofts for the sheep in the winter." Further on in his evidence, Mr Ellice, in answer to a question, says: "Yes; I may mention one single case that I am well acquainted with. When the depopulation began in 1780, the people were then cleared off to make way for sheep. They had turned out 700 to 800 fighting men in the Rebellion, consequently the population could not have been under 5000 or 6000." It seems to me that Mr Ellice has Glengarry in his mind's eye. If I am right in this supposition, it appears to be one of the severest reflections ever made on the depopulation of Glengarry. For every pound sterling of the rental of that particular estate, a fighting man was sent to support the cause of the Prince whom they believed to be their lawful sovereign. Imagine that Britain might be threatened in these times either by Turk or Christian, how many fighting men would the estate alluded to be able to send to the service of our sovereign? I venture to say that it could not raise fifty men. Nay, if you keep clear of the village of Fort-Augustus, which is Lord Lovat's property, I do not think that even twenty men could be sent out of Glengarry with all its sheep and deer. Not that the men are less patriotic now than they were in 1745, but for this simple reason, there are neither M'Donnells nor any other men in Glengarry. In justice to Mr Ellice, I may say, however, that he seemed to me to be the most humane and most favourable to

Highlanders of all the Members of Parliament that gave evidence at the committee alluded to. During the two days he was under examination, not a word escaped his lips that could be construed into slight or disrespect for Highlanders. It is quite true that Mr Ellice spoke of them as "Crofters." This was the *lingo* in which Highlanders were generally spoken of at the Game Law Committee. But the Earl of Chatham dignified them on a former occasion with the name of "Mountaineers." Speaking of them with great respect in Parliament soon after the mismanaged affair of 1745, his Lordship said in effect:—That the Mountaineers had well nigh changed the dynasty and upset the constitution of the Kingdom.

Now as to the circumstances that inaugurated the depopulation alluded to. They are simple but melancholy, and they occurred as follows:—*Marsalaidh Bhinneach*, the mother of the last popular "Glengarry," had the management of the whole properties of Cnoideart and Glengarry, while her son was a minor. The fascinating demon of old unfolded its golden coils before her avaricious mind; and in an evil hour she surrendered the birthright of her husband's clansmen to his crafty wiles. To begin with, she gave Glen Cuaich to one unscrupulous south country shepherd, and thereby deprived over 500 persons of houses and home. This was the beginning only of a series of misfortunes which laid the foundations of complications and embarrassments that ended in the sale of the whole of the Glengarry estates. I forbear to mention the maiden name of this woman on account of the esteem in which her noble chief is held. It is said that he is by far the best landlord in the Highlands. However, The Chisholm of Strathglass married her eldest daughter Eliza in 1795.

The Chisholm was rather delicate and often in bad health, and this threw the management of the estate into the hands of his wife. Hence the cause of the great clearance of Strathglass in 1801. The evicted people from that strath crossed the Atlantic and settled principally in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island. They gave the names of some Strathglass farms to their freehold lands in their adopted country. In the Island there is even the county of Inverness. In 1810 an heir was born for The Chisholm. He succeeded to the most of the estates on the death of his father in 1817. I say the most, because a portion of the land was still in the hands of his uncle's widow. It will be necessary here to explain this reserve on entailed land. Alexander, the eldest surviving son of The Chisholm who entailed the estates in 1777, married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr Wilson of Edinburgh. He died on the 17th February 1793, aged forty-four years, and left an only child, Mary, who married Mr James Gooden, merchant, of London. The estates reverted to his half-brother William, who died in 1817, as stated above. The widow alluded to was Dr Wilson's daughter. Alexander The Chisholm, her husband, made a fair settlement in case of widowhood. He left for her the option of a certain sum of money annually or the rental accruing from a number of townlands or joint farms. Through the advice of her only child Mary, Mrs Chisholm made choice of the townlands and kept them intact, and kept the tenantry on these farms in easy circumstances until the day of her death, which took place on the 23rd January, 1826, and then the

whole of The Chisholm's estates reverted to the young heir of Strathglass.

By and by, I will tell you how the tenantry were treated by the young chief and his advisers. But I feel bound to inform you first, that repeated efforts were made by some of those who were acting for the chief to get hold of the land still in possession of the widow. However, the great good sense of this noble-minded Edinburgh lady, and the sincere attachment of her daughter, Mrs Gooden, to her father's tenantry, stood firm against all the advances made to deprive her of the faithful Highland tenantry entrusted to her care. For the long space of thirty-three years she kept her tenantry intact, never turned one of them out of a farm, nor did she ever deprive any man of an acre of land. As The Chisholm, her husband, left them at the time of his death in 1793, so they were left by his beloved widow at the time of her death in 1826. This excellent lady was well known and distinguished in the Highlands by the endearing term of a "*A Bhantighearna Bhan*"—the English equivalent of which is "the fair lady." When Mary (afterwards Mrs Gooden) was a young lassie in her teens, four south countrymen (Gillespie of Glen Cuaich, I think, was one of the number) came to see The Chisholm and passed the night with him at Comar, where the chief was staying at that time. In the course of the evening it transpired that the Southrons wanted the most and best portions of Strathglass as sheep walks. In short, the object of their mission was to treat the Chisholms of Strathglass as the Macdonnells of Glengarry were treated a few years before. Mary listened for a time quietly to their proposals; at last she mildly put her veto on the whole transaction. She was ordered off to her room. But, with tears in her eyes, Mary found her way to the kitchen, and called all the servants around her and explained to them the cause of her grief.

Never was *Crann-Tara* sent through any district with more rapidity than this unwelcome news spread through the length and breadth of Strathglass. Early next morning there were about a thousand men, including young and old, assembled on the ground at Comar House. They demanded an interview with The Chisholm. He came out among them and discussed the impropriety of alarming his guests. But the chief was told that the guests were infinitely worse than the freebooters who came on a former occasion with sword in hand to rob his forefathers of their patrimony, etc. [This was an allusion to a sanguinary battle fought on the plain of Aridh-dhuiean many years before that time between Clann-'ic-an-Lonathaich, who wanted to take possession, and the Chisholms, who succeeded in keeping possession of Strathglass to this day.] The guests were at first anxiously listening, at the drawing-room windows, to the arguments between the chief and his clansmen; but they soon got quietly down stairs and made the best of their way, through the back door and garden, to the stable, where they mounted their horses, galloped off helter-skelter, followed by the shouts and derision of the assembled tenantry, across the river Glass, spurring their horses and never looking behind until they reached the ridge of *Maoil Bhuidhe*, a hill between Strathglass and Corriemony. Imagine their chagrin on turning round and seeing a procession being formed at Comar—pipers playing, and The

Chisholm being carried to Invercannich House on the brawny shoulders of his tenantry; and instead of this being cause of sorrow, it was the happiest day that ever dawned on Strathglass; chief and clansmen expressing mutual confidence in each other, and renewing every manner of ancient and modern bond of fealty ever entered into by their forbears. All this extraordinary episode in the history of Strathglass I heard related over and over again by some of the men who took their part in chasing the Southrons out of that district.

About thirty years ago, I reminded Mrs Gooden, in London, of what was said of her in the North, in connection with the hasty exit of the would-be shepherds, every word of which I found to be substantially correct, and Mrs Gooden then added :—"When my father died in 1793, I felt that the welfare of the tenantry left in charge of my mother depended in a great measure on myself. I was brought up among them, I used to be the Gaelic interpreter between them and my mother, and they had great confidence in me. However, it was in after years, when old age began to impair my mother's memory, that I had the greatest anxiety lest the agents of The Chisholm should succeed in depriving her of the tenantry. I had two objects in view. The first was to keep the people comfortable, and the second was to hand them over as an able class of tenantry to my first cousin, the young Chisholm, at the demise of my mother."

This determination was so well arranged and so completely carried out, that when the Dowager Mrs Chisholm, of whom I have spoken as "*the fair lady*," died, the tenantry on the portion of The Chisholm's estate she managed so long and so successfully, were able and willing to rent every inch of the whole of Strathglass, as I will soon prove to you. But let me first fulfil my promise of acquainting you of the manner in which the new accession of property with its native population were treated by the young chief and his advisers. For a few years the people were left in possession of their respective farms. This, however, was in order to adjust matters for future and more sweeping arrangements, as all the leases in Strathglass were about to expire. To the best of my recollection it was in the year 1830 that all the men in Strathglass were requested to meet the young Chisholm on a certain day at the Inn at Cannich Bridge. The call was readily complied with, the men were all there in good time, but The Chisholm was not. After some hours of anxious waiting, sundry surmisings, and well-founded misgivings, a gig was seen at a distance driving towards the assembled men. This was the signal for a momentary ray of hope. But on the arrival of the vehicle it was discovered that it contained only the "sense carrier" of the proprietor, viz., the factor, who told the men that The Chisholm was not coming to the meeting, and that, as factor, he had no instructions to enter on arrangements with them. I was present, and heard the curt message delivered, and I leave you to imagine the bitter grief and disappointment of men who attended that meeting with glowing hopes in the morning, but had to tell their families and dependents in the evening that they could see no alternative before them except the emigrant ship and to choose between the scorching prairies of Australia and the icy regions of North America. In a very short time after this abortive meeting, it transpired

that the very best farms and best grazing lands in Strathglass were let quite *silently*, without the knowledge of the men in possession, to shepherds from other countries, leaving about half the number of the native population without house or home.

Let me now prove to you how the native tenantry at that time in Strathglass were both able and willing to pay rent for every inch of it, if they were only allowed to retain their farms at the rent given for them by the strangers. I will prove it by plain incontrovertible facts. Here they are :—When the late generous Lord Lovat heard of the ugly treatment of the tenantry alluded to, he entered on negotiations with the late Mr George Grieve, the only sheep farmer or flockmaster on his Lordship's estates, at Glen-Strathfarrar, and arranged to take the sheep stock at valuation. His Lordship sent for the evicted tenants to Strathglass, and planted—so to speak—every one of them in Glen-Strathfarrar. The stock was valued for the new tenants by Mr Donald McRae, who died some years ago at Fearnaig, Lochalsh, and Mr Donald McLeod, who died lately at Coulmore, Redcastle. These gentlemen were supposed to be two of the best judges in the Highlands, and were also well known to be two of the most honourable men anywhere. I was, along with other young men from Glencanaich, in Glenstrathfarrar at the time, and saw the stock valued. To the best of my recollection it was at Whitsunday in 1831. Well, then, at the ensuing Martinmas every copper of the price of the stock was duly paid to Mr Grieve by the new tenants. This is ample proof of their ability to hold their own had they been allowed to remain in Strathglass.

Some fourteen years afterwards, when the rage for deer forests began to assert its unhallowed territorial demands, Lord Lovat informed these self same tenants that he wanted to add their farms to his deer-forest. However, to mitigate their distress at the prospect of another clearance, his Lordship stated that he did not wish to part with one of them, and pointed out that he intended breaking up the large farms on the estate. I remember seeing twelve ploughs, the property of one farmer, all at the same time at work on the plains of Beauly. But, to his credit, and in honour of his memory be it stated and remembered, the late Lord Lovat made this one and almost all other farms on his estate accessible to ordinary farmers, so that every man he brought to Glen-Strathfarrar, and every one he removed from it, were comfortably located on other parts of his Lordship's estates. In short, the management on The Chisholm's estate left only two of the native farmers in Strathglass, the only surviving man of whom is Alexander Chisholm, Raonbhrad. He is paying rent as a middle-class farmer to the present Chisholm for nearly twenty years back, and paid rent in the same farm to the preceding two Chisholms from the time they got possession one after the other until they died. He was also a farmer in a townland or joint-farm in "Balanahann," on "the fair lady's" portion of Strathglass. So far, he has satisfied the demands of four proprietors and seven successive factors on the same estate. And, like myself, he is obeying the spiritual decrees of the fifth Pope, protected by the humane laws of the fourth Sovereign, and living under the well-meaning but absent fourth Chief. All the rest of the Strathglass tenantry found a home on the Lovat estates, where their sons

and grandsons still are among the most respectable middle-class farmers in Inverness-shire.

Glenstrathfarrar, by far the most fertile glen allotted to forestry in the Highlands, has been from that time and still is the free domain of foxes, eagles, and hundreds of red deer, strictly preserved in order to gratify the proclivities of sportsmen. I am very sorry for it, and in obedience to the dictates of my conscience I must add, that in my humble opinion it is a serious misappropriation of much excellent grazing and some good arable lands. My firm belief is that every portion of God's earth should be occupied by Christians and made to support the greatest possible number of human beings in the greatest possible degree of comfort and happiness.

As I stated, there were only two native farmers left in Strathglass. But the only one who left his native country of his own free accord at that time was my own dear father. So that, when the present Chisholm came home from Canada to take possession of the estate about nineteen years ago, there were only two of his name and kindred in possession of an inch of land in Strathglass. At the first opening he doubled the number by restoring two more Chisholms from Lord Lovat's estate. But I am sorry to say that restoration is a plant of slow growth in Strathglass. It is only right, however, to state that The Chisholm generously re-established and liberally supported one of the tenants in the farm from which he was evicted nineteen years previously. This man's father and grandfather lived and died as tenants on that same farm, and his great-grandfather, Domhnul MacUilleam, was killed on Druimossie-moor. I heard it said that this faithful clansman was shot when carrying his mortally-wounded commander, The Chisholm's youngest son, in his arms. In Glencanaich, even within my own recollection, there were a number of people comfortably located. Of the descendants of Glencanaich men there were living in my own time, one Bishop and fifteen Priests; three Colonels, one Major, three Captains, three Lieutenants and seven Ensigns. Such were the men mostly reared, and who had the rudiments of their education, either in this Glen or in Strathglass. And now there are eight shepherds, seven gamekeepers, and one farmer only, in Glencanaich.

It was not with any degree of pleasure that I approached the subject, and I will leave it for the present. But before doing so I may tell you there is not a human being in Strathglass of the descendants of those who were instrumental in driving the people out of it. I believe the same may be said of Glengarry, and I heard it stated lately by a man who knows Sutherland and the Reay country well, that there are only two families living in those countries who had any hand in or on whose behalf the infamous clearances of 1806 were commenced. It need scarcely be stated here that the wholesale clearances alluded to were inaugurated under the cruel auspices of Elizabeth the sixteenth Countess of Sutherland, and now it appears that the whole race of the Crowbar Brigade, their progeny and abettors, are by some mysterious agency fast gliding away from the country they have so ruthlessly desolated.

Glengarry was cleared by "Marsali Bhinneach," Strathglass was cleared by her daughter Eliza, and Sutherland was cleared by Elizabeth the sixteenth Countess of Sutherland. These three ladies may have been

good wives and good mothers; I have nothing to say against their private character. But their public acts in land clearances ought to stand forth as landmarks to be avoided by the present landed proprietors and by all future owners and administrators of land.

In conclusion, let me repeat what I have said, that it is totally beyond my comprehension how our forefathers could have divested themselves of every species of control and power over the land of these countries. I have seen it stated in an Edinburgh paper that nineteen men own half the land in Scotland. Be that as it may, we know that less that nineteen miserable landed proprietors brought the present desolation on the Glens of the Highlands.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.—Almost before we had finished the perusal of Volume VI., the Transactions for 1878 are before us—the largest, and, we think, we are safe in saying, the most valuable in every respect hitherto issued by the Society. The last volume was about two years in the hands of the printer; this one about as many months. It is highly creditable to the printer and to all concerned. We hope soon to return to it.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Major-General Stewart Allan's valuable paper on "'Tayne,' the Birth-place of King James IV.," and the "Maid of Lochearn," by "MacIain," will appear in our next. We have received "Bruce and the Blood-hound," by the Rev. Allan Sinclair, Kenmore, and "A Legend of Kilchurn," by "C. J. L."—they will appear as soon as possible, as also "Mary Morrison," by "Loda." "Oran do dh' Uilleam a Mhorlaim" crushed out.

DEAR SCOTIA.

Most respectfully dedicated to "Professor Blackie, The Champion of Scottish Rights," as a small but sincere mark of respect and esteem.

By ALEXANDER LOGAN.

—o—

DEAR SCOTIA! thou land of the dauntless and free,
Lov'd country! my bosom beats fondly for thee;
They talk loud of lands that are fairer on earth,
To me there are none like the land of my birth.

Then hurrah for the land of the mountain and glen!
We've sung it before, let us sing it again!
While the sky hath a cloud, and the ocean a wave!
We'll honour the land of the loyal and brave!

Can sun-brilliant fountains, or rose-garnished plains,
Cheer lonely hearts pining in slavery's chains?
No! give me the tempest-rock'd Isle of the north,
Where freedom beams brightly on beauty and worth!
Then hurrah for the land of the mountain and glen, &c.

Thine eagles high soaring—thy torrents that sweep
O'er dark frowning cliffs to the vast rolling deep
Are types of thy prowess– they rush on their way
As thy sons charge their foemen in battle array!
Then hurrah for the land of the mountain and glen, &c.

Oh! fight for thee!—fall for thee!—here is the heart
On which is engraven true liberty's chart;
And ere thy green vales by Oppression be trod,
Its last drop of blood shall empurple thy sod!
Then hurrah for the land of the mountain and glen, &c.

A LEGEND OF LOCH MAREE.

—o—

[CONCLUDED.]

THOUGH left unmolested for a time, poor Flora knew well that she was in the power of the Lord of Castle Donain, and her distress and perplexity of mind was extreme. She had the wit, however, to hide it from Hector, who was now a constant and unwelcome visitor at the cottage,—and chatted and laughed with him and Kenneth, when they came home in the evening, as though she was quite careless and contented. Hers was not a nature to sit down quietly under danger. No, the greater the danger, the higher her courage seemed to rise, and she determined to effect her escape. She arranged with the widow that they should pack up a few necessaries, take the boy and the goat, and again have recourse to the cave for a present refuge. Unfortunately, however, she could find no opportunity to confide her plans to Kenneth, for the vigilance of Hector was so great that neither she nor his mother ever had a chance of speaking to him alone even for a moment. She was anxious to give him a clue, however slight, to their intended movements, so on the morning of the day they had fixed upon for the attempt, before the men went out, she carelessly said to him, "Oh Kenneth, I wish you would try to get me some more of these flowers, they are so beautiful," at the same time exhibiting a bit of a plant which Kenneth and herself well knew grew only in the neighbourhood of the cave, "but," she continued, "you need not trouble about it to-day, as you are going fishing; to-morrow, when you go to the hills, will be quite soon enough." These simple words, so frankly spoken, caused no suspicion to cross the mind of Hector, but to Kenneth, accompanied as they were with a quick expressive glance of her beautiful eyes, they were fraught with meaning, and he felt assured that she wished him to go to the neighbourhood of the cave on the morrow, though for what reason he could not surmise. As he promised to endeavour to procure the flowers, he gave her a look, intelligent as her own, which at once convinced her that he understood some plot was hatching.

That evening, when Kenneth and Hector returned from their day's fishing, they found no fire on the hearth, no supper ready, no voice to welcome them. Kenneth, from the hint he had received, was somewhat prepared for this unusual state of matters, but at the same time he echoed his companion's exclamations of astonishment; he tried to account for it to the satisfaction of his companion by suggesting that the women were out milking the goats, but, as if to contradict him, they heard a bleating outside the cottage, and, going out to ascertain the cause, they found the goats, tired of waiting, had actually come to the door themselves to be relieved of their milky treasure. Kenneth said nothing, but his quick eye at once detected the absence of the dun-coloured favourite which had nursed the boy. Hector, terribly chagrined and annoyed at finding himself thus outwitted, questioned and cross-questioned poor Kenneth until

they both lost their temper, but failed to obtain any satisfactory information. They both passed a sleepless night, and at dawn of day Hector started, accompanied by Kenneth, in pursuit of the fugitives, feeling sure they could not have gone far in such a wild and rocky country. He kept a strict watch on Kenneth, who, notwithstanding, managed in the course of the day to get near the cave, and unseen by his companion gave a signal, which he was delighted to see answered. He now knew that his friends were safely lodged, and had no fear of their discovery by Hector, but how to communicate with them he could not imagine, for Hector kept the most jealous eye on his slightest movements.

The day was nearly spent; the men, fagged and wearied with their long and toilsome search among the mountains, lay down on the heather. Hector, sulky, and deeply mortified at the trick played upon him, lay thinking of what excuse he could make to his chief, and how that high-spirited gentleman was likely to receive the news of Flora's escape. One thing was certain, he must at once acquaint his lord with all the circumstances, whatever the consequences might be to himself; but the difficulty was, how to do so. He first thought of securing Kenneth, and taking him a prisoner along with him, but glancing at the well-knit, hardy figure, and determined eye of the young Highlander, he concluded it would be no easy task to secure him single-handed; and Hector, who, though brave, was also very prudent, saw no benefit likely to accrue from a combat between himself and Kenneth, which would probably end in the death of one, perhaps of both of them. At last he decided that the best plan for him would be to go off quickly and quietly, give information to his chief, and return with a sufficient number to trace and secure Kenneth and the runaways. The idea was no sooner conceived than executed. Seeing that Kenneth lay with his face covered, buried in thought, Hector rose and ran through the hills with the fleetness of a deer.

Kenneth lay for some time, revolving scheme after scheme, when, wondering at his companion's unwonted silence, he raised his head, and was astonished to find him gone. He jumped to his feet and looked eagerly around; at last he espied him at a distance, running as if for his life. This conduct somewhat puzzled him, and for a moment he was tempted to send an arrow after him, but recollecting he was now too far away he dismissed the idea from his mind, and began to reflect how best to turn Hector's absence to his own benefit. The first thing he did was to hasten to the cave to inform its inmates of the strange and abrupt departure. Flora, with her usual intelligence, soon defined the reason, and a consultation was at once held as to what they had better do in the perplexing situation in which they now found themselves.

They could not stay in the cave for any length of time for want of provisions; the small stock they had brought with them would soon be exhausted; the goat's milk would not even be sufficient for little Mac-Gabhar himself, and it would be unsafe for Kenneth to venture out to procure food for fear of their retreat being discovered, and they dreaded this might be the case even as it was, for if their enemies brought their slot hounds they would soon be tracked. Under all these circumstances, in about a week they concluded upon going down to the seashore, trust-

ing fortune might favour them by sending a boat or vessel that way, in which they might make good their escape. This they did, taking the goat (which would not part from the boy) and their baggage along with them. As if in answer to their wishes, they no sooner arrived at the shore than they saw a large ship sailing towards them, and casting anchor at Poolewe. Shortly after they saw one of the ship's boats, with five or six men, rowing in their direction. Kenneth and Flora hastened forward to hail it, and see if the men would take them on board. In their eagerness, they were nearly at the water's edge before they discovered that the principal figure in the boat was none other than Hector Dubh himself. With a scream of terror the affrighted Flora turned and fled, followed by Kenneth, back towards the child, for whose safety she had undergone so many hardships; but, alas, she was destined never to reach him, for in her haste she stumbled and fell. Kenneth stopped to raise her, the next moment they were surrounded, taken prisoners, and hurried to the boat.

Flora's anguish of mind at being thus cruelly separated from the boy was painful to witness. She prayed and entreated the men to return for him, promising that she would go quietly along with them if she only had the child. But all in vain, the men turned a deaf ear to her most vehement and impressive appeals, Hector saying, "No, no, my pretty madam, you have cheated me once already; I'll take care you shan't do it a second time. We can easily return for the boy if our lord desires us to do so, but we will make sure of you, and Kenneth, at any-rate." So, in spite of Flora's tears and sobs, and the more violent expressions of Kenneth's anger (who was deeply grieved at leaving his mother in such a critical situation), the boat speedily bore them from the shore, and shortly after Hector had the satisfaction of handing them over to the custody of his chief.

The Lord of Castle Donain was very much put out at losing the boy, whose fate he felt was strangely interwoven with his own, and in proportion to his dread of what that fate might be was his anxiety to gain possession of MacGabhar. Many a long and fruitless search he caused to be made for him, many a sleepless night he passed in endeavouring to unravel the mystic meaning of the prophecy, and many an hour he spent in consulting his aged bard; who possessed the gift of second sight; but they could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion, save that MacGabhar should surely in the end become the possessor of the vast estates of Castle Donain, but whether it would be accomplished by victory in war, or by more peaceful means, whether in the lifetime of the present lord, or in that of his successors, was at present hidden from their vision.

Flora, who was kept in a kind of honourable captivity, would not afford him the slightest clue to her own identity, or the parentage of the boy, for whose loss she never ceased to grieve. On being perfectly satisfied that Kenneth was as ignorant as himself regarding Flora's antecedents, and being assured by her of Kenneth's absolute innocence of any design against him, the chief allowed the young man to go free.

Kenneth, however, was too devoted to the fair Flora to leave the place, while she was unwillingly detained there. He accordingly lingered about at a safe distance until a favourable opportunity occurred which enabled him to effect her escape, and of safely conducting her to another

part of the country, out of the reach of the Lord of Castle Donain. Flora, finding herself alone and desolate, afraid of returning to her own country, and being deeply touched by Kenneth's unfailing devotion, at length consented to become his wife, a decision she never had cause to rue, but realized more every day the fact that

> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gold for a' that.

After this they wandered about in many places, where it is unnecessary to follow them, searching for the widow and the boy; but at length gave up their efforts as useless. They then went south, and Kenneth joined the army of the king, in which he speedily found favour, rose step by step, until the summit of his youthful ambition was attained, being knighted by the king for his distinguished gallantry on the battle-field.

When the poor widow saw her son and Flora so suddenly torn from her side, and herself and the child left desolate on the shore, she knew not what to do, nor where to turn for shelter. It was no use returning to the cave, for how could they subsist there? her cottage was not better now that Kenneth was gone. She, alone, would be totally unable to provide a livelihood. She had now only the one supreme idea of discovering and, if possible, rejoining her beloved and only son.

The kind and hospitable people of Poolewe supported her and her charge for several days, till at last they secured a passage for her on board a ship, the crew of which promised to take her to Castle Donain. The widow, like most old women, was rather garrulous; she told the captain all her troubles, and the strange story of the boy she found among the rocks of Loch Maree sucking her favourite goat, showing him at the same time the velvet mantle and sword of state which belonged to little MacGabhar's father, to corroborate her statements. The captain, interested in the touching narrative, listened patiently, and condoled with the poor woman in her misfortunes; but, at the same time, feeling sure that the boy belonged to some family of note, he determined, instead of carrying them to the desired destination, taking his passengers to his own chief, Colin Gillespick, or Colin More, as he was generally called, a noted, brave, though rather unscrupulous chieftain.

Gillespick, on their arrival, was very glad to obtain possession of the boy, and upon hearing the whole story, he decided on taking MacGabhar into his own family and bringing him up as one of his own sons. He also provided the widow with a small cottage near his castle, and allowed her enough to live upon very comfortably. She had liberty to see MacGabhar as often as she wished, and as she was very much attached to him, she would have been quite happy but for her grief at the loss of her son, which almost obliterated every other feeling. The boy was never tired of listening to her while she told and retold him all the incidents of his discovery in the cave with Flora, of their subsequent happy days at the cottage, and of their sad and sudden termination. As MacGabhar grew up, he became intensely anxious respecting his parentage, and many a pleasant converse he had with the old widow, who always maintained and taught him to believe that he came of noble blood.

He would gaze on the mantle and sword by the hour together, trying to imagine what his father had been. The time thus spent was not altogether wasted, for these reveries made him feel that, if he was well born, it was necessary for him to conduct himself like a nobleman, which he accordingly strove to do, and soon excelled all his companions, as much by his skill and dexterity in the warlike games and manly accomplishments of the times, as in his fine athletic figure, handsome features, and dignified bearing.

When MacGabhar was about eighteen, his adopted father told him that he would now give him an opportunity of showing his prowess on the battlefield, as he had resolved to gather all his clan and retainers and make a grand raid into a neighbouring territory, of which the people were at the time in a state of anarchy and confusion, which circumstance he had no doubt would greatly aid him in his intended project of subjugation. This was welcome news to the fiery youth, longing "to flesh his maiden sword," and he exerted himself with right good will in making the necessary preparations for the forthcoming foray.

When Flora married Kenneth, she, like a true wife, concealed no secret from him, but told him all her history—a strange and romantic one. She was of high birth, but, being an orphan, lived with her only sister, who had married and become the queen of the chief or king of a powerful neighbouring kingdom. They had an only child, a boy, named Ewen, to whom Flora was devotedly attached, being his companion and nurse by day and by night. When the child was about a year old, a revolt broke out in his domains, led by a natural brother of the king, who, being the elder, thought he had a better right. The rebels seized and murdered Ewen's father, their lawful sovereign, and took the queen prisoner.

Kenneth's blood ran cold as his wife continued, in graphic terms, to relate the horrors of that period; how the rebels, not satisfied with the death of their king, plotted to murder herself and the young heir during the night. Even in this trying emergency she did not lose her presence of mind, but courageously determined to defeat their wicked purpose by a counter-plot. She accordingly concealed her agitation during the day, and on some pretext persuaded the wife and child of one of the conspirators to change bedrooms with her; the latter were slain, while she made good her escape with her darling Ewen, but in such haste that she could make no preparations for her flight beyond carrying away the sword and mantle of the murdered king, as evidence, if ever opportunity occurred, to prove Ewen's high lineage and birth. After days of painful travel, she at last reached Loch Maree, where she was happily found in the cave, and succoured by the goat, by Kenneth and his devoted mother.

After Kenneth had been made a knight, and stood high in favour at court, his wife accidentally heard from a wandering minstrel that great changes had taken place in her native country. The usurper was dead, leaving no successor, and the people were divided and in a state of discord, some wishing to have the queen of the late rightful king restored, while others wished for a male ruler. Flora, on hearing this, at once expressed her desire to visit her sister, of whom she had heard nothing for so many years, once more, and suggested to her husband that he might possibly help

the queen to resume her rightful position. Sir Kenneth, ever ready for adventure, consented, provided he could get the king's consent for a time to withdraw from his service.

The kingdom being now at peace, the king readily granted him leave of absence, and also permission to take his immediate retainers along with him. They all started in high spirits, and arrived at their journey's end in safety, when Flora was overjoyed to find her sister alive and well. The queen, on meeting her, was no less delighted to find her long-lost sister, and to hear of the wonderful preservation of her beloved son, though their joy was damped by the uncertainty of his fate since Flora was separated from him. With the valuable assistance of Sir Kenneth and his brave men-at-arms, the queen was soon reinstated in her proper position. But no sooner was this accomplished than she was threatened with an immediate attack from the formidable and dreaded Colin More. Her subjects, however, rallied round her, and, forgetting their mutual quarrels, stood well together, and led on by the brave Sir Kenneth, they rushed to meet the advancing foe with irresistible force, and gained a complete victory over him, taking several important prisoners, among whom were three of Gillespick's sons, and his adopted son Ewen MacGabhar.

Colin More's raid being so unjust, for there was no reason for it but the desire for plunder, it was decided that his punishment should be severe, consequently all the prisoners of any pretension to rank were ordered the morning after the battle to be publicly executed, beginning with the youngest. This happened to be Ewen MacGabhar, who determined to meet his fate without flinching, and as befitted his birth, which he always felt was of noble origin. He accordingly dressed himself with care, and threw over all the scarlet velvet mantle he had preserved for so many years, and girded on the sword, with a sigh to think that he should never know the secret of his birth.

At the time appointed, the prisoners were brought out for execution before the queen and her court, according to the barbarous custom of the time. MacGabhar walked at their head with a stately step, his fine figure as erect, his fair head held as lofty, and his bright blue eye as fearless, as if he were a conqueror and not a captive. As he approached nearer where the queen sat, surrounded by her ladies, her sister Flora started violently, and seizing her husband by the arm, exclaimed "Oh Kenneth, see! see! that mantle, that sword, look at his fair hair, his blue eye, it must, it must be he;" then rushing towards Ewen she cried out, "Your name, your name, young man; where did you get that sword and mantle; speak, speak, I adjure you by all you hold sacred to tell the truth." Young Ewen, considerably surprised by this impassioned appeal, drew himself up, and answered firmly and respectfully, "Madam, these articles belonged to my father, whom I never knew, and the name I am known by is Ewen MacGabhar, but I know not whether it is my right name or not." This answer, far from allaying the lady's agitation, only served to increase it, and with an hysterical laugh she screamed out, "MacGabhar! yes, yes, I was sure of it. Sister! husband! see, see, our lost darling, my own dear MacGabhar;" then, in the excess of her emotion, she threw her arms around him, and swooned away.

All was now confusion and perplexity. Sir Kenneth hastened to his wife's assistance. The queen rose and stood with an agitated face and outstretched hands, looking earnestly at Ewen. The older chieftains, who remembered his father, began to remark the extraordinary likeness Ewen bore to the late king; clansmen caught up the excitement and began to shout "A MacCoinnich More! A MacCoinnich More!"

After a while, when the Lady Flora had regained consciousness, and some degree of order was restored, the queen began to closely question her sister as to the identity of Ewen; "For," she sagely remarked, "although that mantle and sword did indeed belong to my husband, that does not prove its present possessor to be his heir; and further, though I admit I perceive a great resemblance in that young man to the late king, yet he might be his son without being mine, and until I am persuaded that he is indeed my own lawful son, I will not yield up this honoured seat to him." This spirited speech was received with approval by the nobles, but still the common people kept up the cry of "A MacCoinnich More! A MacCoinnich More!"

"Stay, stay," exclaimed Kenneth, "I think I shall be able to decide if he is indeed MacGabhar; do you remember, Flora, the day when little Ewen was playing with my hunting knife and inflicted a severe cut on his arm? Now, if this young man has the mark of that wound, it will be conclusive. Approach then, and bare your left arm, MacGabhar."

Ewen stood forward, and amid the anxious, breathless attention of all, bared his muscular arm, when there plainly appeared a large cicatrice, evidently of many years standing.

All doubt was now removed; the queen embraced him and owned him her son. The chieftains crowded round to offer their congratulations, and the clansmen shouted loud and long.

MacGabhar bore himself throughout this strange and excited scene with a dignity and composure of manner which greatly raised him in the estimation of his new found friends. His first act was to beg the lives and liberty of his late fellow prisoners, which was readily granted; and when he had explained to his mother how indebted he was to Gillespick for his kindness in bringing him up, and had also told Sir Kenneth how well treated his mother had been, their indignant feelings towards Gillespick gave way to more kindly emotions, and a firm and lasting peace was concluded between the two clans. Sir Kenneth hastened to fetch his mother, whose joy at being thus re-united to her beloved son, after so many years separation and anxiety, was almost overpowering to the now aged woman. Sir Kenneth took up his abode in his wife's native country, and by his wise and sagacious council greatly assisted Ewen in the management of his kingdom, the queen, his mother, resigning all her authority in his favour. He ruled his people firmly and well, and by his courage in the field, and wisdom in the council, he so raised the strength and increased the dimensions of his kingdom that it became the most prosperous and powerful in the Highlands. He married the only daughter of the Lord of Castle Donain, and by her inherited all that vast estate, in this way fulfilling the old prophecy which had caused so much uneasiness for years to his future father-in-law.

M. A. ROSE.

Literature.

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HISTORY OF IRELAND: The Heroic Period. By Standish O'Grady. Sampson Low, Searle, Marston & Rivington, London. E. Ponsonby, Dublin.

THIS is an exceedingly pleasant book. Any one who has looked at the "Irish Annals," "The Four Masters," or indeed any previously written Chronicle or Early History of Ireland, would expect to find here a book full of names, dates, battles, events, births, deaths, genealogies, and other dry, uninteresting, and unauthentic accumulation of unreliable matter. Mr O'Grady has given us a work of a very different character. He deals only with the Heroic period in this volume. His manner of treatment is original, and the result excellent. He does not accept the literature of the bards of the heroic period as authentic, but he receives their aspirations as indicating those noble actions which the noblest of a noble race would desire to attain to, and which they in some instances achieved. Once take up the book and it is difficult to lay it aside until the end is arrived at. The author succeeds remarkably in bringing out pleasantly and prominently the epic and dramatic element of the period of which he writes. He seems to have digested the whole range of the literature of the heroic age of Ireland; welded together, in connected and continued order, the principal and most attractive incidents commemorated by the chroniclers and bards; and has here presented us with a complete and grand prose epic, finished in all its parts, tastefully written, and with a sufficient flavour of the bardic style to make it attractive; but not in that stiff and repulsively majestic style in which Macpherson translated and first presented to the literary world the more famous Fenian literature of the Scottish Celt. Mr O'Grady is of opinion that no single Irish tale, however well adapted to the modern literary taste, would form a complete and perfect representation of any of the more heroic personages or events. Round each of the heroes revolves a whole cycle of literature in prose and verse, and no treatment would be adequate which did not take in this cycle in its completeness. The work is based on this idea, and the author reduces to its artistic elements the whole of the heroic period of Irish history taken together, viewing it always in the light of modern archæological discoveries, sometimes using the actual language of the bards, with always a dash of their peculiar style and expression.

But the author does not altogether confine himself to the bards. He treats of the ancient civilization of his country, and in doing so he relies upon more authentic records, producing a pretty accurate sketch—as accurate indeed and as complete as can now be attained—of the ancient civilization of Ireland. We are presented with excellent pictures of the pre-historic ages; the glacial period; the men of the ice period; and how the extreme cold and ice affected the movements of those creatures that inhabited these islands and North-Western Europe. We are told that:—

The man of the ice-period was the antique representative of the modern Eskimo, if not actually his progenitor. He was short, flat-faced, and prognathous. He was filthy, brutish, and a cannibal. Fishing and hunting formed his occupation. The divine command to till the earth and to eat of the fruits thereof had not been enjoined upon his

ancestors, or had not been obeyed, nor yet did he drive about flocks and herds, leading a nomadic and pastoral life, and subsisting on the milk of cows or mares. No gentle domestic animals roamed around his house. The wolf was still untamed. No watch-dog's honest bark greeted him as he drew near home.

Ignorant, filthy, and brutish as was this ancient man, yet him, too, the gods had visited. Prometheus and Apollo had taught him many arts by which he might mitigate the cruelty of the frost powers. The divine theft had brought a blessing upon him too. He knew how to kindle a fire, and supply himself with the warmth which the climate denied.

To the potter's art he had not attained. When he desired to boil his food, a deer-skin was his pot, into which, filled with melted snow, he dropped red hot stones until the flesh was cooked.

He had his needles of bone, and thread of gut, and made raiment for himself out of skins.

When he desired to build, he sought a ravine where the snow lay deep. Removing the surface out of the compact snow beneath, he, with his stone hatchet, hewed bricks or slabs out of the solid snow. With these he built his habitation, shaped like a bee-hive, with door, and a window of transparent ice. Inside, all along the white walls, ran banks of snow, upon which were thrown skins, and upon these the family lay and slept.

In a French cave, in the strata of the Pleistocene era, has been found the shoulder-blade of an animal, upon which is graved with some pointed instrument a fine representation of the mammoth, and also another of the primitive horse. There, too, has been found a piece of horn, carved into the shape of a deer's head, with branching antlers, executed with faithfulness and spirit.

Deep in the recesses of the caves we learn the history and life of this ancient people. The excavation of a few feet reveal articles manufactured under the sway and genius of Rome. Below these we find the iron and bronze implements of the half-civilized predecessors of the Romans. Another descent brings to light the flint tools of the Neolithic and Palæolithic times. Then come the marks of the great submergence, and below them the tools of this people who, more than two hundred thousand years ago, lived and died upon the plains of Ireland. Below these again, and upon the basement of this strange house—this eternal refuge of the homeless—lie the pulverized or demi-pulverized relics of the vast cycles, huge and obscure, that preceded the advent of man. They are the annals of the world, tome above tome, in that strange library.

Ireland was again laid buried beneath a load of impenetrable ice. Man was driven to the south of France and Spain. But now another huge alteration began to take place. North-Western Europe gradually descended into the sea. As the land sank the sea rose, Ireland was again rolled over by the waves of the Atlantic. But the end was not yet. Ireland, tenanted only by shell-fish and sea-weeds, above which the whales wallowed, and the iceberg sailed, was yet to ascend from her watery grave into the light of the sun, to be the joyful home of men and animals, and to play her part in the great drama of the world. That vast planetary suspiration ceased, an inspiration as vast commenced. North-western Europe slowly rose again, Millenium after Millenium, inch by inch, through the succeeding ages, even to the height of the early Pleistocene epoch, and then subsided once more to the point at which the historic period found her. Ireland was still, after emerging from the water, buried under ice, but at last the genial influence of the south penetrated northwards; the ice yielded to glaciers and summer torrents; vegetation and animals re-appeared; the climate grew milder; the arctic animals disappeared; the plains were clothed with grass; a nobler race of men were now advancing from the south, but without bringing civilization or the means of recording their history along with them. They were no branch of Scythic stock, no Aryan-speaking people, but a dark, small, oval-faced race, between whom and the tall, fierce, blue-eyed Celt there was neither kinship nor resemblance. To these—a new people—the ancestors of the existing Celtic race—we are thus introduced:—

The Irish are a mixed race, the Basque and the Celt went to their formation. The original inhabitants of the country were Basque, but successive Celtic invasions obliterated the ancient Basque language, and altered the physical appearance of the people. In this respect the history of Ireland, and indeed of all North-Western Europe, resembles that of Greece. In the times of which Homer sang, the Greek nobles had yellow hair and blue eyes. At the time when the heroic literature of Ireland was composed, the Irish nobles had yellow hair and blue eyes. Athene seized Achilles by the yellow locks, while she herself was a blue-eyed goddess. Crimthann, who held in check the rebellious sons of Cathair More for Conn of the Hundred Battles, was surnamed Culboy, because the smelted gold was not yellower than his hair; while the locks of Cuculain, the great Ultonian hero, were yellower than the blossom of the sovarchy. On the other hand, the historic Greeks resembled physically the Italians, and were equally with them surprised at the tall stature and fierce blue eyes of the northern warriors, while in Irish bardic literature the lower orders are represented as dark. The history of both countries was the same. The aborigines, a dark Turanian people, were conquered and submerged by successive Celtic invasions, until their language was lost in that of their conquerors. The purest type of Irish beauty has been produced by this blending of races. We often see in Ireland, and not elsewhere, blue eyes fringed with lashes as black as jet, a pure clear skin through which glows the warmth of southern blood.

We cannot pass over what Mr O'Grady, with a due appreciation of the requirements of correct history, says of the famous Irish annals :—

There is not, perhaps, in existence a product of the human mind so extraordinary as the Irish annals. From a time dating more than two thousand years before the birth of Christ, the stream of Milesian history flows down uninterrupted, copious and abounding, between accurately defined banks, with here and there picturesque meanderings, here and there flowers lolling upon those delusive waters, but never concealed in mists, or lost in a marsh. As the centuries wend their way, king succeeds king with a regularity most gratifying, and fights no battles, marries no wife, begets no children, does no doughty deed of which a contemporaneous note was not taken, and which has not been incorporated in the annals of his country. To think that this mighty fabric of recorded events, so stupendous in its dimensions, so clean and accurate in its details, so symmetrical and elegant, should be after all a mirage and delusion, a gorgeous bubble, whose glowing rotundity, whose rich hues, azure, purple, amethyst and gold, vanish at a touch and are gone, leaving a sorry remnant over which the patriot disillusionized may grieve!

Early Irish history is the creation mainly of the bards. Romances and poems supplied the great blocks with which the fabric was reared. These the chroniclers fitted into their places, into the interstices pouring shot, rubbish, and grouting. The bardic intellect, revolving round certain ideas for centuries, and round certain material facts, namely, the mighty barrows of their ancestors, produced gradually a vast body of definite historic lore, life-like kings and heroes, real-seeming queens. The mechanical intellect followed with perspicuous arrangement, with a thirst for accuracy, minuteness, and verisimilitude. With such quarrymen and such builders the work went on apace, and anon a fabric huge rose like an exhalation, and like an exhalation its towers and pinnacles of empurpled mist are blown asunder and dislimn.

And, again, he informs us that—

With Kimbay, Irish history perhaps commences, yet even thenceforward the historic track is doubtful and elusive in the extreme. Spite its splendid appearance in the annals, it is thin, legendary, evasive. Looked at with the severe eyes of criticism, the broad-walled highway of the old historians, on which pass many noble figures of kings and queens, brehons, bards, kerds and warriors, legislators and druids, real-seeming antique shapes of men and women, marked by many a carn, piled above heroes illustrious with battles, elections, conventions, melts away into thin air. The glare of bardic light flees away; the broad, firm highway is torn asunder and dispersed; even the narrow, doubtful track is not seen; we seem to foot it hesitatingly, anxiously, from stepping-stone to stepping-stone set at long distances in some quaking Cimmerian waste. But all around, in surging, tumultuous motion, come and go the gorgeous, unearthly beings that long ago emanated from bardic minds, a most weird and mocking world. Faces rush out of the darkness, and as swiftly retreat again. Heroes expand into giants, and dwindle into goblins, or fling aside the heroic form and gambol as buffoons; gorgeous palaces are blown asunder like a smoke-wreath; kings, with wand of silver and ard-rōth of gold, move with all their state from century to century; puissant heroes, whose fame reverberates through and sheds a glory over epochs, approach and coalesce; battles are shifted from place to place and century to century; buried monarchs re-

appear, and run a new career of glory. The explorer visits an enchanted land where he is mocked and deluded. Everything seems blown loose from its fastenings. All that should be most stable is whirled round and borne away like foam or dead leaves in a storm.

The following is a description of the famous spear which Lu Lamfada took out of the Dùn of Kelkar:—

Then Cormac led him to where was a ong-handled black spear, of which the haft was fixed in a frame against the wall, and the head plunged deep in an urn containing a liquid, dark, save where the bubbles rose to the surface, but the spear shivered and writhed like a live thing. Now the urn was filled with the juices of lethean and soporific herbs which dulled its fury, but for which it would of its own accord rush against men flesh-devouring, a marvel amongst the ancient Gæil, for a fell principle of destruction dwelt within it, an emanation of the war-demons, but in after days, with the advent of the Talkend, it expired. But Cormac took it from the frame, and its head out of the urn, and held it strongly in both hands, holding it before him like a fishing-rod, and the divine spear writhed and strained in his hands like a serpent stiffened out but not subdued by the charm of the enchanter, and it struggled fiercely to get away, as a kite strains strongly against the hands of him who holds the cord. Then he plunged it again into the urn, and made the haft fast in the frame, and its fury was allayed.

We should like to place before the reader a few more pearls out of this magnificently brilliant historical romance, but space forbids. The only possible way by which any idea of this great work can be obtained is by a personal perusal; and this we recommend to all who take any interest in Celtic subjects, or in historic romance of any kind. We envy the author the attractiveness of his style, and the masterly manner in which he has been able to grasp and treat the historical romance of his native country—in many instances disconnected and undigested—but here presented in a beautifully complete, systematic whole. We have no hesitation in saying that we derived more unmixed pleasure from reading his book than from any other single book we ever read.

Correspondence.

COLONEL CAMERON OF FASSIFERN AND GENERAL SIR ALAN CAMERON OF ERRACHT.

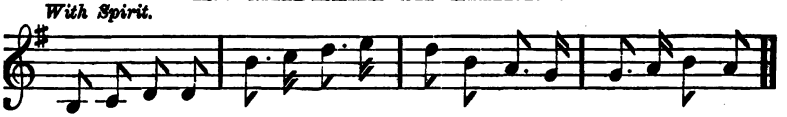
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

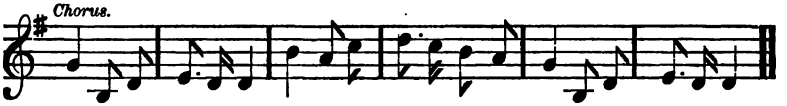
St Winifred Villa, Bath, June 24, 1878.

My Dear Sir,—The writer of "Erracht's Biography," in your Magazine, is under a mistake in stating that the late Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassifern "applied for a baronetcy" on account of his son's services, whereas the true statement is quite the other way, Sir Ewen being so *dis*inclined to accept the honour that, had it not been for my father, he would have *refused* it—remarking that "no honour conferred on him could make up for the loss of his son."—I remain, yours faithfully,

CLUNY.

AN GAIDHEAL 'SA LEANNAN.

With Spirit.

Chionn gu'm beil gach gleann na fhas-ach, Theid mi fein 's mo Mhai-ri thair-is.

Chorus.

Theid i 's gu'n teid i leam, Leam-sa gu'n teid mo lean-nan, Theid i 's gun teid i leam.

| $m_1 . f_1 : s_1 . s_1$ | m ., f : s ., l | s . m : r ., d | d ., r : m . r ‖

Chorus.

| d : $m_1 . s_1$ | l_1 ., s_1 : s_1 | m : r . f | s ., f : m . r | d : $m_1 . s_1$ | l_1 ., s_1 : s_1 ‖

Theid i leam á Tìr nam Fraoch-bheann,
Oir tha daoin' air dol á fasan.

Siùbhlaidh sinn á tìr ar dùthchais,
'Cur ar cùlaobh ris na beannaibh.

Theid i leam a-null air sàl do
Thìr 's an dean an Gaidheal beartas.

Ach ged robh gach là 'na Shámhradh,
Chaoidh bi Tìr nam Beann air m' aire.

A s mu'n cairear anns an ùir sinn
'S i mo dhùrachd tilleadh dhachaidh ;

Chum 's gu'n tòrrar mise 's m' annsachd
'N Tìr nam Beann, nan Gleann, 's nan Gaisgeach.

NOTE.—The above air is deservedly popular in the North-West Highlands. Mr J. A. Robertson, Inverness, agreed to sing it at the last annual assembly of the Gaelic Society; but unfortunately, I could only remember the chorus of the song, and some efforts to get the original, or any words, were unsuccessful. In order that the air might not be lost to the meeting for want of words, I strung together the above rhymes (retaining the old familiar chorus); and at the request of several parties, who were delighted with the manner in which Mr Robertson sang the song, it is given here.—W. M'K.

KISS THE DIRK.

—o—

WHEN the night mists slowly fled
From lone Buchael's airy head,
Ah! he sought the heath.
Joyous with his hounds he sped,
Pride was in his manly tread,
Love was in his breath:
In the chase with ardour burning,
Coward foemen, valor spurning,
Slew him; and his hounds, returning,
Howl the tale of death.

Stark and cold our kinsman lies,
Blood for blood his spirit cries,
Shall our hands forbear?
Hear our maidens' groans and sighs,
Vengeance shrieks! the foeman dies,
Kiss the dirk! and swear—

Widow weeping, orphans wailing,
Darkness o'er their home prevailing—
Vengeance! vengesnce! never-failing,
Kiss the dirk! 'tis bare.

Rest not, follow fast the foe;
Sleep not, till we lay him low;
Track him to his lair.
Bold is he who gives the blow,
Bards shall sing and praise bestow,
Who the deed shall dare.
Speed ye onwards, night is stealing—
Speed ye tireless, honour feeling—
Justice smiles when vengeance dealing,
Kiss the dirk! and swear.

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND.

THE

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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

—o—

[Continued.]

XIII. COLIN "RUADH," second Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, afterwards created first Earl of Seaforth, was a minor only fourteen years of age when he succeeded his father. The estates were left heavily burdened in consequence of the long-continued wars with Glengarry and other demands upon Lord Kenneth, who acted prudently in such circumstances to appoint his brother, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, in whose judgment he placed the utmost confidence, tutor to his son and successor, Lord Colin. Sir Roderick, however, knowing the state of affairs—financial difficulties staring him in the face—while the family were at the time much involved with the conquest of the Lews and other broils on the mainland, hesitated to accept the great responsibilities of the position, but, to use the words of the Laird of Applecross, "all others refusing to take the charge he set resolutely to the work. The first thing he did was to assault the rebels in the Lews, which he did so suddenly, after his brother's death, and so unexpectedly to them, that what the Fife adventurers had spent many years, and much treasure in without success, he, in a few months, accomplished; for having by his youngest brother Alexander, chased Neill, the chief commander of all the rest, from the Isle, pursued him to Glasgow, where, apprehending him, he delivered him to the Council, who executed him immediately. He returned to the Lews, banished those whose deportment he most doubted, and settled the rest as peaceable tenants to his nephew; which success he had, with the more facility, because he had the only title of succession to it by his wife, and they looked on him as their just master. From thence he invaded Glengarry, who was again re-collecting his forces; but at his coming they dissipate and fled. He pursued Glengarry to Blairy in Moray, where he took him; but willing to have his nephew's estate settled with conventional right rather than legal, he took low-countrymen as sureties for Glengarry's peaceable deportment, and then contracted with him for the reversion of the former wadsets, which Colin of Kintail had acquired of him, and for a ratification and new disposition of all his lands, formerly sold to Colin, and paid him thirty thousand merks in money for

this, and gave him a title to Lagganachindrom, which, till then, he possessed by force, so that Glengarry did ever acknowledge it as a favour to be overcome by such enemies, who over disobligements did deal both justly and generously. Rorie employed himself therefore in settling his pupil's estate, which he did to that advantage, that ere his minority passed, he freed his estate, leaving him master of an opulent fortune and of great superiorities, for he acquired the superiority of Troternish, with the heritable stewarty of the Isle of Skye, to his pupil, the superiority of Raasay and some other Isles. At this time, Macleod, partly by law and partly by force, had possessed himself of Sleat and Troternish, a great part of Macdonald's estate. Rory, now knighted by King James, owned Macdonald's cause, as an injured neighbour, and by the same method that Macleod possessed himself of Sleat and Troternish, he recovered both from him, marrying the heir thereof, Sir Donald Macdonald, to his neice, sister to Lord Colin, and caused him to take the lands of Troternish, holden of his pupil. Shortly after that, he took the management of Maclean's estate, and recovered it from the Earl of Argyle, who had fixed a number of debts and pretences on it, so by his means all the Isles were composed, and accorded in their debates and settled in their estates whence a full peace amongst them, Macneill of Barra excepted, who had been an hereditary outlaw. Him, by commission, Sir Rory reduced, took him in his fort of Kisemull, and carried him prisoner to Edinburgh, where he procured his remission. The King gifted his estate to Sir Rory, who restored it to Macneill for a sum not exceeding his expenses, and holding it of himself in feu. This Sir Rory, as he was beneficial to all his relations, establishing them in free and secure fortunes, he purchased considerable lands to himself in Ross and Moray, besides the patrimony left him by his father, the lands of Coigeach and others, which, in lieu of the Lews, were given him by his brother. His death was regretted as a public calamity, which was in September 1626, in the 48th year of his age. To Sir Rory succeeded Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat; and to him Sir George Mackenzie, of whom to write might be more honour to him than of safety to the writer as matters now stand."

Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach was very determined and extremely fertile in schemes to enable him to gain any object he had in view. One of these, in connection with Mackenzie's final possession of the Lews, almost equalled the Raid of Cilliechriost in all its most abhorrent details of conception and execution, though the actual result was different; and for that we cannot give credit to the Tutor of Kintail. Neil Macleod, with his nephews, Malcolm, William, and Roderick, the three sons of Roderick Og, the four sons of Torquil Blair, and thirty of their more determined and desperate followers, retired, on Kintail's taking possession of the whole Island of Lews, to the impregnable rock of Berrissay, at the back of the island, to which Neil, as a precautionary measure, had been, for some years previously, sending provisions and other necessaries in case of future necessity. They held out on this rock for three years, and in their impregnable position were a source of great annoyance to the Tutor and his followers. While stationed on a little rock opposite, and within shot of, Berrissay, Neil killed one of the Tutor's followers named Donald MacDhonnchaidh Mhic Ian Ghlais,

and wounded another called Tearlach MacDhomh'uill Roy Mhic Fhionnlaidh Ghlais. This exasperated their leader so much, and all other means having failed to oust Neil Macleod from his impregnable position, that the Tutor conceived the inhuman scheme of gathering together the wives and children of all those who were in Berrissay, as also all those in the island who were in any way related to them by blood or marriage affinity, and having placed them on a rock in the sea during low water, so near Berrissay that Neil and his companions could see and hear them, Sir Roderick and his men avowed that they would leave those innocent creatures —women and children—on the rock until they were overwhelmed by the sea and drowned on the return of the flood tide, if Neill and his companions did not instantly surrender the stronghold of Berrissay. He, no doubt, knew by stern experience, that even in such an atrocious deed, the promise of the Tutor, once given, was as good as his bond. It is due to the greater humanity of Neil that this fearful position of his helpless countrymen and relations appalled him so much that he immediately yielded up the rock on condition that he and his followers were allowed to leave the Lews. It is impossible to think otherwise, were it not for Macleod's yielding, than that this villanous and ferocious crime would have been committed by the Clan Mackenzie; and their descendants have to thank the humanity of their enemies for saving them from the commission of an act which would have secured them the deserved execration of posterity. After Neil had given up the rock he went privately, under silence of night, to his relative Macleod of Harris. The Tutor learning this caused him to be charged, under pain of treason and forfeiture, to deliver Neil up to the Council. Macleod finding himself in such an awkward position prevailed upon Neil to accompany him, taking his son along with them to Edinburgh to seek forgiveness from the king; but under pretence of this he delivered them both up on arriving in that city, where Neil was, in April 1613, at once executed, and his son was banished out of the kingdom. The conduct of Macleod of Harris can hardly be commended; but it was, perhaps, a fair return for a piece of treachery of the same kind of which Neil had been guilty some little time previously. He met with the captain of a pirate while he was on Berrissay, with whom he entered into a mutual bond to help each other, both being outlaws. The captain was to defend the rock from the seaward while Neil made his incursions on shore, and they promised faithfully to live and die together; but to make the agreement more secure the captain must marry Neil's aunt, a daughter of Torquil Blair. The day fixed for the marriage having arrived; and having discovered that the captain possessed several articles of value aboard his ship, Neil and his adherents, when the captain was naturally most completely off his guard, treacherously seized the ship and all on board, and sent the captain and his crew off to Edinburgh, thus thinking to secure his own peace as well as whatever was in the ship. They were all hanged at Leith by order of the Council. Much of the silver and gold Neil carried to Harris, where probably it may have helped to tempt Macleod, as it had before tempted himself in the case of the captain, to break faith with Neil.

In 1614, when the Tutor was busily engaged with the Island of Lews, dissensions sprung up between different branches of the Camerons, insti-

gated by the rival claims of the Marquis of Huntly and the Earl of Argyll. The latter had won over the aid of Allan MacDhomhnuill Duibh, Chief of the Clan Cameron, while Huntly had secured the support of Erracht, Kinlochiel, and Glen Nevis, and, by force, placed these in possession of the lands belonging to the Chief's adherents who supported Argyll. Allan, however, managed to deal out severe retribution on his enemies, who were commanded by Lord Enzie, the Marquis's eldest son, and, as is quaintly said, "teaching ane lesson to the rest of kin that are *alqui* in what form they shall carry themselves to their chief hereafter." Huntly, however, obtained orders from the king to suppress these violent proceedings, and called out all his Majesty's loyal vassals to join him. Kintail and the Tutor submitted the difficulties and trials they had in reducing the Lews to good order and peaceable government, and they were exempted from joining Huntly's forces by a special commission from the king. Closely connected as it is with the final settlement of this island, which, Scott says, "was a principality itself," in the possession of the House of Kintail, we shall place it before the reader :—

"James Rex,—James, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, to all and sundry our lieges, and subjects whom it effeirs to whose knowledge this our letters shall come greeting. For as much as we have taken great pains and travails, and bestoun great charge and expense for reducing the Isles of our kingdom to our obedience. And the same Isles being now settled in a reasonable way of quietness, and the chieftains thereof having come in and rendered their obedience to us; there rests none of the Isles rebellious, but only the Lews, which being inhabited by a number of godless and lawless people, trained up from their youth in all kinds of ungodliness. They can hardly be reclaimed from their impurities and barbarities, and induced to embrace a quiet and peaceable form of living; so that we have been constrained from time to time to employ our cousin, the Lord Kintail, who rests with God, and since his decease the Tutor of Kintail his brother, and other friends of that House in our service against the rebels of the Lews, with ample commission and authority to suppress their insolence and to reduce that island to our obedience, which service has been prosecuted and followed this diverse years by the power, friendship, and proper service of the House of Kintail, without any kind of trouble and charge or expense to us, or any support or relief from their neighbours; and in the prosecution of that service, they have had such good and happy success, as divers of the rebels have been apprehended and execute by justice. But seeing our said service is not yet fully accomplished, nor the Isle of the Lews settled in a solid and perfect obedience, we have of late renewed our former commission to our cousin Colin, now Lord of Kintail, and to his Tutor and some other friends of his house, and they are to employ the hale power and service in the execution of the said commission, whilk being a service emporting highly our honour, and being so necessary and expedient for the peace and quiet of the whole islands, and for the good of our subjects, haunting the trade of fishing in the Isles, the same ought not to be interrupted upon any other intervening occasion, and our commissioners and their friends ought not to be distracted therefrae for giving of their concurrence in our services.

Therefore, we, with advice of the Lords of our Privy Council, has given and granted our licence to our said cousin Colin, Lord of Kintail, and to his friends, men, tenants, and servants to remain and bide at home frae all osts, reeds, wars, assemblings, and gadderings to be made by George, Marquis of Huntly, the Earl of Enzie, his son, or any other our Lieutenants, Justices, or Commissioners, by sea or land, either for the pursuit of Allan Cameron of Lochiel and his rebellious complices, or for any other cause or occasion whatsoever, during or within the time of our commission foresaid granted against the Lews, without pain or danger to be incurred by our said cousin the Lord of Kintail and his friends in their persons, lands or goods; notwithstanding whatsoever our proclamation made or to be made in the contrair whatever, and all pains contained in, we dispense be their pretts, discharging hereby our Justices, Justice Clerk, and all our Judges and Ministers of law, of all calling, accusing, or any way proceeding against them for the cause aforesaid, and of their officers in that part.

"Given under our signet at Edinburgh, the 14th day of September 1614, and of our reign the 12th, and 48 years. Read, passed, and allowed in Council. All; Concr. Hamilton, Glasgow, Lothian, Binning.

"(Signed) "PRIMEROSE."

Having procured this commission the Mackenzies were able to devote their undivided attention to the Lews and their other affairs at home, and from this period that island principality remained in the undisturbed possession of the noble family of Kintail and Seaforth, until, at a later period, it was, through the misfortunes and extravagance of the family during the rule of the "last of the Seaforths," sold to its present owner, Sir James Matheson of the Lews. The inhabitants ever after adhered most loyally to the illustrious house to whom they owed such peace and prosperity as was never experienced in the history of the island.

The king's commission proved of incalculable benefit to Kintail; for it not only enabled him with the greater ease to pacify and establish good order in the Lews, but at the same time it provided him with undisturbed security in his extensive possessions on the mainland at a time when the most violent disorders prevailed over every other district of the West Highlands and Islands.

Sir Robert Gordon writing about this period, under the year 1477, says* :—"From the ruines of the familie of Clandonald, and some of the neighbouring Hylanders, and also by their own vertue, the surname of the Clankenzie, from small beginnings, began to floorish in these bounds; and by the freindship and favor of the house of Southerland, chieflie of Earle John, fyfth of that name, Earle of Southerland (whose chamberlaines they wer, in receaveing the rents of the earledome of Rosse to his use) ther estate afterward came to great height, yea above divers of ther more auncient nighbors. The cheiff and head of the familie at this day is Colin Mackenzie, Lord of Kyntale, now created Earle of Seaforth." If the family became so powerful in 1477, what must we consider its position under Lord Colin. The Earl of Cromarty informs us that "This Colin was a noble person of virtuous indowments, beloved of all good men, especially his Prince." He acquired and settled the right of the superiority of Moidart and Arisaig, the Captain of Clandonald's lands, which his

* Earldom of Sutherland, p. 77.

father, Lord Kenneth, formerly claimed right to but lived not to accomplish it. Thus, "all the Highlands and Islands from Ardnamurchan to Strathnaver were either the Mackenzie's property, or under his vassalage, some few excepted, and all about him were tied to his familie by verie strict bonds of friendship or vassalage, which, as it did beget respect from many it begot envie in others, especially his equals."

It is difficult to discover any real aid the Mackenzies received from the Earls of Sutherland as stated above by Sir Robert Gordon. We have carefully gone over the work from which the above quotation is made, but were unable to discover a single instance prior to 1477, where the Sutherlands were of any service whatever to the family of Mackenzie; and this gratuitous assumption is another instance of that quality of "partiality to his own family," so characteristic of Sir Robert, and for which the publishers of his work apologise in the Advertisement prefaced to his History of the Earldom of Sutherland. They "regret the hostile feelings which he expresses concerning others who were equally entitled to complain of aggression on the part of those whom he defends," but "strict fidelity to the letter of the manuscript" would not allow them to omit "the instance in which this disposition appears." After Mackenzie's signal victory at Blar na Pairc over the Macdonalds, and Hector Roy's prowess at Drumchait, the Earl of Sutherland thought that the family of Mackenzie, rapidly growing in power and influence, might be of service in the prosecution of his own plans, and in extending his power, and he accordingly entered into the bond of manrent already referred to. We have seen that for a long time after this the advantages of this arrangement were entirely on the side of the Sutherlands, as at Brora and the other places referred to in previous pages. The appointment of Kintail as Deputy-Chamberlain of the Earldom of Ross was due to, and in acknowledgment of, these signal and repeated services; and the obligations and advantages of the office were reciprocal. The first and only instance in which we find the Earl's connection to be of any service to Mackenzie in the field is when he sent "six score" men to support him against Glengarrie in 1602, and they, as we have already seen, fled before they saw the enemy. So much for the favour and friendship of the House of Sutherland and its results before and after 1477.

Colin became involved in legal questions with the Earl of Argyll about the superiority of Moidart and Arisaig in which he spent most of the great fortune accumulated by the Tutor, but he was ultimately successful in the suit against Argyll. He was frequently at the Court of James VI., with whom he was a great favourite; and he was raised to the Peerage in 1623, by the title of Earl of Seaforth, and Viscount Fortrose. From his influence at Court he had it in his power to be of great service to his followers and friends; nor did he neglect the opportunity, while he exerted himself powerfully and steadily against those who became his enemies from jealousy of his good fortune and high position.

Lord Colin imposed entries and rents upon his Kintail and West Coast tenants, which they and their successors considered a most "grievous imposition." In Lord Kenneth's time and in that of his predecessors, the people had their lands very cheap. After the wars with Glengarry the inhabitants of the West Coast properties devoted themselves

to the improvement of their stock and lands, and accumulated considerable means. The Tutor, Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, becoming aware of this, took advantage of their prosperity and imposed a heavy entry on their tacks payable every five years. "I shall give you one instance thereof. The tack of land called Muchd in Letterfearn, as I was told by Farquhar Mac Ian Oig, who paid the first entry out of it to the Tutor, paid of yearly duty before but 40 merks Scots, a cow and some meal, which cow and meal was usually converted to 20 merks; but the Tutor imposed 1000 merks of entry upon it for a five years tack. This made the rent very little for four years of the tack, but very great and considerable for the first year. The same method proportionally was taken with the rest of the lands, and continued so during the Tutor's and Colin's time, but the Earl George, being involved in great troubles, contracted so much debt that he could not pay his annual rents yearly and support his own state, but was forced to delay his annual rents to the year of their entry, and he divided the entry upon the five years with the people's consent and approbation, so that the said land of Muchd fell to pay 280 merks yearly and no entry."

"Colin lived most of his time at Chanonry in great state and very magnificently. He annually imported his wines from the Continent, and kept a store for his wines, beers, and other liquors, from which he replenished his fleet on his voyages round the West Coast and the Lews, when he made a circular voyage every year or at least every two years round his own estates. I have heard John Beggrie, who then served Earl Colin, give an account of his voyages after the bere seed was sown at Allan (where his father and grandfather had a great mains, which was called Mackenzie's girnel or granary), took a journey to the Highlands, taking with him not only his domestic servants but several young gentlemen of his kin, and stayed several days at Killin, whither he called all his people of Strathconan, Strathbran, Strathgarve, and Brae Ross, and did keep Courts upon them and saw all things rectified. From thence he went to Inverewe, where all his Lochbroom tenants and others waited upon him, and got all their complaints heard and rectified. It is scarcely creditable what allowance was made for his table of Scotch and French wines during these trips amongst his people. From Inverewe he sailed to the Lews, with what might be called a small navy, having as many boats, if not more loaded with liquors, especially wines and English beer, as he had under men. He remained in the Lews for several days, until he settled all the controversies arising among the people in his absence, and setting his land. From thence he went to Sleat in the Isle of Skye, to Sir Donald Macdonald, who was married to his sister Janet, and from that he was invited to Harris, to Macleod's House, who was married to his sister Sybilla. While he tarried in these places the lairds, the gentlemen of the Isles, and the inhabitants came to pay their respects to him, including Maclean, Clan Ranald, Raasay, Mackinnon, and other great chiefs. They then convoyed him to Islandonain. I have heard my grandfather, Mr Farquhar MacRa (then Constable of the Castle), say that the Earl never came to his house with less than 300, and sometimes 500 men. The Constable was bound to furnish them victuals for the first two meals, till my Lord's officers were acquainted to bring in

his own customs. There they consumed the remains of the wine and other liquors. When all these lairds and gentlemen took their leave of him, he called the principal men of Kintail, Lochalsh, and Lochcarron together, who accompanied him to his forest of Monar, where they had a great and most solemn hunting day, and from Monar he would return to Chanonry about the latter end of July."*

He built the Castle of Brahan, which he fancied to build where the old castle of Dingwall stood, or on the hill to the west of Dingwall, either of which would have been very fine and suitable situations; but the Tutor of Kintail, who had in view to build a castle, where he afterwards built Castle Leod, induced the Lord High Chancellor, Seaforth's father-in-law, to prevail upon Lord Colin to build his castle upon his own ancient inheritance, which he did, and which was one of the most stately houses then in Scotland. He also built the greater part of the Castle of Chanonry, and as he was diligent in secular affairs, so he and his lady were very pious and religious. They went yearly to take the Sacraments from Mr Thomas Campbell, the young minister of Carmichael, a good and religious man, and staid eight days with him; nor did their religion consist in form and outward show, but they proved its reality by their good works. He had usually more than one chaplain in his house. He provided the kirks of the Lews without being constrained to do so, and the five kirks in Kintail, Lochalsh, Lochcarron, Lochbroom, and Gairloch, of all of which he was patron, with valuable books from London, the works of the latest and best authors, "whereof many are yet extant." He also laid the foundation for a kirk in Strathconan and Strathbran, of which the walls are "yet to be seen in Main in Strathconan, the walls being built above the height of a man above the foundation, and he had a mind to endow it had he lived longer." He mortified 4000 merks for the Grammar School of Chanonry, and had several works of piety in his view to perform if his death had not prevented it. The last time he went to Court some malicious person, envying his greatness and favour at Court, laboured to give the King a bad impression of him, as if he were not thoroughly loyal; but the King himself was the first who told him what was said about him, which did not a little surprise and trouble the Earl, but it made no impression on the King who was conscious and sufficiently convinced of his loyalty and fidelity. After his return from Court his only son, Lord Alexander, died of smallpox on the 3rd of June 1629, at Chanonry, to the great grief of all who knew him, especially his father and mother. His demise hastened her death at Edinburgh, on the 20th February 1631. She was buried with her father at Fife on the 4th of March; after which the Earl contracted a lingering sickness, which, for some time before his death, confined him to his chamber, during which period he behaved most christianly, putting his house in order, giving donations to his servants, &c. He died at Chanonry on the 15th of April 1633, in the 36th year of his age, and was buried there with his father on the 18th of May following, much lamented and regretted by all who knew him. The King sent a gentleman all the way to Chanonry to testify his respect and concern for him, and to attend his funeral, which took place, on the date already stated, with great pomp and solemnity.

* Ardintoul MS. History of the Mackenzies.

"Before his death he called his successor, George of Kildene, to his bedside, and charged him with the protection of his family; but above all to be kind to his men and followers, for that he valued himself while he lived upon their account more than upon his great estate and fortune."* The King on his last visit to London complimented him on being the best archer in Britain.

Colin, first Earl of Seaforth, Viscount Fortrose, and Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, married, first, Margaret Seton, daughter of Alexander, Earl of Dunfermline, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, by whom he had a numerous family, all of whom died young, except two daughters, the elder of whom, Jean, married John, Master of Berriedale, to whom she had issue, one son, George 6th of Caithness, who died without issue in 1676. She afterwards married Lord Duffus, and died in 1648. The Earl of Seaforth's second surviving daughter, Anna, married Alexander, second Lord Lindsay, who was, in 1651, by Charles II., created Earl of Balcarres, by whom Lady Anna had two sons, Charles and Colin. Charles succeeded his father, and died unmarried. Colin then became third Earl, and married Jane, daughter of David, Earl of Northesk, by whom he had issue an only daughter, who married Alexander Erskine, third Earl of Kellie. Secondly, this Earl of Balcarres married Jane, daughter of William, second Earl of Roxburgh, by whom he had an only daughter, who married John Fleming, sixth Earl of Wigton. This Earl, Balcarres, married a third time, Margaret, daughter of James Campbell, Earl of Loudon, by whom he had two sons, Alexander and James. Alexander succeeded his father, but died without issue, and was succeeded by James, the fifth Earl of Balcarres, from whom the present line descends uninterruptedly, carrying along with it in right of the said Anna, daughter of Colin, Earl of Seaforth, first Countess of Balcarres, the lineal representation of the ancient House of Kintail. Anna married secondly the Earl of Argyll.

We have seen that Kenneth, first Lord Mackenzie, had, besides Earl Colin his successor, by his first wife, Lady Anne, daughter of George Ross of Balnagown, two younger sons, John and Kenneth. His second son, John, first designed of Applecross, and afterwards of Lochslin, was married to Isabel, eldest daughter of Alexander, fourth Laird of Gairloch, with whom he had issue, an only daughter, Margaret, who married Sir Norman Macleod of Muiravenside and Bernera. By him she had a son and heir, John Macleod of Contilich, who married Isabel, daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, first Laird of Scatwell, by Janet, eldest daughter of Walter Ross of Invercharron, and is progenitor of the families of Muiravenside, Bernera, Ulinish, &c. John of Lochslin was currently reported to have died soon after the birth of his daughter from poison, administered to him in a cup of wine in the town of Tain, and his brothers Kenneth and Alexander died unmarried, the latter in 1614. Colin first Earl of Seaforth, died, as already stated, at Fortrose in 1633, and was buried in the Cathedral Church there, in a spot chosen by himself. His son, Lord Alexander, having died on the 3rd of June 1629, and there being no other male issue he was succeeded by his brother.

(To be Continued.)

* Ardintoul, Letterfearn, and other Family MS. Histories.

ORAN

DO DH-UILLEAM A BHORLUIM LE TE DE CHLOINN MHIC-GHILLESHEATHANAICH A BHA NA BANALTRUIM AIGE.

FONN—"'S tearc an diugh mo chuis gaire
Tigh'nn na raidean so 'n iar."

'S TEARC an diugh mo chuis gaire
Bho 'n chaidh Albainn gu stri;
Fo bhreitheanas namhaid
'Righ, na fag sinn air dith.
Tog fein do chrois-tara,
Thoirt nan cairdean gu tir;
Ann am purgadair tha sinn,
Mur gabh thu Pharrais ra'r sìth.

Chaidh an saoghal gu bagairt,
'S eigin aideachadh bhuainn,
Faic a choir ann an diobradh,
Chaill an fhirinn a bonn.
Tha na h-urrachan priseil
A dol sios mar am moll,
Aig fior-Chuigse na rioghachd,
'Cur nan disnean a fonn.

Athair seall oirnn 'san tim so,
Bho'n tha 'n iobairt ud trom,
'Chuigse tha bòtadh na binne,
Gu de 'ni sinn air lòm,
'S daoin iad 'loisgeadh am Biobull,
'Chur na firinn a bonn :—
Fhuair fir Shasuinn an stiobull
'N deigh an righ 'chuir air luing.

Bi'bh ag urnuigh le dichioll
Dia 'chur dion air an luing,
Faicibh 'm posd' air a dhiobradh
Leis an stiobull ud lòm;
An t-oighre tuisleach a' direadh,
O'n 'se ar mi-run a thoill,
Aig luchd-mortaidh na firinn
S' mòr a libhrig sibh bhuaibh.

Ma 's iad 'ur cealgan cho lionmhor
'Chuir an righ so gu gluas'd,
Chuir sibh corruich gu dilinn;
'S plaigh bho'n Easbuig air buaidh,
Rinn sibh Anna a charadh
Gun a bàs a thoirt suas;
Seumas 'chur air an t-saile—
'Sgeula chraidh sinn 's an uair,
Shaoladh Seumas og Stiubhart,
Fhad 's bhiodh triuir air a sgàth,
Nach tugadh Gordonaich cùl da,
A Gheall a chuis air a chlàr,
Ged tha'n coileach na fhuidse
Cha be dhuthchas 'bhi bàth;
'S olc a dhearbh thu do dhurachd
Gus an crùn thoirt a càs.

Tha do chairdean mòr uasal,
'S iad fo ghruaim riut gach là,
'S eigin daibhsean 'bhi'm fuath riut,
Ged is cruaidh e ri radh,
Bhrist thu 'n cridhe le smuairnean,
An aobhar buairidh no dha,
'S tha cach ag eughach mu'n cuairt
Gun deach do chruadal mu làr. [duit,

Air dhomh tionndadh mo leaba,
Sgar an cadal sud bhuam,
M' aobhar clisgidh a dhuisg mi,
Shil mo shuilean gu tròm,
A feitheamh Caisteal na Mòidhe,
Am bu tric tathaich nan sonn,
Se'n diugh na fhasach gun uaislean,
No gun tuath bhi mu bhonn.

Feitheamh Caisteal na tairne,
Dheth 'm b' abhaist 'bhi smuid
Tha do bhaintighearna ghasda,
An deighe pasgadh a ciuil,
'S tric a deoir oirre 'bras-ruith,
Mu Shir Lachluinn nan tùr,
O'n chaidh priosan an Sasuinn
Air sàr ghaisgeach nach lùb.

Tha do chòmhlaichean glaiste,
'S tha do gheataichean duint';
Oig phriseil na pailte,
Cha b'ann le airc no le brùid,
Thu bhi 'n toir air a cheartas,
'Se chuir air aiseag thu nùll;
Ghabh thu toiseach a ghùtair,
Ged a sharaicheadh thu.

Mo chreach Uilleam a Bhorluim,
'Bhi aig Deorsa na thùr,
Am fear misneachail morlaoch,
A lean a choir air a cùl,
Beinn sheoin thu nach diobair,
Cridhe dileas gun lùb,
'S e fo chòmhla gu diblidh
'N diugh ga dhiteadh 's gach bùth.

'Sa Righ dhùlaich na feartan,
Tionndaidh 'n reachd so mu'n cuairt,
Thoir gach duthchasach dhachaidh,
Dh'-fhalbh air seacharan bhuainn,
Mac-an-Toisich nam bràtach,
A's Clann Chatain nam buadh,
A ghabh fogradh o'n aitreibh,
'S cha b'ann le masladh no ruaig.

Chuir e m'inntinn gu leughadh
De mar dh' eirich so dhuinn,
Am faic thu 'n t-eilean na eunar,
Gun aobhar eibhneis na thùr;
Far am b' aigeannach teudan,
An am eiridh don chuirt,
Fion na Spainne ga eughach,
Air slainte Sheumais a chrùin.

Am faic thu'n t-uachdaran brèige,
Air aon sgeul ris a Phàp;
'S iad a damnadh a cheile,
O'n latha 'dh' eirich am bràth,
Gur-a tùrsach an sgeula
'Bhi ga eisdeachd o chàch;
Mheall thu coileach na feile,
Dhit a chleir e gu bas.

'N coileach dona gun fhirinn,
Ghibht e chirean sa ghràs,
Cha 'n èil feum ann gu sgriobadh,
Is cha dirich e'n spàrr,
Ma gheibh MacCailean na lìn thu,
Bheir e cìs dhiot gu dàn,
'S daor a phaidheas tu 'n tim s'
Air son na firinn a bha.

'S gur-a sean leam a choir sin,
A th'aig Deors' air a chrùn,
Ma s' e Chuigs 'tha ga sheoladh,
Guidheam leon air a chùis,
Ghlac thu'n t-urram air or-bheinn,
'S bu daor an comhrag sin duinn;—
Sgrios a thigh'nn air a ghàradh
Mu'n cinn barr ann ni's mò.

N.B.—The above song I copied from an old manuscript. It may at least interest the writer of the Sketch of Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum.

A. M'L. S.

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE OLD CHIEF'S LAMENT.

After the Battle of Culloden.

Oh! Scotland, dear Scotland, thy mountains
Where freedom's bright ensign did wave
Seem dark, and thy once crystal fountains
Are dyed with the blood of the brave!

Around us a cloud of gloom gathers,
Our green vales are tarnished with gore;
Poor orphans are mourning for fathers,
And widows their husbands deplore!

My brave son unfolded our banner,
Our clansmen known never to yield,
Soon flocked round the standard of honour,
And rushed for their Prince to the field.

But many who left with hearts bounding,
And marched o'er the red blooming heath,
Hope-flushed, to the war-pipe shrill sounding,
Are now in the cold grasp of Death!

And where is the Prince we love dearly?
Methinks the wind, wailing, replies,
"The gallant and bonnie young Charlie
In some dismal cave lonely lies!"

The land of the Gael hath been trodden,
Alas! by a vile Saxon foe,
And on the bleak moor of Culloden
Our bravest and best are laid low!

I hear, as the death-car loud rattles,
These words on mine ear falling strange,
"The great God of judgments and battles
Those cruelties yet shall avenge!"

Ah! yes, the foul fiends will be smitten
With horror and branded with shame,
By Him, while our deeds shall be written
With gold in the ledger of Fame!

Edinburgh.

ALEXANDER LOGAN.

TAIN: THE BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES IV., KING OF SCOTS.

By Major-General A. Stewart Allan, F.S.A., Scot.,
F.R. Hist. S., &c., &c.

—o—

It is rather singular that no Scotish historian has hitherto noticed the place of birth of our chivalrous monarch, James the Fourth; and even the date of that event has never been stated with reliable accuracy, by any writer with whom I am acquainted. The year has been variously given as 1472, 1473, and 1474, according to different authorities; and the narratives of Pinkerton, Tytler, and even that of the present "historiographer royal for Scotland," Burton—not to mention those of minor historians—are extremely vague and unsatisfactory. The late Agnes Strickland, in her interesting Life of Margaret Tudor, states in a footnote:—"St Patrick's Day, March 17 (1472), is mentioned by some historians as James IV.'s birthday; yet not only the day, but the year of his birth, is variously quoted. Bishop Lesley's History gives the above date. He could scarcely be mistaken in the year of his royal patroness's grandfather. Lesley's Hist., p. 39." ["Lives of the Queens of Scotland;" vol. i., p. 16. Edinburgh, 8vo, 1850.] Miss Strickland is nearly correct, but confides too much in Lesley, a very careless recorder of dates; though, in the present instance, he only errs in the year; which was 1472 *more Scoticano*, but 1473, historically; the other being the civil and legal computation in Scotland, until January 1, 1600, when the year was ordered to commence on that day instead of, as previously, on March 25—by a royal proclamation of December 17, 1599. [*Reg. Sec. Conc., in Archivis Publicis Scotiae*] while in England, and some other countries, the old style was used up to Jan. 1, 1753—[*Stat. 24, George II., cap.* 23]—by which considerable confusion existed, and numerous mistakes occurred, and even now occur in dates. Bishop Lesley's account is as follows:—"James, eldest sone to King James the Third, wes borne the...day of Marche 1472, quha aftiruart wes callit James the fourt, and wes ane juste and guide prince." [Historie of Scotland 1436-1561. By John Lesley, Bishop of Ross." *Bannatyne Club Edit., 4to, Edinburgh*, 1830, *p.* 39.] The day of the month is not recorded in the above history, but the year is established as 1473, from the recorded appearance of the comet of January preceding; and it betrays carelessness in Tytler and others, placing the event in 1472, though the former gives the day as "the seventeenth of March 1472." ["History of Scotland," *ed.* 1841; *vol. iv. p.* 206.] Buchanan records:—"Nuptiæ Jacobi Tertii et Margaritæ Reginæ, magno Nobililatis concursu, celebratæ, decimo die mensis Julii, anni M.CCCC.LXX. Ex eo matrimonio, *tertio post anno, natus est Jacobus*, qui patri in regnum successit, *mense Martio, die sacro Divo Patricio.*" ["Georgii Buchanani Opera Omnia—Rerum Scoticarum Historia"—*fol. edit. Edinburgi*, 1715; "Curante Thoma Ruddimanno, A.M." *Tom i., lib. xii., p.* 228.] Ruddiman, in his "Annotationes," [p. 444.] endeavours to support this date of the marriage of King James III., but it is not generally admitted, and the actual year appears to have been 1469, July 10, Monday; when the young princess

was only in the twelfth year of her age, as her Maundy 'Almous' at Pasche, 1474, were "xvij gownis, and xvij hudis." ["Compota Thesaurariorum Regum Scotorum"—*fol. 52a, p.* 71.] Mair has:—"A.D., 1469. decimo autem die Julii Norvegiæ Regis filiam Margaretam nomine *duodecim* annos natam Jacobus tertius 20. annos natus Edimburgi, conjugem capit." ["Historia Majoris Britanniæ." *Edit. nova, Edimburgi, 4to,* 1740: *lib. xix., p.* 328.] *Lesley.*—"And the mariage wes solempnisit in the Abbay kirk of Hallierudhouse besyd Edinbruch, the x. day of July, the King and Quene being almaist equall of aige." [History of Scotland"—*ut. supra. pp.* 37-38.] Here the good bishop is right in the year, but mistaken as to the age of the new Queen of Scots. Wyntoun has July 13, 1469, as the day of marriage [*MS. Regist.* at the end of his "Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland,"] but is the only one who gives that day of the month. Lesley again records—"Nuptiæ decimo Iulii in æde Sanctæ Cruci dicata, prope Edinburgum, summa omnium gratulatione celebratæ fuerunt." ["De Origine Moribus & rebus gestis Scotorum." *4to edit. Romæ* 1675; *lib. viii., p.* 303, but under the year 1468.] Joannes Ferrerius Pedemontanus, in his Appendix to Boyce's History, says that the marriage was solemnised—"quum Rex iam circiter vicesimum ætatis annum ageret, Regina vero decimum sextum." ["Scotorum Hist," *fol. Parigi* 1574, *p.* 388, *l.* 70] in which he errs about the Queen's age being sixteen, as also in that of the King; afterwards he has—"1472 anno redemptionis nostre, 1472. die vero decima mensis Martij natus est Jacobo regi euisdem tertio filius, qui in sacro fonte baptismatis patris sui nomē accepit: quem postea Jacobum quartum appellarūt." [Boethius, *ut. supra; p.* 392, *l.* 60.] Lindsay of Pitscottie has as follows:—"In the yeir of our Lord 1471 yeires, James the Thrid, being of the aige of twentie yeires, took to wayffe the King of Denmarkis dochter, called Margaret. This marriage was solempnized in Edinburgh, the gentlevoman being bot *twelff yeires* of age at this tyme." ["Cronicles of Scotland." *8vo. edit., Edinburgh,* 1814; *vol. i., p.* 176.] These discrepancies are rather puzzling, and difficult to reconcile satisfactorily, or with complete accuracy; but it may be considered sufficiently established that the marriage of King James III., with the Princess Margaret of Denmark took place at Edinburgh, on (Monday) July 10, 1469; when he was exactly *eighteen* years of age (having been *born* on July 10, 1451), and his girl-bride only *twelve*, and therefore in her thirteenth year, as correctly stated by the best authorities, whose testimony can be relied upon; her birth may therefore be placed in 1457, though the month is not recorded. She was the only daughter of Christian I. of Oldenburg, King of Denmark 1448—of Norway 1449—and of Sweden 1459—who died at Kjobenhavn (Copenhagen), May 22, 1481, aged 54, by his wife Dorothea of Brandenburg, married in 1459, and died Nov. 25, 1495; and who had previously married, in 1445, Christopher, King of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, who died issueless, at Helsimburg in Scania, Jan. 6, 1448. ["L'Art de Vérifier les Dates"—*8vo, Paris,* 1818; *tome viii., pp.* 187-9.] Queen Margaret predeceased her amiable husband, dying at Stirling, July 14, 1486, and being interred at Cambuskenneth Abbey; though even here there are doubts as to the precise date, which is enveloped in the usual obscurity which surrounds all the domestic events in the lives of the Scottish royal families, even so late as the first half of the

sixteenth century, owing to the deplorable destruction of our national records. Her age at the period of her death could therefore have been only twenty-nine, and the sole issue of this marriage was three sons; for no female progeny survived to represent the graces, or mild virtues of their excellent mother. She is universally considered as having been one of the greatest beauties, as well as most accomplished Princesses of the time; and her virtues are said to have equalled, if not surpassed, her personal charms.

I hope I have now established, on sufficient authority, that the Prince of Scotland was born in March 1473, either on the 10th or 17th of that month, but most probably on the latter day, ths *Feast of St Patrick;* which is corroborated by the amount of his Maundy alms, and by the payment made "to the notar, quhen the King maid his reuocacioune in Douchale, that samyn day—the xvj. day of March 1497-8." ["Compota Thesaur Reg. Scot.," *vol. i., p.* 383.] He being then of "perfect age," that is, having completed his twenty-fifth year; the writ being obviously prepared the day before the "revocatioun." The Eqchequer Rolls also contain the following corroboration:—" . . . . quousque dominus rex revocaverat huiusmodi literas ad suam perfectam etatem *viginti quinque* annorum, que revocacio facta fuit in festo St Patricii anno Domini, etc. nonagesimo septimo"—1497-8. ["Exchequer Rolls," *No.* 314.] which may be deemed conclusive. Further, on April 8, 1473, King James III. granted a charter of the lands of Tibbermellok to George of Muncrefe—"dilecto familiari armigero, pro suofideli seruicio . . . . et quia sua coniux Mettey (Metta), nacionis Dacie, familiaris nostre serenissime coniugis regine, nobis felicem nuncium attulit nostram predictam coniugem nobis pulcerrima forma filium peperisse, nosque eo pacto regio prole patrem effecisse et constituisse parentem." ["Regist. Mag. Sigill," *lib. vii., n.* 236; cf. *Preface—pp. xliv.-xlv.*—to "Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland, A.D. 1473-1498," *vol. i., passim;* so ably edited by Thomas Dickson, 'Curator of the Historical Department of the General Register House, Edinburgh,' 1877; and to which work I must acknowledge my great obligations in this article. [Pinkerton, in a foot-note, notices this fact—after marginally placing the birth of the Prince on March 10, 1472. "On the 8th April 1473, appears a grant to Moncrief, because his wife, a Densk (Danish) woman, brought the king tidings of the birth of a fair boy, Scotst. Cal." ["History of Scotland," *4to, London,* 1797, *vol. i., p.* 278.] From this interesting entry, it may be inferred that the king was absent from the queen's side at the period of his son's birth, of which the joyful news was conveyed to him by Dame Moncreif, a Danish lady, who was one of the attendants, or bedchamber women, to Queen Margaret, her countrywoman, and present at the royal accouchement of this "beautiful boy," in the chapel of St Duthach, at Tain.

Mrs Everett Green, who is so well-known as an able and accomplished historical writer, in her life of Margaret, eldest daughter of Henry the Seventh, has the following *foot-note*:—"The date and circumstances of the birth of James IV. have been involved in much uncertainty. Both are partially cleared up by entries in the treasurer's accounts, which speak of the Abbey of 'St Duthake, at Tayn, in Ross-shire, where the king was

born,' and give incidentally the year of his birth, by references to the custom of giving, on every Maundy Thursday, dresses to a number of poor men, corresponding with the number of years of the king's life, that of his birth inclusive. From these it appears that he was born A.D. 1472, after Easter." ["Lives of the Princesses of England," *London*, 1852: *vol.* 4, *p.* 97.] With every deference to this note of Mrs Green, I think she is mistaken as to the day being "*after* Easter," and the year should certainly be A.D. 1473; Easter Sunday, in 1472, fell upon March 29, and in 1473 upon April 18, [cf. De Morgan's "Book of Almanacs," *oblong 4to, London*, 1851: *pp.* 5, 30, 70.] March 10 or 17 was therefore *before* Easter, in either of these years; but this is immaterial, as regards the curious fact of King James IV. having been born in the royal burgh of Tain in Ross-shire, and probably in the precincts, or within the Collegiate Church of St Duthach, its Patron Saint; a fact now sufficiently established, which must be interesting to all readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, and therefore entered into here rather fully. The frequent pilgrimages performed by this monarch to the shrine of the venerated St Duthach, who is styled "Doffin, their demigod of Ross," in a ribald poem written in the sixteenth century, on "The Battle of Flodden Field," [Edited by Henry Webber, *Edinburgh*, 1808; *p.* 27, *l.* 512.] are now sufficiently accounted for, by its being the place of his nativity, for which he naturally felt a strong affection. The numerous penitential visits which King James IV., paid to this distant place of worship appear to have been undertaken annually—from 1496 (if not earlier), down to 1513—the last being in August of the latter year; and barely a month before the fatal field of Flodden, where he lost his life along with the flower of the Scottish nobility and commonality. The Treasurer's Accounts record no less than seventeen of these pilgrimages, with a statement of the personal expenses incurred during these long journeys, sometimes "quhen he rade alane to the North," as in 1507. On October 23, 1504, the "Kingis grace made an offering of fourteen shillings in Sanct Duthois Chapel in the Kirkzaird of Tayn, *quhair he was borne.*" These important notices are taken from a paper, which was read in February 1846, to the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, at Edinburgh, by David Laing—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—and seem clearly to prove the fact of the king having been born at Tain. The probability is, that the young queen, then only in her sixteenth year, had gone on a pilgrimage to the venerated fane of the "blessed Bishop of Ross," to obtain a safe delivery, in her approaching confinement, of her first-born child; her extreme youth having prevented her becoming a mother during the previous period, of nearly *four* years which had elapsed since her early marriage, in July 1469. The fact, also, that the king, her husband, was then away in the south of Scotland, and apparently unacquainted with the birth of his son and heir, for about three weeks subsequently—as already shown, by his gift of April 8, 1473—would lead to the inference, that Prince James's first appearance in this world had occurred sooner than was anticipated, in fact somewhat prematurely. On the recovery of the Queen, we find it recorded, in the Accounts of the Treasurer, that in August following, Queen Margaret, accompanied by the King and a suitable retinue, set out on a pilgrimage to render her devout thanksgivings, at another venerated shrine, that of St Ninian, at Whitherne,

in Galloway. In connection with this journey, the Accounts show payments by the master of the household, for travelling gear—panniers and saddle bags—and for a riding gown, and other articles of attire, for the Queen, and "for lyveray govnis to sex ladys of the Quenis chalmire at hire passing to Quhytehirne." ["Compota," *ut supra*, Preface; *pp. xlv.-xlvi.* 29, 44 *folios*, 22 *a.b.*, 32 *b.*, A.D. 1473.] The Gaelic name of the ancient town of Tain, still in common use among the Highlanders of Ross-shire, (as well-known to your readers), is "Baile-Dhuthaich," or *Duthach's town;* from S. Duthach, who is said to have been an early Bishop of, or rather *in*, Ross, and died at Armagh, in Ireland, A.D. 1065, as recorded in the *Annals of Senait MacManus*, commonly called "The Annals of Ulster, compiled in 1498—"1065 Kal. Jan. vij., f.l. xx. Anno Domini MLXV., *Dubtach Albannach prim Annchara Erin Albain* in Ardmacha quievit." [From "MS. Bodleian Library, Oxford—*Rawlinson, B.* 489," as given in *Skene's* "Chronicles of the Picts and Scots;" *Edin.* 1867, *p.* 370.] This corrects the date of A.D. 1253, usually assigned for his death; his remains were evidently *translated* from Ireland to his native place, in the latter year, his festival being kept in the Church of Scotland on March 8, though it is placed on June 19, by Camerarius. ["De Scotorum Fortitudine," *etc.*, *Paris*, 4*to*, 1631, *pp.* 112-3, 159.] The following authorities on this point may also be consulted:—"Breviarum Aberdonense Pars Hiemalis," [*London*, 4*to*, 1854; *folios lxv.-lvi.*, "Sancti Duthaci episcopi et confessoris."] "Registrum Episcopatus Aberdonensis, [*Spalding Club Edit.*, 4*to*, *Edinb.*, 1845; *vol. ii.*, *pp.* 160-167.] *Adamnan's* "Life of St Columba," edit. *Reeves* [4*to*, 1857, *Dublin*, *p.* 401, *note.*] *Lesley*, "De Origine—Scotorum;" [4*to*, *Romæ*, 1675, *p.* 216.] *M'Lauchlan's* "Early Scottish Church," [8*vo*, *Edinb.* 1865, *p.* 338.] *Keith's* "Catalogue" [4to, 1755, p. 110, and edit. *Russell*, 1824, p. 186] which puts the death of "Duthac, Bishop *of* Ross, in 1249," an evident error, of nearly two centuries, and not corrected even in Russell's *new* edition of "Spottiswoode's History of the Church or Scotland" [*Spottiswoode Society, Edinb.*, 8*vo*, 1851, *vol. i.*, *pp.* 246-7] though the *original* editions of that work [*in folio*, 1655 and 1677, *pp.* 110, *and Appendix, p.* 45] exclude—and properly—*Duthac* from the list of "Bishops of Ross" in the thirteenth century; when the See was certainly filled by its bishop *Robert*, an energetic and zealous prelate, who presided at "Rosmarkyn, in Ross," for about forty years, established the cathedral chapter there—under papal sanction and confirmation, in 1235-1238—and died A.D. 1255, in or shortly before being succeeded, as Bishop of Ross, by a prelate of the same name, who was confirmed there previously to Feb. 9, 1256, and finally fixed the capitular establishment of the Church of Rosmarkyn, or "Chanonry" of the diocese. Reference may also be made, with advantage, to "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ" [*Bannatyne Club Ed.*, 4*to*, *Edinb.*, 1851, *vol. ii.*, *part ii.*, *pp.* 416-433, "Tain"], so ably compiled by the late Mr James B. Brichan (a former tutor of my own, nearly forty years ago). It is there stated that—"The church, dedicated to Saint Duthace, appears to have stood on the low beach north of the town, where its ruins, composed of strongly cemented granite blocks, and now known as the chapel of Saint Duthace, may still be seen. The chapel of Saint Duthace ("Sanct Duthois Chapell in the Kirkzaird of Tayn," as recorded in the *Treasurer's Accounts*), stood in the town, or

close to it, and was erected into the Collegiate Church of Tain," by King James III., on Sep. 12, A.D. 1487. ["Regist. Magni Sigilli," *lib. x., No.* 109], "in honorem Sancti Duthaci Pontificis," for a provost, five canons or prebendaries, two deacons or sub-deacons, a sacrist, with an assistant clerk, and three singing boys; the constitution of the new foundation being confirmed, by Pope Innocent VIII., A.D. 1492. After the melancholy assassination of James III., an annual sum was paid out of the royal treasury, by order of his son and successor, to the Chaplain of Saint Duthois (Sir Donald Rede) who was chantry priest there in 1494-97, 'that sings for the King in Tayn'), for masses for the weal of the deceased monarch's soul. All which circumstances confirm the great respect and regard which King James IV., entertained throughout his life for S. Duthach's Chapel and his town of Tain, where he first saw the light; and there can be no reasonable doubts on the point, though it is strange that no one, among Scotish historians, has given any prominence, or indeed made direct allusion, to the facts of the case, surely an interesting and important event. The Statistical Accounts of the parish of Tain, both old and new (published in 1792 and 1837-41), add nothing to our knowledge, and both are extremely meagre and unsatisfactory, but the latter was a juvenile attempt of a native of the town, and his labours must be viewed with indulgence; as I hope mine may have been, with reference to those of the neighbouring parishes of Kincardine and Edderton, both written in 1840 in early youth, and containing some statements, which I now see require considerable modification. The best architectural description of the Church of S. Duthach, or *old* Church of Tain, (now repaired and partially restored, through the energetic efforts, I believe, of my old friend, Provost John Macleod, "who entered into rest" on March 18, 1878, at the patriarchal age of 88 years—with the esteem and regrets of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance), is to be found in a little work—unfortunately, not much known—by the late learned and excellent Dr J. Mason Neale, Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, in Sussex, entitled "Ecclesialogical Notes on the Isle of Man, *Ross*, Sutherland, and the Orkneys." *(London, Masters, 18mo, 1848, pp. 118, with engravings.)* The details given there are very correct, and the account of the chapel, where the birth of Scotland's future monarch seems to have actually taken place—though somewhat unexpectedly—is so graphic as to merit reproduction here :—"The chapel attached to the choir is so completely a ruin that it is impossible to describe it; that detached to the south is nearly perfect, except for the roof. Mounting a mass of rubbish on the north side, I sat down on the ruined wall for the purpose of making notes, when the weakened stones gave way, and had nearly rendered my pilgrimage to S. Duthus one of very uncomfortable results. It is earlier than the church, and perhaps was the original shrine; for the present church, from the excessive shortness of its nave, though founded for secular Priests, could never have been parochial." *(Neale, ut. supra, pp.* 64-5.) This detached chapel, on the south of the church itself, may therefore be reasonably considered as having been the place where the royal birth occurred; the circumstances connected with which have been here recorded, with all the accuracy possible, or attainable by the present writer, from various historical sources. Neale also states that the venerable

church and its surroundings were "in a state to which I should have imagined it impossible for any place of worship, in a professedly Christian country, to be degraded. The smell of decaying wood—the exhalations from the vaults, the dampness, the rottenness, the horrible filth, the green mould, the decaying baize, the deserted appearance of the whole, render this a shocking place." From personal recollections, of the disgracefully neglected state of the old Church of S. Duthach, several years before Dr Neale's visit to Tain, in July 1848, I can fully confirm the above statements. But this has now been rectified, and the building presented a very different appearance when I saw it in September 1873, and was conducted over it by the venerable Provost Macleod, who felt a natural pride in showing me its renovated condition, for which the credit was due to himself, and the co-operation enlisted by him, as chief magistrate of the town and royal burgh of Tain.

But I must now bring this paper to a close, as I fear that it has exceeded the usual limits of a magazine article; though it is one which should excite interest to your numerous readers in the North of Scotland.

RICHMOND, SURREY, June 19, 1878.

Feast of St Duthach, "Bishop and Confessor."

COME! HIGHLAND MAIDS.

—o—

Come! Highland maids in beauty's bloom, pour forth your native trills,
Till borne on smiling echo's wing they wake the silent hills;
Pour forth your Caledonian lays, in Caledonia's tongue,
Afar your voices raise with joy our heaths and glens among.
The music that hath cheered the hearts cold slumbering in the grave,
The music that hath fed the deeds of plaided warriors brave;
The music that hath lit the gloom of castle and of cot,
Should ever in your bosoms be! should never be forgot.
Then sing the songs of Caledon, the songs of love and war,
The mountain melodies of home that dearest ever are;
The songs that soothe dark sorrows hour, and joys unsullied give,
Must cherished be, and ever in the Highland bosom live.

Each murmuring stream in lonely glens your fathers loved to hear,
The memories of other years they still are chanting clear;
Each silvery torrent sounds the notes which ancient bards inspired,
Till burst their kindred melodies, by love and beauty fired.
Then shall their hallowed Highland songs which tell of happy years,
Which fill the heart with ecstasy, or melt the soul to tears,
Be heard no more on Highland hearths, on mountain or on lea?
No! no! ye Highland maids reply, They'll ne'er forgotten be.
We'll sing the songs of Caledon, &c., &c.

Each thunder-battled mountain crest where clouds affrighted sleep,
Each gloomy gorge or rugged peak where maddened lightnings leap,
Is fraught with some heroic song in heaven's exultant mould,
Which bears the deathless halo still of minstrelsy of old.
Each silent heath of loneliness where waves the heather bell,
Each mossy cairn, or ruin grey, or bonnie flowery dell,
Is circled with the light of song which cannot, will not, fade,
While love and beauty stand the boast of every Highland maid
Who sings the songs of Caledon, &c., &c.

Sunderland. WM. ALLAN.

NORTHERN FOLK-LORE ON WELLS AND WATER.

By Alex. Fraser, Accountant.

—o—

III.

Having exhausted Inverness and its immediate neighbourhood, we now proceed to notice such other celebrated springs as may occur to us. Culloden presents us with several, amongst the most remarkable of which are "Tobar na Coille," or Well of the Wood, also styled the Lady, or St Mary's Well; "Tobar Ghorm," or Blue Well, from its colour; "Tobar na h-Oige," or the Well of Youth, because washing therein, and drinking thereof, restored youthfulness, or its similitude to the devotee; and "Tobar nan Cleireach," or the Well of the Priests, as they washed thereat preparatory to engaging in the religious rites performed at the adjoining places of worship. St Mary's, lately more generally designated "The Culloden Well," is the best known, and has been the most frequented in the district. It is situated in the birch wood, above the mansion-house of Culloden, at a distance of about two miles from Inverness, and is surrounded by an imposing array of venerable trees of various kinds. A mountain rill of trifling proportions wends its way seaward, at a slight distance to the east, through a slope of gentle declivity. The well emerges to sight from amid the centre of a small platform lying on this slope, and discharges its overflow into the mountain rill. Peat hags, quaking bogs, deep ravines, and lofty trees form the predominating features in the surrounding landscape. At all seasons a solemn silence, a sacred, mysterious gloom, an oppressive stillness reign around; and a kind of superstitious awe is experienced as one approaches the Holy Well. Bird and beast disappear in terror at the slightest intrusion, even the wild discordant music of the mountain stream, as it rushes through a deep and rugged ravine in the vicinity, seems hushed. The spring, as we have said, is situated on a small elevated plateau, is encased in a stone basin both around and beneath, and at one time had a cover over it, and was under lock and key. It is about a foot and a-half in diameter, the depth being nearly two feet. The water is chalybeate, and the flow is constant, though gentle. A circular stone building, about the size of an ordinary small sitting-room, and of the same height, encloses the well, the floor being laid with stone flags. A wooden seat runs round inside; and vacant niches indicate that at one time, there were presses in the wall. In former days, a wooden roof of conical form, tapering to a point, enlivened with neat, rustic-work lattices, surmounted the building. Now, however, there only remains the circular stone enclosure, which is covered with sod. The door-way of the structure looks eastward to greet the rising sun. Directly to the west, at the distance of a few yards, lies a large circular excavation, which is faced with stone in the manner of an ordinary stone dyke. Probably this was also flagged in its floor. It is now gradually filling up with earth and rubbish, while here and there some shrubs have taken possession, and appear in a thriving condition. There was communication betwixt the well and this large basin, by means

of a drain or pipe, traces of which are still visible. Here, probably, the pilgrims of old performed their ablutions; or, perhaps, this artificial tank was filled before hand to meet the demands of the crowds who gathered together on the first Sunday in May, as it was utterly impossible that all could drink from the fountain head within the limited period during which doing so possessed any virtue. The trees and shrubs all around are adorned with variously coloured rags, bits of thread and string. Names, initials, and dates, carved in all manner of styles, deface the trunks of most of the finest trees. The latest date we observed was 1870. Even at the present day, we are informed, the spot is not without its frequenters, but can scarcely credit that anybody is so deluded as to attribute any virtue to the water. In former days, and that too, not very long ago, the Culloden Well was very largely patronised by the surrounding districts. Inverness, in particular, contributed a large quota of servant girls and shop lads, not to mention others. The proper season to pay a visit was, as we have remarked, the first Sunday in May, and in order that any benefit the water could bestow, might be fully and completely reaped, it was absolutely necessary for the devotee to be on the ground immediately before sunrise. Consequently, on the previous Saturday night, crowds might be seen wending their way from all quarters to the sacred fount. When we call to mind that there was a public-house, at a distance conveniently near on the line of march, that the throng, consisting of male and female, was a very miscellaneous one indeed, and that no early closing Act was as yet in force, we can more easily imagine than describe the wild scenes of riot and dissipation that were invariably enacted. Latterly the custom of visiting this well has fallen very much into disuse, being denounced from the pulpit, and prevented as much as possible by the proprietor. The usual tribute of rags, bits of thread, small coins, pins, &c., were paid here as elsewhere. Leaving a rag meant the laying aside of the trouble with which the party might be afflicted. Coins and other contributions thrown into the waters propitiated the good will of the saint, or averted the power of the evil one and his emissaries to inflict mischief. If any person was bold enough to remove a rag, he was sure to inherit the disease supposed to be attached thereto. Many years ago, a pleasant well-kept path conducted the visitor from the high road to this sacred spot, and a woman, possibly yet alive, acted as a kind of priestess, providing dishes, opening the door of the building which guarded the precincts, and generally kept the place and approach in order. In Roman Catholic times a small chapel or altarage, dedicated to St Mary, stood near, of which even the very ruins have long since disappeared.

Craigack Well on the north side of Munlochy Bay, on the northern side of the Beauly Firth, was frequented by the people of the eastern part of the Black Isle for much the same purposes as that at Culloden. It is situated to the east of a neglected, or worked-out free-stone quarry near Bay Cottage. The usual offerings and ceremonies were performed, but the proper time to visit the spot was before sunrise on the first Sunday of May in the old style. The people, old and young, the hale and hearty, as well as the sick, infirm, and desponding, thronged to the fount at the approach of sunrise, as to a fair. Drinking of the water restored health

to the invalid, ensured soundness of constitution, for a year at least, to the strong, and rendered null, in favour of all alike, the effects of the evil eye and witchcraft. This spring was also dedicated to the Virgin Mary. St Andrew's Well, near Kilcoy, in the parish of Killearnan, and St Colman's, in that of Kiltearn, were similarly frequented and honoured.

In a cave at Craigiehow, in the neighbourhood of Craigack, is a small spring which issues from a rock in its side. This water, no doubt, from its mysterious position, was believed to possess extraordinary properties, and was especially effective in cases of severe headache and deafness. One of the reputed prophecies of the Brahan Seer is thus recorded :—"In the Parish of Avoch is a well of beautiful, clear water, out of which the Brahan Seer, upon one occasion took a refreshing draught. So pleased was he with the water, that he looked at his Blue Stone and said—'Whoever he be that drinketh of thy water henceforth, if suffering from any disease, shall, by placing two pieces of straw or wood on thy surface, ascertain whether he will recover or not. If he is to recover, the straws will whirl round in opposite directions, if he is to die soon, they will remain stationary.'"

But to return to the parish of Petty, from which we have somewhat wandered, we have to observe further, that besides being rich in springs, the district is remarkable for the amount and variety of objects of historical, archæological, and natural interest, which it offers to the attention of the diligent student. Before finally quitting the district we shall note two of these. The one is a holed stone, on the eastern confines of the parish, called "Clach-an-tuill." The water collected in this holed stone was supposed to cure wens. The other is "Tobar-na-Goil," or Boiling Fountain, so named on account of the intermittent jets consisting of the purest white sand and water it shoots up. We have seen four of these in operation at once. So soon as the accumulating sand had closed up one mouth, another burst forth into play. This spring is near the Free Church of Petty, and lies in some marshy ground, amid a clump of trees on the opposite side of the high way leading from Inverness to Nairn. It is rectangular in form, and is both wide and deep. The thirsty exhausted traveller as he gazes on the pure, pellucid fount, as the water joyously bubbles up, may break forth into song like the ancient Hebrews in the days of Moses, when Ismael sang this song—"Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it; the princes digged the well, the nobles of the people digged it, by the direction of the lawgiver, with their staves" Near by is "Tor-nan-Cnaimhean," or the Hill of Bones, which, doubtless, commemorates the result of some lawless slaughter of ancient times, or it may have been a place of execution.

In our further notes and observations we shall set down what we have to say without pretending to pursue any particular order.

At Wester Rarichie, in the Parish of Nigg, is a spring termed "Suil na Bà," or the Cow's Eye. The story goes that it once flowed through the trunk of a tree, about four hundred yards south-east of its present site, and that having experienced some insult or injury, it diverted its course to the present position. Similar conduct is related to have been pursued by a host of insulted springs other than those already referred to. Like many others Suil na Bà undoubtedly possesses medicinal virtues, and was wont

to be largely patronised by the suffering as well as the superstitious. The waters act as an aperient, and though now neglected were once much in vogue, as is shown by the following extract from the Kirk-Session Records:—"July 7, 1707.—In regard many out of the parish of Fearn and several other parishes within the Sheriffdom, profane the Sabbath by coming to the well of Rarichies, John and William Gallie, &c., are appointed to take inspection every Saturday evening and Sunday morning, of such as come to the well, and to report accordingly." Near by is a fairy well at which puny children were exposed under the usual circumstances, and with similar results. The parish of Nigg also rejoices in springs with the following imposing names:—"Tobar na Slàinte," or the Well of Health, and "John the Baptist's Well."

In the Lews there is a spring, the water of which never boils any kind of meat, however long subjected to the influence of fire. This was, as has been quaintly observed, probably on account of the fuel being wet, and the amount of heat insufficient. Here also is a well dedicated to St Andrew, which was much consulted regarding the probable fate of persons in ill-health. A wooden bowl was laid gently on the surface of the water, if it turned towards the sun the patient would recover, but if in the contrary direction, he was to die. In the case of St Oswald's, Newton, if a shirt or shift, according to the sex of the invalid, were thrown into the water, and it swam, all was well, if, on the other hand, it sank, death was inevitable. In this same island adders of about two feet in length are sometimes to be met with, which, annoy the cattle, and occasionally by their sting or bite, cause death. The remedy was to wash the affected animal and give it to drink of the water in which the head of a similar reptile had been steeped.

As might be expected wells are numerous in the Isle of Skye. In the parish of Strath we find "Tobar-na-h-Annait," or the Well of Annat. According to some she was an ancient river deity and had a place of worship in the vicinity. A granite obelisk, still standing near the manse, is called "Clach-na-h-Annait," or the Stone of Annat. The term Annat is of frequent occurrence in the Highlands. In Perthshire we have the burn and glen of Annat, in Inverness-shire the Farm of Annat, and Achnahannet. Various modifications of the word are also to be met with throughout Scotland, in such terms as Nethy and Abernethy. She seems to have been largely worshipped in the Western Isles where traces of her temples are yet discernible. This goddess could assume the form of a horse or bull, and may consequently bear a near relationship to the German Nick or Nickkar. Places of worship dedicated to her were situated at the junction of two streams, and the appropriate sacrifice was a horse. In the same parish we have also "Tobar Ashig," or St Asaph's Well; "Tobar Chliaman," or St Clement's well. Kilmuir in Skye is not behind hand in the number and virtue of its sacred wells and lochs, as has been pointed out by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor in his appendix to the "Prophecies of the Brahan Seer."

In the isle of Barra there is a spring on the top of a hill which, strange to say, was believed to produce cockles in embryo, and then discharge them into the sea to grow big and fat. It is needless to observe that these were, as a matter of course, the best cockles that could be gathered.

The distant St Kilda also had its healing springs. "Tobar-na-buadh," or the spring of virtues, was chiefly effective in cases of deafness and nervous disorders; and "Tobar-nan-Cleireach," or the Priests' Well, reminds us of early practices already referred to.

In the centre of "Eilean Mourie," in Loch-Maree, in Ross-shire, there was a well, now long since dried up, which was considered to possess great virtue in cases of insanity. It was at one time in great repute, and sufferers from all quarters in the district were carried hither to undergo the treatment necessary to effect a cure. The patient was first made to drink of the water of the fountain, then to kneel at the foot of a huge oak partly covered with ivy, present an offering, and thereafter to bathe thrice in the loch. This ceremony had to be repeated until a cure was effected. The patient, when refractory, was tied to the tail of a boat and towed round the island. It was considered a good omen if the well was full at the time of the experiment. It is reported that on one occasion, a mad dog was thrown into the well; the animal of course recovered, but the healing virtues of the waters departed for ever, and in process of time, the well dried up. The tree of offering, the oak above referred to, is covered over with copper coins, pins, buttons, &c., inserted in the fissures in its sides. A gentleman has informed us that on one occasion he observed even some bottles; but surely these were not pious offerings. He also stated that he saw the breast bone of a fowl, the "merry thought." This Eilean Mourie, in turn the holy isle of Druid and Priest, was the scene of many heathenish and superstitious practices in the days of old, mention of some of which will be found in "Days of the Fathers in Ross-shire," the curious work of the Rev. Dr Kennedy, of Dingwall.

St Fillan's Well in Perthshire was also noted for the curing of insanity. After various ceremonies, partaking alike of Druidism and Popery, the patient was dipped, then tied with ropes and shut up in the chapel all night. Thereafter a bell was put upon his head amid much formality and mummery. The bell was a wonderful one, if stolen, it could regain its liberty, and celebrate its triumph, as it marched homeward, by ringing all the way. There was a bell at one time in the church steeple of Broadford which rang mysteriously or miraculously once a week, summoning the sick to come to be cured at the well in the church-yard. The bell disappeared, and, of course, the well lost its health-giving properties.

THE HISTORICAL TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE HIGHLANDS, compiled and edited by Alexander Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, will be published this month (September) by A. & W. Mackenzie, publishers of this periodical. The book will form a neat volume, printed in clear, bold type, uniform with the "Brahan Seer," and neatly bound in cloth case, with gilt title on back, price 3s 6d.

THE MAID OF LOCHEARN.

—o—

At a point a few miles west of St Fillan's, and no great distance from the northern banks of Lochearn, in Perthshire, once stood a small cottage, similar in construction to the great bulk of houses common in the latter end of the seventeenth century in the Highlands of Perthshire. It was at the time we write of, occupied by an industrious and inoffensive man named Donald Macgregor or Campbell. Besides being assiduous in his attention to his splendid herd of cattle, Donald carefully cultivated a small piece of ground contiguous to his house, from which he derived much of his sustenance. His family was thus one of the most independent and happy of its class in the county of Perth; and if the wild and reckless caterans, of which many belonged to his own sept, who then infested that part of the Highlands in a special degree, sometimes disturbed his tranquillity by carrying away unasked one of his choicest oxen, he never murmured or complained, a fact which, no doubt, accounted in a great measure for so few of his animals being "lifted."

To explain why our friend Donald Macgregor or Campbell had the latter surname added to his name, it is necessary to give the following historical facts connected with the Clan Gregor. This clan was esteemed one of the purest of all our Celtic tribes. Griogar, their ancestor, is said to have been the third son of Alpin, the Scottish king, who commenced his reign in 833. That they are a very old clan is proved by the fact that they possessed Glenorchy in the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore; but in the reign of David II., the Campbells, by subtlety, succeeded in acquiring a legal right to these lands, and, although the Gregors fought manfully for a long time for their rights, they were at last expelled from their territory. This act so exasperated the clan, that they committed such cruel acts of rapine and violence, that they became a terror in the country. The result was the enactment of very severe laws—Government frequently issuing letters of fire and sword against them—all of which only caused them to commit still greater crimes. The clan was at length proscribed, but taking refuge in their mountain fastnesses, they set all the efforts of their enemies to exterminate them at defiance, and afflicted them in return, with all the vengence that lay in their power. On account of false representations made to the king in 1603, it was ordered by an Act of the Privy Council, dated third April of that year, that the Macgregors, on pain of death, should assume other surnames. But though this and all the other hard enactments against them were annulled at the Restoration, they were resumed in the reign of William III., and continued in full force till 1774, when they were finally rescinded by Act of Parliament. The favourite names adopted by the clan when compelled to relinquish their own, were Drummond, Graham, Campbell, and Stewart. Campbell was assumed by the Donald Macgregor of our story.

Donald had a daughter named Jessie, who was universally acknowledged, even by those of her rivals who most aspired to the honour, to be the most handsome and beautiful young woman in Perthshire; and to

all these personal charms she added much natural kindness and gentleness of disposition. Though Jessie Macgregor was probably not insensible to her great personal attractions, she was by no means desirous of gaining unmerited conquests; she neither dressed gaudily nor exposed herself unnecessarily in any public place, where real business did not bring her there. On the contrary, her greatest delight was in tending to her father's herd; and her sweet and melodious voice was often heard sounding through the glen, as she sang with a merry heart, and trode with a light step of an evening on her way to and from the shealing with her flowing milk pails. Jessie was thoroughly domesticated. When not tending her cows, or assisting her father in his labours on his croft, she busied herself in carding, spinning, and knitting alternately.

Donald had annually a goodly number of fat cattle to dispose of, and for these he found a ready market at Crieff, to which place, his daughter, Jessie, regularly accompanied him in the capacity of gillie since she was eight years of age. There was no small personal danger incurred on the route from Lochearn to Crieff and back in those days, more especially if the pedestrian was suspected of having any money in his possession; for the dense wood which then grew, and stretched from Donald's cottage to the narrow defile beyond St Fillan's, was, as I have already said, infested by robbers and cattle-lifters; and the former were as annoying to the wayfarer and the surrounding inhabitants, as ever the Neishes were, who, a century before, inhabited the little island at the east end of Lochearn, called after themselves, Neish Island.

At the neat little village of St Fillan's, named after Fillan, the son of Kentigerna, who was prior of Pittenweem, and the favourite Saint of Robert Bruce, is a well, out of which the Saint was in the habit of drinking very copiously, and which is said to be not only efficacious for the cure of many diseases, but which will also beautify the complexion of those who drink of its water at certain seasons. The Maid of Lochearn, it is alleged, never passed this well, late or early, without kneeling on its brink and drinking of its water; and this, says tradition, may account in some degree for the unrivalled purity of her white skin.

The last occasion the Maid of Lochearn ever accompanied her father to Crieff in the capacity of gillie, was when in her eighteenth year. She was then the very picture of immaculate perfection. Innocent as the new-born babe, and beautiful beyond comparison, she was the centre of all the graces and the master-piece of her sex—her breath as fresh and fragrant as the sweet air of her native valley. Donald Macgregor having, as usual, a lot of excellent cattle—the very best exposed for sale at Crieff that day—he soon found purchasers, who gave him remunerative prices; but as the cattle were not taken off his hands till near sunset, it was just dark when he and his fair daughter started for Lochearn. Being fully alive to the many dangers by which their long and dreary road was beset, Donald, before leaving Crieff, gave the money, for greater security, to his daughter, who rolled it up in her handkerchief, and placed it in her milk-white breast. They then commenced their homeward journey; and to make the dreariness of the rough road as lightsome to his daughter as possible, Donald, as usual, amused her by giving graphic descriptions of the different country-seats, and other places of note which, as they pro-

ceeded, lay along their route, as well as the stories and legends, in which he was well versed, connected with each of the subjects he touched upon. Some places not actually on the route received a share of Donald's attention. Among others—Drummond Castle, and the celebrated Roman Camp at Ardoch, places of great antiquity, and rich in historical associations. Aberuchil Castle was, however, the country-seat on which Donald dwelt longest. It is a high square structure standing on the south side of the river Earn, and was built originally in 1602. The legends which Donald related to his daughter regarding the many sanguinary scenes between the Grigors and the Campbells witnessed in the neighbourhood of this castle, were of the most thrilling description; and while thus engaged they entered the wood at the west end of St Fillan's, the thick copse and brushwood darkening the already hardly discernable path, when they were accosted by three men, the foremost of whom, in a stern defiant voice, requested Donald to deliver up his purse or his life. The latter replied in his usual quiet, easy manner, that he had no money—not even a plack upon his person; and that even if he had they (for he recognised them) ought to be the last to take it from him. "What! where is the money you got to-day at Crieff?" demanded the robber, as he knocked the poor man down to the ground with a blow of his club. No sooner did the unfortunate man fall than the three ruffians jumped upon him; seeing which, and supposing that her father was already dead, the unhappy girl, knowing that she would be next attacked, rushed in through the wood, and ran, for a long time, not knowing whither. At last, almost exhausted, she noticed the glimmering of a light, towards which she made as fast as she was able. She found on getting near it, that it proceeded from a rude dwelling house, the door of which she immediately opened, and, without either warning or ceremony, went in. The sole occupant of the cabin she found to be an old woman, to whom she, in her innocence and despair, told the events of the early evening already described, and added,

"But it is I who has the money, for my father gave it to me before we left Crieff, and I have it carefully put away in my breast."

"O, poor creature," said the old crone, "I am so glad that you escaped with your life from those cruel thieves. They are all of the clan Gregor; and sure I am that, when they did not find the money on your father, they would, had you not escaped from them, have fallen upon you, and after taking the money from you, abuse you, and afterwards kill you."

"Surely no one could be so wicked as to act so," observed Jessie Macgregor bluntly, "it is fortunate for me that I got away from them, and found my way here."

"And here," said the deceitful crone "you are not only welcome, but perfectly safe—you will remain all night, and go home in the morning."

It is scarcely necessary to say that, though neither of them knew anything of the other, the apparently kind offer to remain in the old woman's house all night was readily accepted by the unfortunate Jessie who after receiving supper, retired to bed. But tired though she was, she was too excited and frightened to fall asleep. The thoughts of the sudden death of her father banished sleep from her eyes.

Her bed, of the rudest description, was in a small closet opposite

the main door of the house, and the partition which divided it from the apartment in which the old woman sat, and which appeared to be the kitchen, was of such a rickety description, that she could not only hear the movements of the old lady, but get glimpses of her as well. She was but a few minutes in bed when she heard the footsteps of people entering the house, and going straight to the kitchen. They were men; and through the holes in the partition she could see that there were three of them. By his voice she identified one of them as the ruffian who had killed her father. The young girl's feelings at that moment cannot be described. She saw no means of escape, for the door of her closet opened into the kitchen, where the cruel murderers were. She saw that she had only escaped the murderer's net to fall into his snare. And if she could have any doubts on this point, they were dissipated as soon as they began to speak, for the first words they uttered were, "What a pity I did not catch yon confounded girl, for I am sure it was her that had the money of the cattle which her father sold at Crieff to-day. Were I but near enough to her my trusty blade would soon stop her."

"Restrain thy wail, my son," answered the old crone, "the girl is sleeping in the closet there behind thee; and the money, as she told me, is carefully put away in her breast. And now that both are in your hands you need not interfere with either till you have taken your supper, when you can dispose of her and it as seemeth to you best."

Notwithstanding that they were hungry and the supper ready, and the assurance given by the old woman, that the girl they sought was quite safe in their clutches, the leader of the gang, who, as also another of them, was the old woman's son, would not sit at the table until he first looked in to see the girl, and tested whether she was asleep or not. To satisfy himself on the latter point he placed a burning torch close to her eyes, so close, that her eye-brows were singed by the flame. Finding that she was sound asleep, as he supposed, he returned to the kitchen, and immediately commenced his supper with the others of the gang.

While they were thus occupied, and for a considerable time subsequently, the most painful thoughts were passing through poor Jessie Macgregor's mind—there seemed to be but one step between her and death—a death it might be, of the most cruel nature. She, almost distracted, looked around her in every direction, hoping to find some outlet by which she could escape, but alas! there was none. To attempt to fly by the door would be, to say the least, sheer madness. It was simply running bare-breasted upon the ruffians' daggers. Earnestly and solemnly did she pray for strength, guidance, and protection from above at that critical moment; and scarcely had she asked for heaven's aid, when she heard the robbers disputing among themselves about their respective shares of the spoil obtained that night. The quarrel at length assumed such proportions, that the two brothers fell upon their partner in crime, a neighbour's son, and murdered him there and then, cutting his throat from ear to ear, their mother holding a basin under the wretch's neck to receive the blood. This was only the work of a few moments; and as soon as the wretch was dead, the old woman and her two sons carried the dead body to the rear of the house, where there was a sort of rude garden, for the purpose of burying it, and as they were passing out at the door

the leader said, "To avoid any chance of discovery we shall despatch that girl as soon as we come in."

"I trust in God that you will not find her," thought poor Jessie to herself, as she quietly left her bed and crept out behind them, and ran for very life, with no other covering than her shift; and as she was for a long time running through thick copse, bushes, and rugged ground, her body and extremities were dreadfully lacerated. In her chase she passed through Glensig, and was proceeding towards Kiplandie, when the first dawn of morn appeared. Looking then for the first time behind her, she noticed with dismay that both murderers were on her track, and pursuing her at full speed. Uttering a terrible scream of dispair, she resumed the unequal chase with all the energy left her, which seemed now superhuman. But her case appeared hopeless. She saw that they were fast gaining ground upon her, and expected that in a few moments more she would be a mutilated corpse. They were now within a few paces of her, when suddenly a party of rough burly Highlanders started up from amongst the heather in front of her, and seeing them, the unfortunate girl, in a state of dismal dispair, attempted to turn aside, but they instantly seized her, almost ere she had well seen them. She was so utterly exhausted when caught, that she made no effort to escape. She merely groaned in anguish, fainted, and fell helplessly into the sinewy arms of the man who had laid hold of her. But she was now safe though she knew it not.

The Highlanders who this opportunely came to the assistance of the helpless girl were the young Laird of Glenalmond and his six gillies, who were the whole of the preceding day chasing the deer, after which, instead of going home, they bivouacked all night on the hill-side; and being early astir they observed the scant-clothed maiden and her pursuers as soon as they entered the valley, and ran at once to her aid. Her brutal and murderous followers, seeing Glenalmond and his men, whom they at once recognised, were for a moment taken aback, but then, wheeling swiftly round, made off at full speed. Glenalmond identified them, and rightly guessing that they pursued the girl for no good purpose, ordered his gillies to fire upen them, an order which was instantly obeyed, and the next moment their foul bodies lay bleeding on the heath.

It was doubtful for a little whether the youthful maiden was dead or alive, for, although one or two of the gillies' plaids were quickly rolled around her, and a little unadulterated whisky and water put into her mouth and applied to her temples, she showed no signs of life.

"What a pity! She is so angel-like," said Glenalmond, as he gazed in sad admiration on the maiden's placid cheeks, "an emblem of real perfection, for beauty and innocence seem to be combined in her. I am afraid her gentle spirit has already fled."

"She's no dead yet, sir," observed James Stewart, Glenalmond's head keeper, who held the girl in his arms as skilfully and tenderly as if he had been the most experienced sick-nurse in the country, "for I feel her pulse beginning to move."

"God be thanked," muttered Glenalmond, "for she is the prettiest creature I ever saw. It was a lucky thing that we remained here last night, James, for otherwise, that charming angel would have been brutally murdered by those blood-thirsty vagabonds."

Almost immediately the fair Jessie gave one or two violent convulsions, and presently opened her lovely black eyes, and finding herself surrounded by so many unknown faces, she screamed faintly, but Glenalmond soothingly addressed her, saying—

"Don't be afraid my darling girl. We will do you no harm; and you have only to tell us where you belong to and where you wish to go to, and we shall conduct you thither in safety."

"My dear father—the murderers—where are they?" she faltered in broken accents.

"The murderers will do you no further injury," replied Glenalmond, "and if you will tell us, my dear girl, where your father is, we shall take you to him at once; but talk no more just now. When you are able to tell it, I will listen patiently to your story."

By their kind treatment, the application of some cordials by which she was very much strengthened, and the tender and affectionate manner in which Glenalmond addressed her, she became gradually assured that she had fallen into safe company. This feeling infused so much courage into her exhausted frame, that, in a short time, she was able to give a full account of all her misfortunes from first to last. With this information Glenalmond and his gillies proceeded, led by the fair Jessie, to the robbers' hut, where they found her money still rolled up in her handkerchief, which she threw on her bed when she left, hoping that on finding it they would not follow her. But in the murderers' anxiety to capture her, it never occurred to them that she would leave the money, and their mother never thought of looking into the closet after her sons told her that the girl escaped. She busied herself in the interval in cleaning the clots of blood which marked the kitchen floor and the passage. On searching the garden the gillies found, besides the body of the murdered robber, a number of others in different stages of decomposition. The old woman was at once seized, and kept in the custody of two powerful gillies, while the house was carefully searched for money and other valuables. The house was then set on fire and burnt to the ground. This done, which was only the work of a few minutes, a search was made for the body of Jessie's father, but it could nowhere be found. Glenalmond then despatched to Crieff four of his gillies with the old woman, under the charge of James Stewart, with instructions to have her hanged forthwith on the far-famed "Kind gallows," celebrated by Sir Walter Scott in "Waverley," and to which, on passing, the Highlanders used to touch their bonnets, with the ejaculation, "God bless her nain sell, and the Teil damn you." "You can yourselves," said Glenalmond, "give the necessary evidence." "And that we will," said Stewart, as they started with their charge.

Glenalmond had now become quite smitten with the charms of Jessie, and, accompanied by the remaining gillies, they proceeded together to her residence on the banks of Lochearn. Reaching their destination they were agreeably surprised to find her father in the house before them, with no other injury or ailment than the melancholy and depressed spirits produced by the loss of his lovely daughter, but this itself was almost more than he could bear. Their joy on unexpectedly finding each other safe, was beyond description; and when the emotions produced by this happy meeting had somewhat subsided, Donald attempted an

apology to Glenalmond for the little notice he had taken of him since he came under the roof of his humble dwelling; but the Chieftain checked, and assured him that no apology was required; that he did not come there to receive honours, though he would not deny that he wished to obtain some little favour before he departed. He then told Macgregor how his daughter escaped from the clutches of the robbers, as related by herself; how he, so fortunately, met her in the hill, and was thus the happy means of saving her life; how the murderers were shot by his men, and all the subsequent transactions above described.

"And," continued Glenalmond, "although I have done nothing more than what common humanity demanded, yet I hope to receive some small acknowledgment at your hands; and the greatest favour you, sir, can confer upon me is the hand of your fair and lovely daughter in marriage."

Macgregor was quite taken aback, and in a disconnected and confused manner muttered that he had never thought over such an interesting event, and that his daughter was not in any respect a fit match for Glenalmond. The latter answered that he had never before made a proposal of this kind, and hoped he would not now be rejected.

"I do not offer the slightest objection. If the girl herself is willing, Glenalmond will have her with all my heart," replied the father.

The maiden herself was then appealed to by her high-born deliverer in the most enticing and endearing terms, to whom she blushingly and smilingly answered, "I cannot, and will not, refuse to spend my life in the sweet society of him who so providentially saved it," when Glenalmond, in the most tender and affectionate manner, embraced his fair affianced; and, placing a beautiful gold ring, which he pulled out of his purse, on one of her fingers, made arrangements for her going to Edinburgh on an early day to be educated as became her future position. In due time she returned to the banks of Lochearn an educated and accomplished lady, and the Maid of Lochearn became the Lady of Glenalmond to the delight and future happiness of himself and his whole clan. They lived long and happy together, had a large, prosperous, and lovely family of sons and daughters. Many of their descendants are still in Perthshire, and several of them occupy important positions in the United Kingdom and various other parts of the world.

MACIAIN.

TO THE CLAN MACKENZIE.—Being most anxious to make the History of the Clan as complete as possible, we shall esteem it a favour if parties interested in the various branches will kindly aid us by supplying us with any information in their possession about their respective families. We are now writing the History and Genealogies of each of the principal families in the order in which they branched off from the main stem; and as it is impossible in every case to know all the descendants of these families, it is necessary to have the aid of the parties themselves to secure to them their proper position in the History of the Clan. This aid we now respectfully solicit. *As it is intended to go to press on an early date, and as the work is to be strictly limited to the number subscribed for, parties desiring to secure copies should send in their names without delay.* For full particulars and opinions of the press see our advertising sheet.

ERECTION OF THE MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE OF THE "BEAUTIES OF GAELIC POETRY."

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, in his "Language and Literature of the Highlands," informed us that he took the biographical notices of the Gaelic bards with which he supplied us in that work "principally from Mackenzie," though all the Professor knew of the man himself he gave in a footnote, quoted from a contemporary, occupying barely half-a-page of the book; but in that short note he incorrectly stated that "a monumental stone is erected to his memory." In a review of the book—this splendid tribute to the literature of the Scottish Celt—we at the time pointed out the mistake, among others, in the following words:—"Another and more important error, because it is calculated to perpetuate a state of matters which is not creditable to the Celtic character, is that to this day John Mackenzie, of the 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry,' lies buried in the Church-yard of Gairloch, *with nothing whatever to mark his resting place.* . . . . . We hope soon to see a new edition called for when the author will have an opportunity of correcting these mistakes; and we trust that by that time our Celtic spirit will be roused sufficiently to place the Professor in a position to say truly, 'that a monumental stone *has been raised* to one to whom we are all so much indebted.'" In the succeeding number (xviii.) we followed up with a memoir of Mackenzie, with which the reader is already acquainted, and proposed that steps should be immediately taken to remove the long-standing cause of reproach to Highlanders, of leaving such a man without anything to mark his grave. To give the matter a practical shape, we opened a subscription list, headed by Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Baronet, of Gairloch, followed by Cluny, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; John Mackay, Esq., Swansea; Donald Macgregor, Esq., London; Osgood H. Mackenzie Esq. of Inverewe; John Mackenzie, Esq. of Auchenstewart; H. Munro Mackenzie, Esq., Whitehaven; John Munro Mackenzie, Esq. of Morinish; D. Mackinlay, Esq., Portobello; James Fraser, Esq., Glasgow; Allan Ranald Macdonald Jeffrey, Esq., London; Mrs K. Robertson Walker of Kilgarran; John H. Dixon, Esq., Inveran, Poolewe; Alexander Burgess, Esq., banker, Gairloch; William Mackay, Esq., solicitor, Inverness; Alexander Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*; and various others whose names have already been given, and the respective amounts acknowledged in previous numbers of this periodical.

A considerable sum was soon subscribed, most of it among Mackenzie's own countrymen; and on Friday, the 26th of July last, a handsome Aberdeen granite column, 13 feet 6 inches high, was erected by Messrs Robertson & Law, sculptors, Inverness, to whom the work is highly creditable, on a projecting rock outside the church-yard and overlooking Mackenzie's grave. There is first a solid base about 3 feet 4 inches square and a foot deep, resting on solid mason work, built on the solid rock. A second and a third square block rest upon this. Then comes a block of 2 feet 7 inches deep, bearing the following Gaelic inscription on the side next the road:—"Thogadh an Carn-Cuimhne so do Ian MacCoinnich (de theaghlach Alastair Chaim Ghearrloch), a thionail, agus a chuir an ordugh 'Sar Obair nam Bard Gaidhealach,' agus a sgriobh, a thionail, a dheasaich, no dh' eadartheangaich 30 leabhair eile, am measg iomadh cruaidhchas. Rugadh e anns na Mealan, 1806. Chaochail e an Inbhir-iugh, 1848. 1878." The English on the opposite side, is as follows:—"In memory of John Mackenzie (of the family of Alastair Cam of Gairloch), who compiled and edited 'The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry;' and also compiled, wrote, translated, or edited, under surpassing difficulties, about 30 other works. Born at Mellan Charles, 1806. Died at Inverewe, 1848. In grateful recognition of his valuable services to Celtic literature, this monument is erected by a number of his fellow-countrymen. 1878."

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie took a lively personal interest in the matter from the beginning, and was on the ground most of the two days during which the monument was being erected. At four o'clock on Friday he arrived at the spot, accompanied by Lady Mackenzie, Master Kenneth Mackenzie, Miss Mackenzie, and Osgood H. Mackenzie, Esq. of Inverewe. Among the others present were—Mrs Burgess, Caledonian Bank; Miss Baillie, Free Manse; Mrs Chisholm, Flowerdale; Miss Christina Beaton, Mrs Macrae, late Badachro; Mrs Maclean, Poolewe; Miss Robertson, Inverness; Mrs Ewan Mackenzie, Glasgow; Mrs Attenborough, Nottingham; Miss Macintyre, Strath; Mr Alex. Burgess, banker; Mr Donald Mackenzie, estate manager; Mr Simon Chisholm, Flowerdale; Mr Alexander Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*; Mr John Murdoch of the *Highlander*; Dr Robertson; Mr Macdonald, Flowerdale Mains; Mr James Mackenzie (the brother of the late editor of the "Beauties"); Mr John Maclean, manager, Shieldaig; Mr Hector Fraser, boat-builder; Mr Lamont, teacher; Mr James Mackenzie, Cliff House, Poolewe; Mr Kenneth Maclean, merchant, Poolewe; Mr John Mackenzie, Boor; Mr Peter Urquhart, clothier, Poolewe; Mr Cameron, Poolewe Hotel; Mr H. A. Attenborough, Nottingham; &c., &c. After the monument was unveiled,

Sir Kenneth, who was received with enthusiastic cheers, taking his stand on the sward at the foot of the monument, congratulated the subscribers to the work, and Gairloch men at home and abroad on the work which they had the satisfaction of seeing that day completed. Pointing to the monument he said:—Thirty years ago he whose name is there inscribed, with health broken by too arduous labour, returned too late to his native parish in search of rest, but the rest he sought he found only in resigning his soul to God, and having his ashes laid in the churchyard beside that monument. It might perhaps be asked why all these years have been allowed to elapse without this tribute having been paid to his memory. The idea of erecting such a monument has, no doubt, frequently presented itself to John Mackenzie's admirers, but no one was found till now with sufficient energy to unite them in any common scheme. The merit of doing this is due to Mr Alexander Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*—(cheers)—who originated the movement of setting up the handsome obelisk—(cheers)—and who has now brought it to a successful conclusion, and in behalf of the subscribers I now beg to offer him their thanks for the part he has taken. (Loud cheers.) In the presence of all Mackenzie's relatives (and I am glad to see his brother James surviving him and among us to-day) and of many friends who were personally intimate with him, as well as others whose Gaelic scholarship enables them to appreciate his work more fully than I can do, I feel that I cannot appropriately constitute myself his panegyrist. Yet some words regarding him may be permitted to me. Though his parents were of highly respectable lineage, they were in reduced circumstances at the time of his birth, and could give him none of those advantages with which the wealthy start their children in the race of life. He received but a very elementary education, which he perfected late in life by his own efforts. He was not physically robust, and he died prematurely at the age of 42 years. Long before this his work had been the delight of thousands of his Gaelic-speaking countrymen, and he had made for himself a name wherever his mother-tongue was spoken. (Applause.) Though no poet himself, he had a true and intense poetic feeling. He delighted when a mere child in the compositions of the Highland bards, which he heard recited during the winter evenings at the paternal hearth and around his neighbours' firesides, and as he grew up he conceived the idea of collecting the scattered remains of Gaelic poetry throughout the Highlands, and preserving it for future generations. (Cheers.) Without money, without aid worth speaking of, meeting with ridicule and sometimes with opposition, encountering difficulties of every kind in travelling through the Highlands, with a firm stedfastness of purpose that calls for the highest admiration—(cheers)—he at length succeeded not only in collecting but in finding a publisher for the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," and his Biographies of the Gaelic Bards with which his name is inseparably connected. (Cheers.) Having thus introduced himself into the field of Celtic literature, he found afterwards permanent employment in it, and as author, editor, or translator, he took part, as this monument records, in the publication of about thirty other works. (Applause.) His remuneration was, however, so miserable that he may be said to have died little removed from poverty, but he had his reward in the pleasures always to be reaped from the cultivation of a literary taste, and in the feeling that much of his work would tend to lighten the lives and alleviate the troubles of those he most cared for, the people of his own race, the children of the Gaelic-speaking Celt. (Cheers.) Sir Kenneth then expressed a hope that more of those born in Mackenzie's position would educate themselves as he did, and so be able to enjoy the elevating and refining pleasure of literature in one or other of its departments. The site was selected for the monument where it could be more likely to attract attention than if placed in the secluded spot where his ashes rested. That spot, hallowed by tradition, would no doubt be remembered, but it was thought less of honouring the poor clay than of keeping the man, his life, and his works, before us. These teach that with high aims pursued with stedfastness of purpose, a man working for the benefit of others will inevitably raise himself, and as the monument met the gaze of the passer by, and recalled the memory of John Mackenzie, it was to be hoped that the lesson of his life would not be altogether lost. (Loud cheers.)

Sir Kenneth then called upon Mr Murdoch, who expressed the very great satisfaction which he had in being privileged to take part in such a ceremonial. His first visit to Gairloch was under the attraction of John Mackenzie's memory. Sir Kenneth had left little to be said, but he (Mr M.) could not help saying, that besides being a fitting and a beautiful memorial of John Mackenzie, and a testimony to the taste of the people of Gairloch and their friends, it was, he hoped, destined to teach and encourage Highlanders in Gairloch and elsewhere, to set a higher value than they had hitherto done on the treasures which they possessed in their own race and land. One of the greatest hindrances to the advancement of this country was the false modesty which made the people think so little of their natural resources that they had not the nerve or the enterprise to turn them to the best account. They had, in the salubrity of the climate, in the beauty of the scenery, in the power of their running streams, in the genius of their people, a very great deal to be thankful for, to be proud of, and to brace them for

the work of filling their future history with deeds to make that history a glory to themselves and to the nation to which they belonged. He need hardly say that they were privileged in and proud of the noble chief who was at their head, and who was, as on that occasion, always ready to bear a hand in any work which was honourable and useful for them to be engaged in. (Cheers.) And there was their chief's lady, at all times, as on that day, by his side, and entering with hearty sympathy into all his generous intentions and good works. No one had a better right than he had to say that; she was not only thus generous and noble in her doings, but she was, he could assure them, of a noble stock. "Three cheers, then, for Lady Mackenzie!" (Loud cheers.) *Agus aon uair eile.* (More cheering.) Mr M. said further, there was no formal programme, but he thought the next duty which devolved upon him—and a pleasure it was as well—was to move a hearty vote of thanks to Mr Alex. Mackenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, for originating this movement, and bringing it to so satisfactory a termination. (Loud cheers.)

Mr Mackenzie replied and said that he was naturally pleased to see the monument now successfully erected in his native parish, and in such a prominent position. It was really pleasant to see how the Gairloch people turned out and gave their services for nothing for the last two days to put up the monument—(Cheers)—and they were specially indebted to Mr Mackenzie, manager; Mr Macdonald, Flowerdale Mains; Mr Burgess, banker; Mr Chisholm, and others, for supplying them with horses and other valuable aid, without which it would have been impossible to complete the work in the time at their disposal. (Cheers.) Professor Blackie in his famous work, "The Language and Literature of the Highlands," quoted largely from Mackenzie's Biographies of the Gaelic Bards, and acknowledged his indebtedness to him. This alone would have made John Mackenzie famous hereafter. (Cheers.) The Professor had made a mistake in saying that a monument already marked his resting place. This roused him (Mr Mackenzie) to originate the movement which had now culminated in that handsome monument. (Cheers.) At the very outset he consulted Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, who at once agreed with the proposal to erect the monument, and ever since extended his hearty co-operation, without which the work would not have been nearly so pleasant nor so successful as it had now proved. (Cheers.) Further—and he would say it at the risk of offending him, for he knew how much he objected to any ostentation regarding any of his good works—he requested him to enter his name in the list of subscribers for any amount he (Mr Mackenzie) thought proper. (Applause.) It was also pleasant to find that more than two-thirds of the whole subscriptions was given by Gairloch people or their descendants. (Cheers.) Mr Murdoch told them that Lady Mackenzie came of a good stock. He (Mr Mackenzie) would add that her family had claims upon such a meeting as this unsurpassed by any other, for her brother, J. F. Campbell of Islay, had done for Celtic Literature what would keep the memory of his name and that of his family green among Highlanders as long as any of the race remained. (Applause.) They were all proud to see Sir Kenneth and his lady and family supporting and patronising them that day—(cheers)—and he now called upon all present to give Sir Kenneth a hearty vote of thanks—(applause)—and three hearty cheers. (Cheers.)

This motion having been responded to in the most enthsiastic manner, there was a call for another cheer for the heir, *Coinneach Og*, and another cheer for his sister, who stood beside him, all of which were given until the hills resounded with the echo.

Mr Attenborough congratulated those present on the evidence before them of how the Highlanders have now began to respect themselves and those among them whose labours deserved to be commemorated; after which, Mr Murdoch spoke in Gaelic, pointing out that Highlanders must not expect respect from others until they showed more for themselves, their dress, country, and language, than they had done in the past. Osgood H. Mackenzie, Esq. of Inverewe, then steped forward, and in pure and idiomatic Gaelic stated the pleasure he had in seeing the work so successfully completed, and expressed a hope that Highlanders would show more regard in future for what pertained to their own clans and country than they had hitherto done, and that they would always be found ready to put their hand to every work calculated to benefit themselves and their native country. He then thanked Mr Murdoch for his Gaelic address, and offered him a hearty welcome on his first visit amongst them. (Cheers.) The proceedings, which were most successful, then closed.

A few pounds are still wanting to pay for the inscriptions, and it is thought absolutely necessary that an iron railing should be erected round the monument to protect it from sheep and cattle; and also to erect a small tablet on the wall of the old chapel at the head of the grave. We trust sufficient funds will be forthcoming, and, we have no doubt, some of our patriotic and wealthy Celts will be happy to have the honour of contributing.

The following sums have been received since our last list went to press:—

Messrs Maclachlan & Stewart, booksellers, Edinburgh ...	£0	10	6
The Rev. Dr Masson, Gaelic Church, Edinburgh	0	5	0
	K 2		

Mr Mackechnie, advocate, Edinburgh	0	5	0
Mr Clark, Glasgow	0	5	0
Mr Artt Maclachlan, Glasgow	1	2	0
Mr Donald Maclean, merchant, Badachro, Gairloch	0	5	0
Mr Kenneth Maclennan, Tolly Croft, Poolewe	0	5	0

Since the monument was erected :—

Mr John Mackenzie, Auchenstewart (in addition to £2 2s already acknowledged)	£3	0	0
Mr John Mackay, Swansea (in addition to £2 2s already acknowledged)	1	1	0
A Friend	1	0	0
Per Mr Thomas Fraser, Newcastle-on-Tyne, collected by Chieftain William Matheson, from members of the Hebburn Celtic Society, Hebburn	3	4	0

Though the following notes were not intended for publication, we take the liberty to place them, charged as they are with such an excellent spirit, before the reader.—

"Prince of Wales Hotel, Scarboro', 3rd Aug. 1878.

"Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for having sent me the *Inverness Advertiser* of 30th July, containing an interesting account of the putting up of the John Mackenzie monument at Gairloch. All John's relations must be much indebted to you for the trouble and expense you have been at from first to last in the whole affair, and they should also be obliged to the Baronet of Gairloch for the interest he took in the work. Knowing that you will be out of pocket now, and that you propose doing more before you consider the work finished, you have a cheque herewith for three pounds, and sixpence for charges, and if a trifle more is needed, please let me know when the work will be completed and it will be forthcoming. With thanks.—Very truly yours,

"JOHN MACKENZIE (of Auchenstewart).

"Mr Alex. Mackenzie, Inverness."

"Regart House, Walter's Road, Swansea, 3rd Aug. 1878.

"My Dear Sir,—Thank you for the *Inverness Advertiser*, giving an account of the interesting ceremony connected with the erection of the "John Mackenzie" monument.

"You may recollect that I promised you a further contribution to this deserved memorial should the necessity arise. I note by the account given in the *Advertiser* that this contingency has arisen. Please, therefore, put my name in your book for a guinea towards making up the deficiency, hoping that all admirers of the man and his work may speedily come forward with their contributions to enable the memorial and its necessary surroundings to be completed without any delay.—Yours very faithfully,

"JOHN MACKAY.

"Alex. Mackenzie, Esq."

DEATH OF THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.—It is with the most genuine regret we record the death of the Rev. George Gilfillan of Dundee, which took place suddenly, from disease of the heart, on the 13th of August. His name has been a household word in Scotland for the last thirty years; and the influence of his manly utterances, and honest life and work, has long been felt far beyond the bounds of his native land. His was a career all the more bright and conspicuous from the surrounding gloom of clerical cant and hypocrisy that still exists—and his genuine honesty of purpose and sincerity of heart illuminated the surrounding darkness. The good results of such a life as his will be felt and appreciated more and more as the years roll on. With all his other excellent qualities, he was a warm friend of our Celtic countrymen, and at all times he was ready with his pen, and on the platform, to lend his powerful aid for the amelioration of the down-trodden Highlanders. From the very outset, he gave his generous and valuable aid to make the *Celtic Magazine* a success, and we never had occasion to ask him for a contribution in vain, however much he might be otherwise engaged. Several of these adorn the past numbers of this periodical. Dundee honoured itself by giving the mortal remains of their greatest man a public funeral—the most imposing that was ever accorded to any of its citizens.

THE LAND OF SANTA MAREE.

By J. E. Muddock, Author of "A Wingless Angel," "As the Shadows Fall," "The Mystery of Jasper Janin," "Lovat, or Out in the '45," &c., &c.

If I were to commence this article by a statement that last year her Majesty the Queen spent a week at the Loch-Maree Hotel, my readers might be inclined to imagine that I had only just awoke from a Rip Van Winklish sleep, and that I was at least twelve months behind my time. If, on the other hand, I were to ask three persons out of every five I met, "Where is Loch-Maree?" I might be pested with a dubious stare and a stammered reply, "Loch-Maree is—oh, well, let me see, why, in Scotland of course." It will be understood that this imputation, if such it can be called, applies only to those who dwell to the south of the Grampians, for I cannot think it possible that any man whose home is north of the Perthshire range can be ignorant of the enchanted region which I have been pleased to term "the Land of Santa Maree." If there be such a man in existence let him hide his shameless head and be heard no more.

Being a Sassenach and a brain worker and in search of health and repose, it was but natural that my quest should lead my footsteps to a land which gave birth to a Burns and a Scott, and whose every hill and every glen is hallowed by poetry and song. I had heard that in the far western corner of Ross-shire was a glorious, and island studded loch some eighteen miles in length, and guarded on all sides by a mighty barrier of shaggy mountains. Being a worshipper at the shrine of nature, and having a passionate love for mountains, I determined to make a pilgrimage to Loch-Maree. My pilgrimage, however, was not one in which the flesh was mortified and the spirit galled, for in the luxury of one of the saloon carriages of the Highland Railway Company, I was enabled to contemplate at mine ease the marvellous beauties through which this railway passes. Grand though the Highland Railway route be, it cannot, I think, be compared to the Dingwall and Skye line, which is not only a marvel of engineering skill, but runs through a country that, for wildness and grandeur, cannot be equalled in the whole of the United Kingdom. It is not my intention here to describe this line, much as I am tempted to do so, but I will content myself with saying that no man or woman should boast of having "done" the Rhine, or Switzerland, the South of France, or Italy, until he or she has travelled from Inverness to Strome Ferry, and if he or she does not then say that the scenery through which the line passes is equal to anything the much vaunted Continent can offer, that man and that woman will be deserving of sympathy inasmuch as they will prove that they are lacking in that appreciation of the æsthetic, which is one of the chief characteristics of intelligence.

Achnasheen is a quiet little station on the Dingwall and Skye route, and here, those who are journeying to the Land of Santa Maree break the journey. They will find a well-appointed coach waiting to take them on

for a distance of twenty miles westward. On leaving Achnasheen the road skirts the margin of the lonely Loch-Rosque for five miles, and then, after a slight accent, enters the narrow and gloomy Pass of Docherty. Here one begins to realise that he has left the modern world of passionate life behind, and is entering an old old world where nature, defying the hand of man to tame her, reigns in solemn and lonely grandeur. Presently there comes in sight a large, winding belt of water, lying at the foot of giant mountains, and the driver informs his passengers that it is the far-famed Loch-Maree. On flies the coach. Now the willing but hard worked horses are kept well in hand as the machine winds its way down a long and steep descent, and the iron break is grating against the wheels as the ponderous vehicle rushes along at a rapid pace. When twelve miles have been accomplished the cattle are changed at Kenlochewe, a picturesque and scattered village. And when the fresh steeds have been harnessed in the journey is resumed, and in a very short time the loch is in full sight. More savage and more wild grows the scene. The serrated and broken outlines of the Torridon Hills, which are seen at a distance, stand boldly out against the blue sky on the left, while a little further away are the three singular and extraordinary peaks of Ben Eay and its satellites, or the white mountains, so called on account of their dazzling whiteness, which is due to quartz and sand. The effect of this contrasted as it is by the heath-clad and purple mountains, which cluster around and stretch on and on until they are lost in the far blue distance, is wonderful in the extreme. On the opposite or north side of the loch is the monarch of all the giants around. This is the mighty mass of Ben Slioch which towers away up into the clouds for four thousand feet. The moment I gazed upon old Ben, who is verily a king amongst kings, I was fascinated even as a bird is fascinated by the serpent, and I became his slave. From that moment Ben sat upon me, and his influence will never depart from me so long as I may live. Ben Slioch is a marvellous mountain, scientifically and literally. Like a true monarch he sits alone, upon a great throne of metamorphic rock. It is, in fact, a mountain upon a mountain, the upper portion being sand-stone superimposed upon a bed of granite and gneiss. The outlines of Ben are splintered into a hundred fantastic shapes, and the storms of countless thousands of years have lashed his sides into rents and fissures. On his western face are frightful precipices, and gaze upon him from any point of view he seems so precipitous that an ascent appears to be almost out of the question. But I am told that the summit is often reached by those who have good limbs, strong lungs, and iron nerves.

When another ten miles have been accomplished the panting horses are drawn up at the door of the Loch-Maree Hotel, and as this is my destination I alight.

This hotel stands upon some rising ground that gradually slopes down to the water, which is not more than twenty yards away. The impression that one has left his own world behind and entered another is now intensified as one gazes around on the region of solitude that is dominated by Ben Slioch. For the time being, however, this impression is removed, as with appetite keenly whetted by the bracing mountain air and the long drive, one sits down at the well appointed table in the splendid coffee-

room of the hotel, the same room in which her Majesty was wont to take her meals last year. Here the traveller discovers that if he has left civilisation behind, the good things of life are around him, and fastidious indeed must be the taste that cannot gratify itself at the Loch-Maree Hotel, whether it be in the way of eatables or drinkables.

The view commanded by the many windowed coffee-room is one that, for extent and variety, is unrivalled. In the centre of the Loch the richly-wooded islands lie embosomed like emerald jewels set in silver sheen, and on the opposite side of the loch is a scarred and riven wall of rock that stretches away for miles, and above that again, rising tier upon tier, are the rugged peaks of mountains, and to the right and dominating them all is grand old Ben Slioch.

On the morning of the day following my arrival, I started in one of the hotel boats to explore the islands, and naturally enough I first landed on the Isle Maree. And speaking of this I would call attention to a ludicrous error in Black's & Lyall's Tourist Guides, which describe Isle Maree as the *largest* island on the Loch, whereas it is almost the smallest. It is here that the old burying-ground is, and in ages ago a monastery stood there, although scarcely any trace of it now remains. In using the word "burying-ground" one's ideas must not associate the Isle Maree with a modern cemetery. This little island is thickly covered with trees that subdue the light, and wrap the place in a perpetual and pleasant gloom; while in rank luxuriance ferns, heather, and bracken grow breast high. A track, worn by the feet of visitors, leads to the centre of the island, and it is here the dead take their dreamless sleep. The stones that mark the graves are rough and unhewn, none of them have any inscription, and all trace as to who the sleepers are is lost. These stones are scattered about in a very irregular manner; some are little better than pieces of rock stuck endways into the ground, while others are long slabs, and all are green and moss covered, and overgrown with rank grass and ferns. Two graves, however, attract the visitors attention. The stones are flat and join each other endways. Upon one is carved a runic cross, and on the other a crucifix. These are said to be the graves of a young Danish prince and princess whose deaths were romantic and tragical. On some future occasion I may relate the thrilling story of their lives, but want of space will not allow me to do it here. Before leaving Isle Maree, which by the way is said to take its name from the Virgin Mary, although it is more probably a corruption of a Gaelic word, I will mention the money tree and the well. The tree is an oak, and driven into its sides are numerous coins, the majority of them being pennies, although I believe that gold and silver have frequently been put in. This money is looked upon as sacred, and the natives would consider it the direst sacrilege to take it away. Tradition runs, however, that once upon a time a hardened Sassenach did take some of the coins out of the tree, but summary punishment followed, for his hand soon after withered, and his descendants for generations were born with withered hands. To my mind this money tree is a relic of old Paganism, and the coins are put in as a propitiatory offering to the tutelary saint. The tree contains two coins side by side which were driven in with a stone by the fair hands of the Queen and the Princess Beatrice. The well, which is now dried up, is at the foot of

the tree, and its waters were said to possess miraculous properties for curing persons suffering from insanity. The patient was taken to the well and drank of the water. A hair rope was then passed under his arm-pits, and he was dragged at the stern of the boat twice round the island. This was, no doubt, a very effectual remedy, for if the patient did not recover it is pretty certain that he was cured off the face of the earth. It was to the Isle Maree that the Queen, during her visit to the loch, was rowed on the Sunday morning, an act that called down the *brutum fulmen* of that nest of meddlesome busy bodies, the "Sabbath Alliance." These gentlemen were not aware perhaps that her Majesty went to the island for the express purpose of having the church service read in the open air.

Leaving Isle Maree I visited the other islands where the roe-deer have their home, and the grouse need never go in fear of the sportsman's gun, for nobody shoots there save a day or two once a year, when Sir Kenneth Mackenzie hunts the deer. These islands are by no means the least of the wonders of this land of wonder. And nothing could be more enjoyable than to float amongst the creeks, and miniature bays, and tiny sounds, or to land and wander amongst the ferns and the heather, or lie and dream beneath the umbrageous shelter of the whispering pines. To dwell, however, upon each particular spot of beauty would occupy far more space than the editor can afford me, and, therefore, speaking in a general way, I may say that it has been my fortune to travel the wide world over. I have trodden the scorching plains of India, and been frozen on the rugged shores of North America; I have sailed amongst the Paradisaical islands of the South Pacific. and wandered for hundreds and hundreds of miles through the Australian bush; I have gazed on some of the Volcanic wonders of Java, and sailed up the far-famed Hudson to the Katskill Mountains, immortalised by Washington Irving, but I conscientiously assert that I have nothing in my memory that, for perfectness of savage beauty, surpasses Loch-Maree and its surroundings. As a mighty panoramic picture of mountain and loch the Land of Santa Maree is unique. Who can sit and gaze upon the stupendous mass of Ben Slioch without feeling awed into deep reverence for the great Creator who called all things into being. Often as I have looked upon this mountain with its riven sides and splintered outlines, I have said in my heart "Oh that I could wring speech from it, that I could make it tell me the mystery of this wild region, and the strange story of long long ago. I would then sit at old Ben's feet and never tire of listening." But though this monarch of mountains is dumb, he speaks with an eloquence that is far more powerful than words, while with a subtle magic he fills the heart with a sense of solemn reverence for nature's God.

I have trod the heather-clad hills around until I have seemed filled with a new life. I have drifted and dreamed in delicious indolence amongst the fairy islands, and I have listened with delight to the melody of the waterfalls. I have wandered through the wild, weird glens like one entranced, and have felt that around, above, below, was beauty unutterable—always beauty, now gentle, now fierce, now savage, now dreamy, but ever and for ever beauty that has no name. In imagination I have once again peopled the glens and mountains with the wild

yet noble clans who waged war with one another long years ago. Once again I have heard the solemn angelus of the monks (who dwelt on Isle Maree) as they bowed their knees in reverence when the grand old mountains had grown still in the hush of the dying day. And then out of the misty past the young and unfortunate Danish prince, and she who should have been his bride, have come and walked and talked with me, and told me the sad story of their love, their grief, their broken hearts, and their tragic deaths. After life's fitful fever they sleep quiet enough now in their island graves where the sighing trees for ever sing their requiem. During the time that I lingered at Maree the marvellous surroundings grew to me, and I came to love them, and I do not envy that man who could look upon the silent hills and not read on their battered old sides something of the wonderful story of the world's formation.

Glencoe is sternly grand, and almost repellantly weird. Killiecrankie is a scene of sylvan beauty that may challenge the whole world for its compeer, but the Land of Santa Maree embraces all these features with many others that are peculiarly its own. It is a land of health, of poetry, of romance. There is a romance in every glen, on every rock, in every wood. There is a poem in every breeze that blows, and a pæan in the rustle of every tree.

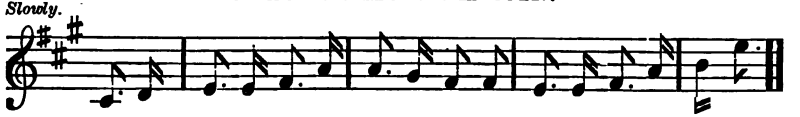
I feel that it would scarcely be fair to close this brief sketch without a word of praise for the excellent hotel and its genial and courteous landlord. I do this with much pleasure because it is so well deserved. The management is excellent; the accommodation equal to, and in fact better than many hotels of much greater pretensions, while the *cuisine* is all that one could wish. Mr Hornsby himself is one of the most courteous and obliging landlords that it has ever been my good fortune to meet. This eulogium will, I am sure, be endorsed by every one who visits the place, unless, indeed, he be blue with bile, and cantankerous with sluggish liver; but even then a few days' residence in the Land of Santa Maree would be sufficient to chase the blues away, and render him unconscious of the existence of such a thing as a liver in his animal economy.

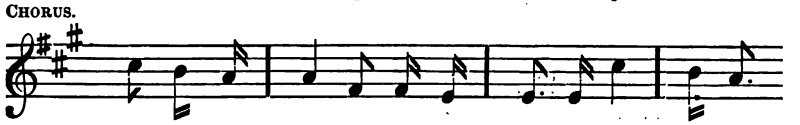
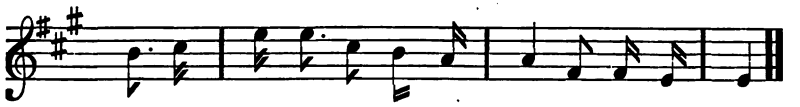
The fact of our beloved Queen and her daughter, the Princess Beatrice, having honoured the hotel with their presence and abided there for a week, testifies far more eloquently than anything I could write, to the comforts and good management displayed.

A very few years ago this exquisite and grand region was almost a *terra incognita* to the travelling public, but now that every facility is offered for visiting the place, it is to be hoped that its beauties will attract all who are in search of health and repose.

I feel that what I have here written falls lamentably short of doing anything like justice to the magnificence of Maree, but in my brief sketch I have attempted to convey to the mind of the reader some idea of the deep impression which my visit to the Land of Santa Maree has made upon me.

CHLUINN MI NA H-EOIN.

Slowly.

'S binn leam fhein na bha mi 'g eisdeachd Maduinn Cheitein spreidh a' sileadh.

CHORUS.

Chluinn mi na h-eoin, 's binn leam na h-eoin, Na h-eoin, na h-eoin,

bhoidheach, bhinne, Chluinn mi na h-eoin, 's binn leam na h-eoin.

KEY A.

: m$_1$., f$_1$ | s$_1$., s$_1$: l$_1$., d | d ., t$_1$: l$_1$. l$_1$ | s$_1$., s$_1$: l$_1$., d | r , s .-

: m .r ,d | d : l$_1$.l$_1$,s$_1$ | s$_1$., s$_1$: m | r,d.- : r .,m | s,s .- : m.r,d | d : l$_1$.l$_1$,s$_1$ | s$_1$ ||

'S binn leam smeorach air bharr geige,
'S uiseagan 's an speur ri iomairt.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam coileach-dubh ri durdail,
'S cearc an tuchain dluth ga shireadh.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam gog nan coileach-ruadha
'S moiche ghluaiseas 's a' bhruaich fhirich.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam cuthag le 'gug-gug
'S a' mhaduinn chiuin air stuc a' ghlinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binn leam guth na h-eala buadhaich—
Luinneag is glan fuaim air linne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

'S binne na iad sud gu leir
An naidheachd eibhinn a fhuair sinne—
Chluinn mi, &c.

Na *Scots Greys* air tigh'nn a Eirinn,
Sabhailte gun bheud, gun mhilleadh.
Chluinn mi, &c.

An *Captain* Caimbeul le 'chomannda,
De na bh' ann 's e b' annsa leinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

O na'n greasadh Righ na grein' thu
Gu d' thir fein gu 'm b' eibhinn leinn' e!
Chluinn mi, &c.

Gu tigh mor nan tuireid arda,
'S e 'dol fas gun aird air inneal.
Chluinn mi, &c.

An tigh a thog dhuit Flath na feille;
'S ioma suil 'bha deurach uime.
Chluinn mi, &c.

Sliochd Iain bhig 'ic-Iain-'ic-Dhomhuill,
G' an robh coirichean Bhraigh-Ghlinne.
Chluinn mi, &c.

ANOTHER VERSION.

Chi mi na h-eoin, 's ait leam na h-eoin,
Na h-eoin bheaga bhoidheach bhinne;
Chi mi na h-eoin, 's ait leam na h-eoin.

Chi mi 'n coileach dubh a' durdan,
'S cearc an tuchain 'si ga shireadh.

'S binn leam smeorach air bharr geig'
'San uiseag anns sa speur ag imeachd.

'S binne na sud guth mo ghraidh-sa,
'Si air airidh 'm braighe ghlinne.

NOTE.—So far as I am aware, the above melody and words are unknown in the North. The first version of words is copied from the "Oranaiche;" the second, which appears to be only a fragment, from a MS. in my possession. According to the "Oranaiche," the author of the first version was John Campbell, Torosay, Mull. The Captain Campbell referred to, we are told, "was the last of an ancient family, 'the Campbells of Braeglen;'" and when the song was composed the Captain had just returned with the "Scots Greys" from Ireland. The second version appears to refer to a different subject. The melody was given, in the Sol-fa notation, in a recent issue of the *Highlander*. It is given here in both notations, for it is of its class a gem that deserves the greatest publicity. W. M'K.

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CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE,

WITH GENEALOGIES OF THE PRINCIPAL FAMILIES.

By the Editor.

—o—

[Continued.]

XIV. GEORGE, second Earl of Seaforth, and third Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, eldest son of Kenneth, the first Lord, by his second marriage with Isobel Ogilvie, succeeded as next heir male to Earl Colin. He was the *first* George of Kildun. In 1633 he "was served heir male to his brother Colin, Earl of Seaforth, Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, in the lands and barony of Ellendonan, including the barony of Lochalshe, in which was included the barony or the lands and towns of Lochcarron, namely, the towns and lands of Auchnaschelloch, Coullin, Edderancharron, Attadill, Ruychichan, Brecklach, Achachoull, Delmartyne, with fishings in salt water and fresh, Dalcharlarie, Arrinachteg, Achintie, Slumba, Dounc, Stromcarronach, in the Earldom of Ross, of the old extent of £13 6s 8d, and also the towns of Kisserin, and lands of Strome, with fishings in salt and fresh water, and the towns and lands of Torridan, with the pertinents of the Castle of Strome. Lochalshe, Lochcarron, and Kisserin, including the davach of Achvanie, the davach of Auchnatrait, the davach of Stromcastell, Ardnagald, Ardneskan, and Blaad, and the half davach of Sannachan, Rassoll, Meikle Strome, and Rerag, in the Earldom of Ross, together of the old extent of £8 13s 4d."*

His high position in the North, and his close friendship at this period with the powerful House of Sutherland, is attested by the fact that he and Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat, on the 2d November 1633, stood godfathers to George Gordon, second son of John Earl of Sutherland, and there can be little doubt that it is to the influence of the latter we must mainly attribute Seaforth's vacillating conduct during the earlier years of the great civil wars which continued to be the curse of Scotland for so many years after. In 1635 the Privy Council, with a view to put down the irregularities then so prevalent in the Highlands, demanded securities from the chiefs of clans, heads of families, and governors of counties, in conformity with a general bond previously agreed to, that they should be responsible for their clans and surnames, their men,

* Origines Parochiales Scotiae, p. 401.

tenants, and servants. The first who was called upon to give this security was the Earl of Huntly; then followed the Earls of Sutherland and Seaforth, and afterwards Lord Lorne and all the chiefs in the Western and Northern parts of the Kingdom.

In the following year the hitherto suppressed embers of religious differences broke out into a general blaze all over the country. Then began those contentions about ecclesiastical questions, church discipline, and liturgies, at all times fraught with the seeds of discord, and danger to the common weal, and in this case it ultimately led to such sad, momentous, and bloody consequences as only religious feuds can produce. Charles I. was playing the despot with his subjects, not only in Scotland, but in England. He was governing without a parliament, and defying the desires and aspirations of a people born to govern themselves and to be free. His infatuated attempt to introduce the Liturgy of the Church of England into the Calvinistic and Presbyterian pulpits of Scotland was an insane proceeding. "In no part of Europe had the Calvinistic doctrine and discipline taken such a hold on the public mind as in Scotland. The Church of Rome was regarded by the great body of the people with a hatred that might justly be called ferocious, and the Church of England, which seemed to be coming every day more and more like the Church of Rome, was scarcely an object of less aversion. . . . . To this step, taken in the mere wantonness of tyranny and in criminal ignorance, or more criminal contempt of public feeling, our country owes her freedom. The first performance of the Liturgy produced a riot. The riot soon broke out into a revolution, and the whole of Scotland was soon in arms."* His English subjects were at the same time almost in a state of rebellion for their liberties. Under these circumstances he tried to put down the rising in Scotland by the sword, but his military means and his military skill were unequal to the task. In this trying predicament he found himself obliged to call parliament together, and to restore constitutional government in England. He failed to impose the English Liturgy on his Scottish subjects, but his attempt in this direction turned out to be the deliverance of his English subjects from high-handed tyranny. It is but natural in these circumstances that Seaforth, though personally attached to the king, should be found on the side of the Covenant, and that he should have joined the Assembly, the clergy, and the nobles in their Protest, and in the renewal of the Confession of Faith, formerly accepted and confirmed by James VI. in 1580, 1581, and in 1590, at the same time that they entered into a covenant or bond of mutual defence among themselves against all opposition from whatever source. The principal among the Northern nobles who entered into this engagement were the Earls of Seaforth and Sutherland, and Lord Lovat, the Rosses, Munroes, the Lairds of Grant, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Innes, the Sheriff of Moray, Kilravock, the Laird of Altyre, and the Tutor of Duffus. These, under the command of the Earl of Seaforth, who had been appointed General of the Covenanters north of the Spey, marched to Morayshire, where they met the Royalists on the northern banks of the river ready

* Macaulay's History of England.

to oppose their advance.* An arrangement was here entered into between Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, Seaforth's brother, on behalf of the Covenanters, and a representative from the Gordons on the other side, that the latter should recross the Spey, and that the Highlanders should return home. At the same time Seaforth received a despatch from Montrose, who was then at Aberdeen, also fighting for the Covenant, intimating the pacification, entered into on the 20th of June, between the King and his subjects at Berwick, and requesting him to disband his army. This order was obeyed, and, shortly after, Montrose dissociated himself with the Covenanters, took up the King's cause, and raised the royal standard. The Earl of Seaforth soon after became suspected of lukewarmness in the cause of the Covenanters. In 1640, when the King was at York on his way to reduce the Covenanting Scots, they, on their part, resolved to invade England, and, as a precautionary measure, to imprison or expel all suspected Royalists from the army. Among these we find the Earl of Seaforth, Lord Reay, and others, who were taken before the Assembly, kept in ward at Edinburgh for two months, and, on the King's arrival in Scotland, in 1641, the Earl of Traquair, who had been summoned before the Parliament as an opponent to the Lords of the Convenant, persuaded the Earls of Montrose, Wigton, Athole, Hume, and Seaforth, with several others, to join in a bond against the Covenanters.

We afterwards find Montrose leaving Elgin with the main body of his army towards the Bog of Gight, accompanied by the Earl of Seaforth, Sir Robert Gordon, the Lairds of Grant, Pluscardine, and several other gentlemen who had come in to him at Elgin to support the King. After this, however, fearing depredations would be committed on his followers by the garrison of two regiments at Inverness and the other Covenanters of that district, he allowed Seaforth, the Laird of Grant, and other Moray gentlemen, to return home to defend their estates, but before allowing them to depart he made them make a solemn oath of allegiance to the King, and promise that they should never again take up arms against him or any of his loyal subjects, as also engage to rejoin him with all their forces as soon as they could do so. Seaforth, however, with an unaccountable want of decision, disregarded his oath, and again joined the ranks of the Covenanters. He excused himself in a letter to the Committee of Estates, saying that he joined the Royalists through fear of Montrose, at the same time avowing that he would abide by "the good cause to his death."

Seaforth is soon again in the field against Montrose, for Wishart informs us "that the Earl of Seaforth, a very powerful man in those parts (and one of whom he entertained a better opinion) with the garrison of Inverness, which were old soldiers, and the whole strength of Moray, Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, and the sept of the Frasers, were ready to meet him with a desperate army of 5000 horse and foot."

* On May 14, 1639, 4000 men met at Elgin under command of the Earl of Seaforth, and the gentlemen following, viz.:—The Master of Lovat, the Master of Ray, George, brother to the Earl of Sutherland, Sir James Sinclare of Murkle, Laird of Grant, Young Kilravock, Sherriff of Murray, Laird of Innes, Tutor of Duffus, Hugh Ross of Achnacloich, John Munro of Lemlare, &c. They encamped at Speyside, to keep the Gordons and their friends from entering Murray; and they remained encamped till the pacification, which was signed June 18, was proclaimed, and intimated to them about June 22.—*Shaw's MS. History of Kilravock.*

Montrose had at that time only 1500, the Macdonalds of Glengarry and the Highlanders of Athole having previously gone home, against the earnest solicitude of Montrose that they should complete the campaign in accordance with their usual cnstom, to deposit the booty obtained in their repeated victories under the great chief, but on the plea of repairing their houses and other property which had been so much injured by their enemies during their absence. The great commander, however, although he knew many of the garrison to be old soldiers, decided to attack their preponderating numbers, correctly calculating that a great many of the others were only newly raised "from among husbandmen, cowherds, pedees, tavern-boys, and kitchen-boys," and would be altogether raw and unserviceable. It turned out otherwise fortunately for Seaforth and his forces. The gallant Marquis was, on his way to Inverness, informed of Argyll's descent on Lochaber, and, instantly changing his route, he fell down on the Earl at Inverlochy so unexpectedly, that when Argyll, by an ignominious flight in one of his boats, made himself secure, he had the well-merited reward of personal cowardice and pusillanimity of witnessing fifteen hundred of his devoted adherents cut down, among whom were a great number of the leading gentlemen of the clan,* and who deserved to fight under a better and less cowardly commander. The power of the Campbells was thus broken, and so, probably, would have been that of Seaforth had Montrose attacked him first.

After his brilliant victory at Inverlochy on the 2d February 1645, Montrose returned to Moray, by Badenoch, where, on his march to Elgin, he was met by Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine and others, who were sent by Seaforth and the Covenanters as commissioners to treat with him. They received an indignant answer, the Marquis declining any negotiation, but at the same time offering to accept of the services of such as would join and obey him as the King's Lieutenant-General. The Earl of Seaforth himself was then sent by the Committee of Ross and Sutherland, and meeting the Marquis between Elgin and Forres, was for several days detained a prisoner, but was afterwards released, on what terms all the authorities plead ignorance; but it appears that when the Royalists marched south, the Laird of Lawers, who was then Governor of the Castle of Inverness, cited all those who had communications with Montrose in Moray, and compelled them to give bonds for their appearance, to answer for their conduct, before the Parliament, if required to do so. Among those we find Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, and, after the affair at Fettercairn, and the retreat of Montrose from Dundee, we find the Earls of Seaforth and Sutherland with the whole of the Clan Fraser, and most of the men of Caithness and Moray, assembled at Inverness, where Hurry, who had been retreating before Montrose, joined them with a force of Gordons—1000 foot and 200 horse—the whole amounting to about 3500 foot and 400 horse, which included Sutherlands, Mackenzies, Frasers, Roses, and Brodies, while Montrose's followers consisted of Gordons, Macdonalds, Macphersons, Mackintoshes, and Irish, to the number of about 3000 foot and 300 horse.†

* Among those who fell were Campbell of Auchinbreck, Campbell of Lochnell, his eldest son, and his brother Colin; Macdougall of Rara, and his eldest son, Major Menzies, brother to the Chief of Achattens Parbreck, and the Provost of the Church of Kilmuir. —*History of the Highlands, p.* 199.

† Shaw's MS. History.

Montrose halted at the village of Auldearn. General Hurry finding such an army waiting for him at Inverness decided to retrace his steps with this large force the next morning, and to give him battle.

The author of the Ardintoul MS. informs us how the Earl of Seaforth took part in the Battle of Auldearn, and gives the following account of the engagement:—General Hurry sent for Seaforth to Inverness, and during a long conference informed him that although he served the States himself he favoured the King's cause, and advised Seaforth to dismiss his men and make a pretence that he had only sent for them to give them new leases of their lands, and in case it was necessary to make an appearance to fight Montrose, he could bring him, when commanded to do so, two or three companies from Chanonry and Ardmeanach, which he would accept. It was, however, late before they parted, and Lady Seaforth, who was waiting for her lord at Kessock, prepared a sumptuous supper for Seaforth and his friends. He and his friends kept up the festivities so long and so well that he "forgot or delayed to advertise his men to dismiss till to-morrow," and going to bed very late, before he could stir in the morning all the lairds and gentlemen of Moray came to him, most earnestly entreating his Lordship by all the laws of friendship and good neighbourhood, and for the kindness they had for him while he lived among them, and which they manifested to his brother yet living amongst them, that his Lordship would not see them ruined and destroyed by Montrose and the Irish, when he might easily prevent the same without the least loss to himself and his men, assuring his Lordship that if he should join Hurrie with what forces he had then under his command, Montrose would make off with his Irish and not fight them. Seaforth, believing the gentlemen, and thinking, as they said, that Montrose with so small a number would not venture to fight, the rest being twice the number, and many of them trained soldiers. Hurrie acquainted him that he was to march immediately against Montrose, and being of an easy and compassionate nature, he yielded to their request, and sent immediately in all haste for his Highlandmen, crossed the ferry of Kessock, and marched straight with the rest of the forces to Auldearn, where Montrose had his camp; but the Moray men found themselves mistaken in thinking that he (Montrose) would make off, for he was not only resolved but glad of the opportunity to fight them before Baillie, whom he knew was on his march north with considerable forces, could join Hurrie, and so drawing up his men with great advantage of ground, he placed Alex. Macdonald, with the Irish, on the right wing beneath the village of Auldearn, and Lord Gordon with the horse on the left. On the south side of Auldearn, he himself biding in town, and making a show of a main battle with a few men, which Hurrie understanding, and making it his business that Montrose should carry the victory, and that Seaforth would come off without great loss, set his men, who were more than double the number of their adversaries, to Montrose's advantage, for he placed Sutherland, Lovat's men, and some others, with the horse under Drummond's command, on the right wing opposite to my Lord Gordon, and Loudon and Laurie's Regiments, with some others, on the left wing, opposite to Alexander Macdonald and the Irish, and placed Seaforth's men for the most in the midst opposite Montrose, where he knew they could not

get hurt till the wings were engaged. Seaforth's men were commanded to retire, and make off before they had occasion or command to fight; but the men hovering, and not understanding the mystery, were commanded again to make off and follow Drummond with the horse, who gave only one charge to the enemy and then fled, which they did by leaving both the wings and some of their own men to the brunt of the enemy, because their own men stood at a distance from them, the right wing being sore put to by my Lord Gordon, and seeing Drummond with the horse and their neighbours fly, they began to follow, while Sutherland and Lovat suffered great loss, while on the left wing, Loudon's Regiment and Lawrie with his Regiment were both totally cut off betwixt the Irish and the Gordons, who came to assist them after Sutherland's and Lovat's men were defeated. Seaforth's men got no hurt in the pursuit, nor did they lose many men in the fight, the most considerable being John Mackenzie of Kernsary, cousin-german to the Earl, and Donald Bain, brother to Tulloch and Chamberlain to Seaforth in the Lews, both being heavy and corpulent men not fit to fly, and being partly deceived by Seaforth's principal ensign or standard-bearer in the field, who stood to it with some others of the Lochbroom and Lewis men, till they were killed, and likewise Captain Bernard Mackenzie, with the rest of his company, which consisted of Chanonry men and some others thereabouts, being somewhat of a distance from the rest of Seaforth's men, were killed upon the spot. There were only four Kintail men who might make their escape with the rest if they had looked rightly to themselves, namely, the Banner man of Kintail, called Rory Mac Ian Dhomh'uill Bhàin, alias Maclennan, who, out of foolhardiness and indignation, to see that banner, which had wont to be victorious, fly in his hands, fastens the staff of it in the ground, and stands to it with his two-handed sword drawn, and would not accept of quarter though tendered to him by my Lord Gordon in person, nor would he suffer any to approach him to take him alive, as the gentlemen beholders wished, so that they were forced to shoot him. The other three were Donald, the bannerman's brother, Malcolm Macrae, and Duncan Mac Ian Oig. Seaforth and his men, with Colonel Hurrie and the rest, came back that night to Inverness, all the men laying the blame of the loss of the day upon Drummond, who commanded the horse, and fled away with them, for which, by a Council of War, he was sentenced to die; but Hurrie assuring him that he would get him absolved, though at the very time of execution he made him keep silence, but when Drummond was like to speak, he caused him to be shot suddenly, fearing, as was thought, that he would reveal that what was acted was by Hurrie's own directions. This account of the Battle of Auldearn I had from an honourable gentleman and experienced soldier, as we were riding by Auldearn, who was present from first to last at this action, and who asked Hurrie, Who set the battle with such advantage to Montrose and to the inevitable loss and overthrow of his own side? to whom Hurrie, being confident of the gentleman, said, "I know what I am doing, we shall have by-and-bye excellent sport between the Irish and the States Regiments, and I shall carry off Seaforth's men without loss;" and that Hurrie was more for Montrose than for the States that day is very probable, because, shortly thereafter, when he found opportunity, he quitted the

States service, and is reckoned as first of Montrose's friends, who, in August next year, embarked with Montrose to get off the nation, and returned with him again in his second expedition to Scotland, and was taken prisoner at Craigchonachan, and sent south and publicly executed with Montrose as guilty of the same fault.

Montrose gained another engagement at Alford on the 2nd of July, after which he was joined by a powerful levy of West Highlanders under Colla Ciotach Macdonald, Clan Ranald, and Glengarry, the Macnabs and Macgregors, headed by their respective chieftains, and the Stewarts of Appin. In addition to these some of the Farquharsons of Braemar and small parties of smaller septs from Badenoch rallied round the standard of Montrose. Thus, as a contemporary writer says, "he went like a current speat (spate) through this kingdom." Seeing all this—the great successes of Montrose and so many of the Highlanders joining—Seaforth, who had never been a very hearty Covenanter, began to waver. The Estates of Scotland sent a commission to the Earl of Sutherland appointing him as their Lieutenant north of the Spey, but he refused to accept it. It was then offered to Seaforth, who likewise declined it, and he "contrived and framed ane band, under the name of ane humble remonstrance, which he perswaded manie and threatned others to subscryve. This remonstrance gave so great a distast to both the Church and State, that the Earl of Seaforth was therefore excommunicate by the General Assemblie; and all such as did not disclaime the said remonstrance within some days thereafter, were, by the Committee of Estates, declared inimies to the publick. Hereupon the Earl of Seaforth joyned publickly with Montros in Aprill one thousand six hundreth fortey-six, at the seidge of Inverness, though before that time he had only joyned in private councells with him."*

At Inverness, through the conduct of the Marquis of Huntly and the treachery of his son, Lord Lewis Gordon, Montrose was taken by surprise by General Middleton, but he promptly crossed the river Ness in the face of a regiment of cavalry, under the command of Major Bromley, who crossed the river by a ford above the town, while another detachment crossed lower down towards the sea with a view to cut off his retreat. These he managed with his brave followers to beat back with a trifling loss on either side, after which he retreated unmolested to Kinmylies, a short distance west of Achnagairn, and the following morning he marched round by Beauly and halted at a place called Fairley, where slight marks of field works are still to be seen; and now, for the first time, he found himself in the country of the Mackenzies, accompanied by Seaforth in person. Montrose, finding himself in a level country with an army mainly composed of raw levies newly raised by Seaforth among his people, and who were taught by their Chief's vacillating conduct and example to have but little interest or enthusiasm in either cause, thought it imprudent to give battle to Middleton, who pursued him with a disciplined force, and a considerable following of cavalry, ready to engage with every favourable advantage in such a level country. He therefore rapidly moved up through the valley of Strathglass, crossed to Loch-Ness, passed through Stratherrick towards the river Spey. Meanwhile Middle-

* Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland, p. 529.

ton advanced to Fortrose and laid siege to the castle, which was at the time in charge of Lady Seaforth. She surrendered after a siege of four days; and taking away a considerable quantity of stores and ammunition, sent by Queen Henrietta for the use of Montrose on his arrival there, the General gave Lady Seaforth, whom he treated with the greatest civility and respect, possession of the stronghold. The Committee on Public Affairs, which, throughout the great contest, acted in opposition to the Royal authority, and had sederunts at Aberdeen and Dundee, as well as at Edinburgh, gratified their malignity, after Montrose gave up the contest in 1646, by fining the loyalists in enormous sums of money, and decerning them to "lend" to the committee such sums, in many cases exorbitant, as they thought proper. Sir Robert Farquhar, at one time a Bailie of Aberdeen, was treasurer, and in the sederunt in that city, the Committee threw a comprehensive net over the Clan Mackenzie; for sixteen of the name were decerned to "lend" the handsome sum of £28,666 13s 4d Scots; but we are not sorry to find from the other side of the balance-sheet that the Mackenzies declined to "lend" a penny; and Sir Robert credits himself as treasurer thus:—"Item of the loan moneys above set down there is yet resting unpaid, and wherefore no payment can be gotten, as follows—viz.—Be the name of Mackenzie, sixteen persons, the sum of £28,666 13s 4d Scots." These are the respective sums, names, and sums decerned:—Mr Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, £2000; Mr Alexander Mackenzie of Kilcoy, £2000; Roderick Mackenzie of Redcastle, £2000; Alexander Mackenzie of Coul, £6000; Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, £3333 6s 8d; Hector Mackenzie of Scotsburn, £2000; Roderick Mackenzie of Davochmaluag, £1333 6s 8d; John Mackenzie of Dawack-Cairne, £1333 6s 8d; William Mackenzie of Muttarie, £1000; Kenneth Mackenzie of Scatwell, £2000; Mr Thomas Mackenzie of Inverlael, £1333 6s 8d; Colin Mackenzie of Mullochie, £666 13s 4d; Donald Mackenzie of Logie, £666 13s 4d; Kenneth Mackenzie of Assint, £1000; Colin Mackenzie of Kincraig, £1000; Alexander Mackenzie of Suddie, £1000. Among the other sums decerned is one of £6666 13s 4d against "William Robertson in Kindeace, and his son Gilbert Robertson," and in Inverness and Ross the loan amounted to the respectable sum of £44,783 6s 8d, of which the treasurer was allowed to retain £15,000 in his own hands. This sum, with large amounts of disbursements by the committee, show that they were more fortunate with others than with the Clan Mackenzie.*

The Earl of Seaforth taking advantage of being on opposite sides to the Earl of Sutherland, now asserted some old claims against Donald Macleod or Donald Ban Mór, 7th Baron of Assynt, a follower of the house of Sutherland, and who afterwards became notorious as the captor of the great Montrose himself. Mackenzie laid siege to his castle, but peace was soon concluded without any serious damage being done to either party. In 1648 Seaforth again raised a body of 4000 men in the Western Islands and in Ross-shire, whom he led south, to aid the King's cause, but after joining in a few skirmishes under Lanark, they returned home to "cut their corn which was now ready for their sickles." During the

* Antiquarian Notes, pp. 307-308-309.

whole of this period Seaforth's fidelity to the Royal cause was not without considerable suspicion, and when Charles I. threw himself into the hands of the Scots at Newark, and ordered Montrose to disband his forces, Earl George, always trying to be on the winning side, came in to General Middleton, and made terms with the Committee of Estates; but the Church, by whom he had previously been excommunicated, continued implacable, and would only be satisfied by a public penance in sackcloth within the High Church of Edinburgh. The proud Earl gave in, underwent this ignominious and degrading ceremonial, and his sentence of excommunication was removed. Notwithstanding this public humiliation, in 1649, after the death of the ill-fated and despotic Charles I., Seaforth went over to Holland, joined Charles II., by whom he was made Principal Secretary of State for Scotland, the duties of which he never had the opportunity of exercising. Charles was proclaimed King of Scotland, in Edinburgh, on the 5th February 1649, and it was decided by the King, and his friends in exile, that Montrose should make a second attempt to recover Scotland; for the King, on the advice of his friends, declined the humiliating terms offered him by the Scottish faction; and, in connection with the plans of Montrose, a rising took place in the North, under Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, brother of the Earl of Seaforth, Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, Colonel John Munro of Lumlair, and Colonel Hugh Fraser. On the 22d February they entered the town of Inverness, expelled the troops from the garrison, and afterwards demolished the walls and fortifications. On the 26th of February a Council of War was held. Present—Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, Preses, Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, H. Fraser of Belladrum, Jo. Cuthbert of Castlehill, R. Mackenzie, 5th of Davochmaluak; Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, R. Mackenzie of Redcastle, John Munro of Lumlair, Simon Fraser of Craighouse, and Alex. Mackenzie of Suddie. This Committee passed certain enactments, by which they took the customs and excise of the six Northern counties entirely into their own hands. The Provost of Inverness was made accountable "for all the money which, under the name of excise, has been taken up in any of the foresaid shires since his intromissions with the office of excise taking." Another "item" is that Duncan Forbes be pleased to advance money "upon the security which the Committee will grant to him," to be repaid out of the readiest of the "maintaince and excise." Cromarty House was ordered to be put in a position of defence, for which it was "requisite that some faill be cast and led," and all Sir James Fraser's tenants within the parishes of Cromarty and Cullicudden, together with those of the laird of Findrassie, within the parish of Rosemarkie, were ordered "to afford from six hours in the morning to six hours at night, one horse out of every oxengait daily for the space of four days, to lead the same faill to the House of Cromarty." By the tenth enactment the Committee find it expedient for their safety that the works and forts of Inverness be demolished and levelled to the ground, and they ordained that each person appointed to this work should complete his proportion thereof before the 4th day of March following "under pain of being quartered upon, and until the said task be performed." They further enacted that a garrison be placed in Culloden House, "which the

Committee is not desirous of for any intention of harm towards the disturbance of the owner, but merely because of the security of the garrison of Calder, which, if not kept in good order, is like to infest all the well-affected of the country circumjacent."* General Leslie being sent against them, they retired to the mountains of Ross. Leslie advanced to Fortrose, and placed a garrison in the castle. He managed to make terms with all the other leaders except Mackenzie, who would not listen to any accommodation, and who immediately, on Leslie's return south, descended from his mountain fastnesses, attacked and took the Castle of Chanonry. He was then joined by his nephew, Lord Reay, at the head of three hundred men, which increased his force to eight or nine hundred. Mackenzie, now joined by General Middleton and Lord Ogilvie, advanced into Badenoch, with the view of raising the people in that and the neighbouring districts, where they were joined by the Marquis of Huntly, formerly Lord Lewis Gordon, and they at once attacked and took the Castle of Ruthven. After this they were pressed closely by Leslie, and fell down from Badenoch to Balvenny Castle, whence they sent General Middleton and Mackenzie to treat with Leslie, but before they reached their destination, Carr, Halket, and Strachan, who had been in the North, made a rapid march from Fortrose, and on the 8th of May surprised Lord Reay with his nine hundred followers at Balvennie, but not without considerable loss on both sides. Eighty Royalists fell in the defence of the castle. Carr at once dismissed the Highlanders to their homes on giving their oaths never again to take up arms against the Parliament, but he detained Lord Reay and some of his kinsmen, and Mackenzie of Pluscardine, with a few of the leaders of that name, and sent them prisoners to Edinburgh. Having there given security to keep the peace in future, Lord Reay, Ogilvy, Huntly, and Middleton were forgiven, and allowed to return home, Roderick Mackenzie of Redcastle and Mackenzie of Pluscardine, being the only two kept in prison. Carr now returned to Ross-shire and laid siege to Redcastle, the only place in the North which still held out for the Royal cause. The captain in charge recklessly exposed himself on the ramparts, and was pulled down by a well-directed shot from the enemy. The castle was set on fire by the exasperated soldiers. Leslie then placed a garrison in Brahan Castle and in the stronghold of Chanonry, and returned south. The garrison was expelled, some of whom were hanged, the walls were demolished, and the fortifications razed to the ground. Thus ended an insurrection which probably would have had a very different result had it been delayed until the arrival of the great Montrose. The same year General Leslie himself came to Fortrose with nine troops of horse, and forwarded detachments to Cromarty and Eilean-Donan Castle, "Seaforth's strongest hold."

We shall again quote from the account given by a contemporary writer of these proceedings:—

Immediately after the battle of Aldern Seaforth met and communed with Montrose, the result of which was that Seaforth should join Montrose for the King against the Parliament and States, whom they now discovered not to be for the King as they professed; but in the mean-

* For a copy of these Minutes see "Antiquarian Notes," pp. 157-8.

time that Seaforth should not appear, till he had called upon and prevailed with his neighbours about him, namely, My Lord Reay, Balnagowan, Lovat, Sir James Macdonald of Sleat, Macleod of Dunvegan, and others, to join him and follow him as their leader. Accordingly, Seaforth having called them together, pointed out to them the condition the King was in, and how it was their interest to rise and join together immediately for the King's service and relief. All of them consented and approved of the motion, only some of them desired that the Parliament who professed to be for the King as well as they, and desired to be rid of Montrose and his bloody Irish, should first be made acquainted with their resolution. Seaforth being unwilling to lose any of them condescended, and drew up a declaration, which was known as Seaforth's remonstrance, as separate from Montrose, whereof a double was sent them; but the Parliament was so far from being pleased therewith that they threatened to proclaim Seaforth and all who should join him as rebels. Now, after the battle of Alford and Kilsyth, wherein Montrose was victorious, and all in the south professing to submit to him as the King's Lieutenant, he was, by the treachery of Traquhair and others of the Covenanters, surprised and defeated at Philiphaugh. In the beginning of the next year, 1646, he came north to recruit his army. Seaforth raised his men and advertised his foresaid neighbours to come, but none came except Sir James Macdonald, who, with Seaforth, joined Montrose at Inverness, which they besieged, but Middleton, who then served in the Scots armies in England, being sent with nearly 1000 horse and 800 foot, coming suddenly the length of Inverness, stopped Montrose's progress. Montrose was forced to raise the siege and quit the campaign, and retired with Seaforth and Sir James Macdonald to the hills of Strathglass, to await the arrival of the rest of their confederates, Lord Reay, Glengarry, Maclean, and several others, who, with such as were ready to join him south, were likely to make a formidable army for the King; but, in the meantime, the King having come to the Scots army, the first thing they extorted from him was to send a herald to Montrose, commanding him to disband his forces, and to pass over to France till his Majesty's further pleasure. The herald came to him in the last of May 1646, while he was at Strathglass waiting the rest of the King's faithful friends who were to join him. For this Montrose was vexed, not only for the King's condition, but for those of his faithful subjects who declared themselves for him; and before he would disband he wrote several times to the King, but received no answer, except some Articles from the Parliament and Covenanters, which, after much reluctance, he was forced to accept, by which he was to depart the Kingdom against the first of September following, and the Covenanters were obliged to provide a ship for his transportation, but finding that they neglected to do so, meeting with a Murray ship in the harbour of Montrose, he went aboard of her with several of his friends, namely, Sir John Hurrie, who served the States the year before, John Drummond, Henry Brechin, George Wishart, and several others, leaving Seaforth and the rest of his friends to the mercy of these implacable enemies; for the States and Parliament threatened to forfeit him for acting contrary to their orders, and the Kirk excommunicated him for joining with the excommunicated traitor, as they called him, James

Graham; for now the Kirk began to rule with a high hand, becoming more guilty than the bishops, of that of which they charged him with as great a fault for meddling with civil and secular affairs; for they not only look upon them to form the army and to purge it of such as whom, in their idiom, they called Malignants, but really such as were loyal to the King; and also would have no Acts of Parliament to pass without their consent and approbation. Their proselytes in the laity were also heavy upon and uneasy to such as they found or conceived to have found with a tincture of Malignancy, whereof many instances might be given.

But now to return to Seaforth. After he was excommunicated by the Kirk he was obliged to go to Edinburgh, where he was made prisoner and detained two years, till in the end he was, with much ado, released from the sentence of excommunication, and the process of forfeiture against him discharged; for that time he returned home in the end of the year 1648, but King Charles I. being before that time murdered, and King Charles II. being in France, finding that he would not be for any time on fair terms with the States and Kirk, he proposed to remove his family to the Island of Lews, and dwell there remote from public affairs, and to allocate his rents on the mainland to pay his most pressing debts, in order to which, having sent his lady in December to Lochcarron, where boats were attending to transport himself and children to the Lews by way of Lochbroom, wherein his affairs called him, he, without acquainting his kinsmen and friends, went aboard a ship which he had provided for that purpose, and sailed to France, where the King was, who received him most graciously and made him one of his secretaries. This did incense the States against him, so that they placed a garrison in his principal house at Brahan, under the command of Captain Scott, who (afterwards) broke his neck from a fall from his horse in the Craigwood of Chanonry, as also another garrison in the Castle of Islandonan, under the command of one William Johnston, which remained to the great hurt and oppression of the people till, in the year 1650, some of the Kintail men, not bearing the insolence of the garrison soldiers, discorded with them, and in harvest that year killed John Campbell, a leading person among them, with others, from having wounded several at Little Inverinate, without one drop of blood drawn out of the Kintail men, who were only 10 in number, while the soldiers numbered 30.

After this the garrison was very uneasy and greatly afraid of the Kintail men, who threatened them so, that shortly thereafter they removed to Ross, being commanded then by one James Chambers; but Argyle, to keep up the face of a garrison there, sent ten men under the command of John Muir, who lived there civilly without molesting the people, the States was so incensed against the Kintail men for this brush and their usage of the garrison, that they resolved to send a strong party next spring to destroy Kintail and the inhabitants thereof. But King Charles II., after the defeat of Dunbar, being at Stirling recruiting his army against Cromwell, to which Seaforth's men were called, it proved an act of oblivion and indemnity to them, so that the Kintail men were never challenged for their usage of the garrison soldiers. Though the Earl of Seaforth was out of the kingdom he gave orders to his brother Pliscardy to raise men for the King's service whenever he saw the King's affairs

required it; and so, in the year 1649, Pliscardy did raise Seaforth's men, and my Lord Rea joining him with his men, marched through Inverness, went through Moray, and crossed the Spey, being resolved to join the Gordons, Atholes, and several others who were ready to rise, and appeared for the King. Lesley, who was sent from the Parliament to stop their progress, called Pliscardy to treat with him, while Seaforth's and my Lord Rea's men encamped at Balveny, promising a cessation of hostilities. For some days Colonel Carr and Strachan, with a strong body of horse, surprised them in their camp, when they lay secured, and taking my Lord Reay, Rory Mackenzie of Redcastle, Rory Mackenzie of Fairburn, John Mackenzie of Ord, and others, prisoners, threatening to kill them unless the men surrendered and disbanded, and the under officers fearing they would kill them whom they had taken prisoners, did their utmost to hinder the Highlanders from fighting, cutting their bowstrings, &c., so they were forced to disband and dissipate. Pliscardy, in the meantime, being absent from them, and fearing to fall into their hands, turned back to Spey with Kenneth of Coul, William Mackenzie of Multavie, and Captain Alexander Bain, and swam the river, being then high by reason of the rainy weather, and so escaped from their implacable enemies. My Lord Reay, Redcastle, and others were sent to Edinburgh as prisoners, as it were to make a triumph, where a solemn day of thanksgiving was kept for that glorious victory. My Lord Reay and the rest were set at liberty, but Redcastle was still kept prisoner, because when he came from home he garrisoned his house of Redcastle, giving strict commands to those he placed in his house not to render or give it until they had seen an order under his hand, whereupon Colonel Kerr and Strachan coming to Ross, after the defeat of Balveny, summoned the garrison to come forth, but all in vain; for they obstinately defended the house against the besiegers until, on a certain day, a cousin of Kerr's advancing in the ruff of his pride, with his cocked carbine in his hand, to the very gates of the castle, bantering and threatening those within to give up the castle under all highest pain and danger, he was shot from within and killed outright. This did so grieve and incense Colonel Kerr, that he began fairly to capitulate with them within, and made use of Redcastle's own friends to mediate and persuade them, till in the end, upon promise and assurance of fair terms, and an indemnity of what passed, they came out, and then Kerr and his party kept not touches with them, but apprehending several of them, and finding who it was that killed his cousin, caused him to be killed, and thereafter, contrary to the promise and articles of capitulation, rifled the house, taking away what he found useful, and then burnt the house and all that was within it. In the meantime Redcastle was kept prisoner at Edinburgh, none of his friends being in a condition to plead for him till Ross of Bridly, his uncle by his mother, went south, and being in great favour with Argyll, obtained Redcastle's liberation upon payment of 7000 merks fine.*

While these proceedings were taking place in the Highlands, Seaforth was in Holland at the exiled Court of Charles II., and when Montrose arrived there Seaforth strongly supported him in urging on the King the bold and desperate policy of throwing himself on the loyalty of

* Ardintoul MS.

his Scottish subjects, as also in strongly protesting against the acceptance by the King and his friends of the arrogant and humiliating demand made upon him by the commissioners sent over to treat with him by the Scottish faction. It is difficult to say whether his zeal for his royal master or the safety of his own person influenced him most during the remainder of his life, but whatever the cause may have been, he adhered steadily to the exiled monarch to the end of a life which cannot be commended as an example to others in whatever light we may view it. Such vacillating and time-serving conduct ended in the manner it deserved. We might have admired him, taking a consistent part on either side, but with Earl George self and self-interest appear to have been the only governing principle throughout the whole of this trying period of his country's history. The Earl of Cromarty thought differently, and says of him, that "This George, being a nobleman of excellent qualifications, shared the fortune of his Prince, King Charles I., for whom he suffered all the calamities in his estate that envious or malicious enemies could inflict. He was made secretary to King Charles II. in Holland, but died in that banishment before he sawe ane end of his King and his countries calamities, or of his own injuries." We have seen that his conduct was not so very steadfast in support of Charles I., and it may now be safely asserted that his calamities were due more to his own indecision and accommodating conduct than to any other cause.

While these great national questions were being fought out between the rival parties, some comparatively unimportant squabbles occasionally occurred at home. One of these may be mentioned which took place between the Mackenzies and the Roses of Kilravock, who, being cousins, were generally good friends. An unlucky difference, however, arose between the Roses and Mackenzie of Kilcoy, respecting the privilege of casting peats in the "Month of Mulbuy," which Kilravock claimed in right of his lands of Coulmore, and which privilege his kinsman Kilcoy maintained had hitherto been only tolerated. A discussion took place, at first sufficiently courteous, though firm and warlike. Kilcoy addresses—"To the rycht honorabil my loving brother, the Laird of Kilrawok there," and concludes "I shall be als loith to offend you deserwedly by my neglek as my borne brother, and I so shal remaine stil your affectionat brother to command in quhat is just and lawful to my utermost power. (Signed), A. Mackenzie of Culcowie; the 16th of June 1640." On the 12th of July the saine year, a notary attests that while twelve tenants of the "Twa Culmores were peacefully leading peats with carts and sleds from the Month of Mulbuy, Mr Alexander McKenzie of Culcowie cam ryding upon ane quhyt hors, accompanied with certain of his domestic servands, and causit his said servands to tim the said pettis and turris furth of the said carttis." Kilravock appears to have written to Seaforth to get the matter adjusted, who replied saying that "I spoke Culcovij, who stands to his richt, and thinks that the letter your father directed to his predecessour to be ane sufficient attollerance which he has aduysed with the best advocates in Edinburgh. . . . . Do not think that I shall in any measour authorise any wrong to your tenants; for none shall moir really approve himselfe unto you then your affectionate good freind (signed) Seafort, Chan: 16th July 1641."

Each party apparently "stood to his right," and used every means

of annoyance which the law placed in his power, with all diligence. A warrant of Lawburrows was obtained at the instance of Kilravock, setting forth that Kilcoy "having conceived ane deidlie haitred, evill-will, and malice causles, &c., daylie and continuallie molestis, trublis, &c., in the peaceable possession of their lands." The following certificate, under the hand of the Clerk of Register, announced similar proceedings on the other side. It was too good a quarrel to be speedily settled, and it is more than likely that it lasted until the sale of Kilravock's lands of the Coulmores to Colin Mackenzie of Redcastle in 1678.

"Apud Edinburgh, vltimo Novembris 1642. The whilk day sovertie and lawborrowis is fundin by Hucheon Ros of Kilraak and Hew Ros, younger thereof, that Maister Alexander McKenyee of Culcowie, his wyff, bairnis, men tennentis, and servandis salbe harmles and skaithles in their bodeis, landis, heretages, takis, steidingis, rowmes, possessions, &c., ather of the saidis persones, vnder the pane of ane thowsand merkis money. This I testifie to be of virtie be ther presentis subscryvit with my hand. (Signed), Jo. Skene."

Earl George married, early in life, Barbara, daughter of James, first Lord Forbes, by whom he had issue, four sons and three daughters—first, Kenneth, his successor; second, George of Kildun; third, Colin, father of Captain Robert Mackenzie, and of Dr George Mackenzie who wrote "Lives of Eminent Scotsmen," and a MS. "History of the Fitzgeralds and Mackenzies," of either of whom there is no existing representative; fourth, Roderick, whose son, Alexander, had issue only a daughter, Annie, who died without issue. The Earl's eldest daughter, Jean, married, first, the Earl of Mar, and secondly, Lord Fraser. Margaret, the second daughter, married Sir William Sinclair of Mey, and Barbara, his third daughter, married Sir John Urquhart of Cromarty.

Earl George is said also to have had a natural son, John, of whom the family of Gruinard, though it is maintained by the representatives of that House that they originally sprang from the *second* George of Kildun, in which case the Chiefship of the clan would, on the death of the last Lord Seaforth, devolve upon that family. We shall deal with this question at length when we come to discuss the question of the Chiefship, stating here little more than that the evidence at present available against the Gruinard claim appears to us absolutely conclusive. We are informed by the writer of the Ardintoul MS., that Earl George having heard of the disastrous battle of Worcester "by John of Guinard, *his natural son*, and Captain Hector Mackenzie, who made their escape from the battle," that the tidings "unraised his melancholy, and so died in the latter end of September 1651." The Allangrange "Ancient" MS. says —"He had also *ane naturall son* called John Mackenzy, who married Loggie's daughter," while the Letterfearn MS. has it that "He left ane *natural son*, who is called John, who is married with Loggie's daughter;" but apart from these authorities the DATES place the question, in our opinion, beyond dispute, as we shall fully show in the proper place.

When the tidings of the disastrous defeat of Worcester were made known to the Earl, he sank into a profound melancholy, and died, in 1651, in the forty-third year of his age, at Schiedam, in Holland. He was succeeded by his eldest son.

(To be Continued.)

NORTHERN FOLK-LORE ON WELLS AND WATER.

By Alex. Fraser, Accountant.

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IV.

Peterhead rejoices in the possession of both a Tea and a Wine Well, while the Island of Stronsay is blessed with a Beer one. Of this last it is said that it "is clear as crystal and not unpleasant, is full of fixed air, as may be easily discovered by any who drink some glasses of it; for they will soon find themselves affected in the same way as if they had drank some fine, brisk, bottled, small beer." The waters of a spring in Eaglesham, in Renfrewshire, cured the muir ill in black cattle, and quantities were wont to be carried from the spring to a great distance; and the waters of Wysbie Well, in Kirkpatrick-Fleming, in time of great drought brought relief to the cattle suffering with the red water when they were made to drink of them. A spring in the Parish of Monzie was held in great repute up to about 1760, when alas! two trees which overshadowed it fell, and then the restorative power of the water also departed. The presiding patron of Yclaburn or Hiclaburn, "the burn of health," in Shetland, was propitiated by each visitant throwing three stones, as a tribute, as he approached, into the source of the salubrious waters, and in consequence of the fame of the spot a considerable pile was raised. The spring of the Burn of Oxhill, in Banffshire, was frequented because of its restorative effects in cases of chincough, and that there might be no appearance of partiality there was also a well in this same county specially set apart for old spinsters, called the "Old Women's Well." A fount in Kilmadun, Argyleshire, devoted itself to the curing of scurvy, while another in Bute made the curing of sore eyes and the mumps its speciality. The holy hill of Strathdon has on its summit a stone with a deep hollow, in which water is almost invariably to be found. The superstitious imagined that the water sprung out of this stone, and they accordingly attributed extraordinary health-giving properties to this lone and mysterious cistern of the dews from heaven. The waters of a well in Kennethmount, Aberdeenshire, were capable of bringing relief to man and beast, and in acknowledgment of the blessing received, the offerings bestowed consisted of portions of the clothes of the sick and parts of the harness or furniture of the cattle.

The Routing Well of Monktown, near Inveresk, was believed to be able to predict storms, because of the rumbling noise which was heard during the prevalence of high wind. This accomplishment was as nothing compared with that enjoyed by the Well of Tarbat, in Argyleshire. This well, also called "The Lucky Well of Beathag," like Æolus of old, could command the winds. One acquainted with the spot has furnished us with the following account:—"It is situated at the foot of a hill fronting the north-east, near an isthmus called Tarbat. Six feet above where the water gushes out there is a heap of stones, which forms a cover to the sacred fount. When a person wished for a fair wind, either to leave the island or to bring home his absent friends, this part was opened

with great solemnity, the stones carefully removed, and the well cleaned with a wooden dish or clam shell. This being done, the water was several times thrown in the direction (or airt) from which the wished for wind was to blow, and this action accompanied with a certain form of words, which the person repeated every time he threw the water. When the ceremony was over, the well was again carefully shut up to prevent fatal consequences, it being firmly believed, that were the place left open, it would occasion a storm, which would overwhelm the whole island. This ceremony of *cleaning the well*, as it is called, is now seldom or never performed; though still there are two old women of the names of Galbreath and Graham, who are said to have the secret, but who have cause to lament the *infidelity of the age*, as they derive little emolument from their profession."

In these days the Strathpeffer and other mineral springs both north and south are much frequented because of the medicinal virtues attributed to them. Of the former Sir George Stewart Mackenzie, Bart., in 1810, writes as follows :—"Indeed the once famed virtues of the Strathpeffer spring are beginning to be neglected. It has been celebrated for curing all sorts of diseases, particularly scrofula, and affections of the skin. It used also to be frequented by women who had been disappointed in their expectations of having children. The fresh air which circulates around the spring, and the pleasantness of the country in which it is situated, by tempting invalids to walk abroad, probably contribute more than the water to the restoration of their health." There is doubtless more truth in this last remark than the careless will admit. In the Parish of Duthil we have "Fuaran Fionnarach," or refreshing well, a belief in whose healing qualities is not yet quite extinct. The waters of certain lochs in Sutherland and Ross-shire are reputed to be able to effect various cures, especially in cases of headache and deafness. The ceremonies to be observed are, to walk backwards thrice into the water, dipping at each advance to land, and to leave some small coin in the loch. There must be no looking backward either in advancing into, or retiring from the water, and the patient must in conclusion walk straight home without speaking to, or taking notice of anybody, and especially he must not look behind or around.

Among the Ochil hills is a fairy well near which lived at one time a penurious farmer who had offended the "good folk." They are resentful when annoyed, and seldom fail in having their revenge. The dairy maid on one occasion carried her butter to the well to be washed as usual before sending in to market. She had, however, no sooner thrown the lump into the well than a small hand took hold of it and both disappeared under the crystal waters, while a voice sang—

"Your butter's awa'
To feast our band
In the fairy ha'."

Near the same district is the "Maiden Well," a reputed resort of the fairies and the haunt of a water sprite of a dangerous and bewitching kind. When invoked a thin mist arose over the well disclosing a lady of most ravishing beauty. The result, however, was always fatal to the would-be wooer, for he was invariably found dead next day by the well side.

"Fuaran-Allt-Ciste-Mararrat," or the well of Margaret's Coffin, in Bad-

enoch, situated in a wild and lonely spot, marks where, according to tradition, the ill-used and unfortunate lady, who pronounced the curse of barrenness against the Mackintoshes, perished. "Tobar-nan-ceann," or the Well of the Heads, by Loch-Oich side, commemorates, as the inscription in English, Gaelic, French and Latin, on the monument erected over it, attests, the sternness and completeness of Highland revenge as carried out in the 16th century.

The Camp Wells of Longside, in Aberdeenshire, with the adjacent "battlefield," point to some ancient engagement, probably betwixt the Danes and the natives of the district; while the Sword Well of Dumfries marks the site of some Border encounter twixt the Scots and English. The contemptuous abbreviation of Kate's Well, the name of a spring, in the vicinity of the Kirk of Shotts, rescues from utter oblivion in that quarter the name of St Catherine of Sienna, to whom a chapel had been dedicated there in 1450. St Michael's Well, Edinburgh, now completely forgotten, was in the 16th century a place of great resort, for we are informed that in the year 1543 an act of penance is ordered to be performed at the fountain of St Michael, "*in via vaccaria, vulgo* at Sanct Michaellis Well in ye Cowgait, *in publica placea.*"

Old charters supply us occasionally with very curious and interesting information. They also preserve old names of localities and boundaries. A document of date 1221, regarding the lands of Burgie, near Forres, makes mention of two springs, "Tubernacrumkel" and "Tubernafein," as forming part of the marches of the lands described. These uncouth looking words are explained in the following equally uncouth looking language in a parchment attached to the charter:—"Tubernacrumkel, ane well with ane thrawin mowth, or ane cassin well, with ane crwik in it," and "Tubernafeyne, of the grett or kemppis men callit ffenis, is ane well." In modern phraseology these terms are respectively and without disguise, "Tobar nan Crom-ghiall," the wry-mouthed well; and Tobar nam Fiann, the Fingalian Well. They are considered to correspond with, and to be represented by, those now called the "Deer's Pool," and "Willie's Well." This bit of antiquity, besides being interesting, is of some value as tending to prove that even as early as upwards of six hundred years ago, little or nothing was known of Ossian's heroes, and that Gaelic which has now all but disappeared from the neighbourhood of Forres, was at a very early period the language of the district. Glenshee, in Perthshire, has also a Fingalian fountain. In the Great, commonly called the "Golden" Charter of the Burgh of Inverness, granted by King James VI. on the 1st of January 1591, mention is made of the well or fountain called Toburdonich, that is "Tobar Domhnuich," the Sunday or Sacred Well.

In confirmation of the previous remarks, and in order to bring the practice of old customs more vividly before our readers, we here introduce an excerpt from a communication made to Hone's "Every Day Book" in 1826:—

"In 1628 a number of persons were brought before the Kirk-Session of Falkirk, accused of going to Christ's Well on the Sundays of May to seek their health, and the whole being found guilty, were sentenced to repent 'in linens' three several Sabbaths. 'And it is statute and ordained that if any person, or persons, be found superstitiously and idol-

atrously, after this, to have passed in pilgrimage to Christ's Well on the Sundays of May to seek their health, they shall repent in sackcloth and linen, three several Sabbaths, and pay twenty pounds Scots *toties quoties* for each fault; and if they cannot pay it the bailies shall be recommended to put them in ward, and to be fed on bread and water for eight days.' They were obliged, for the preservation of the charm, to keep strict silence on the way to and from the well, and not to allow the vessel in which the water was to touch the ground."

"In 1657 a mob of parishioners were summoned to the Session for believing in the powers of the well of Airth, a village about six miles north of Falkirk, on the banks of the Forth, and the whole were sentenced to be publicly rebuked for the sin. 'Feb. 3, 1757, Session convened, compeared Bessie Thomson, who declared she went to the well at Airth, and that she left money thereat, and after the can was filled with water, they kept it from touching the ground till they came home.' 'Feb. 24.—Compeared Robert Fuird who declared he went to the well of Airth, and spoke nothing as he went, and that Margaret Walker went with him, and she said the belief about the well (repeated the creed while walking round), and left money and a napkin at the well, and all was done at her injunction.' 'Compeared Bessie Thomson, declared she fetched home water from the said well, and let it not touch the ground in home-coming, spoke not as she went, said the belief at it, left money and a napkin there; and all was done at Margaret Walker's command.' 'Compeared Margaret Walker, who denied that she was at that well before, and that she gave any directions.' 'March 10.—Compeared Margaret Forsyth, being demanded if she went to the well of Airth to fetch water therefrom, spoke not by the way, let it not touch the ground in home-coming? if she said the belief? left money and a napkin at it? Answered affirmatively in every point, and that Nancy Brugh or Burg directed them, and that they had bread at the well with them, and that Nance Brugh said she would not be afraid to go to that well at midnight her alone.' 'Compeared Nance Brugh, denied that ever she had been at that well before.' 'Compeared Robert Squir, confessed he went to that well at Airth, fetched home water untouching the ground, left money, and said the belief at it.' 'March 17.—Compeared Robert Cochrane, declared he went to the well at Airth and another well, but did neither say the belief nor leave money.' 'Compeared Grizzel Hutchin, declared she commanded the lasses that went to that well, say the belief, but discharged her daughter.' 'March 21.—Compeared Robert Fuird, who declared that Margaret Walker went to the well of Airth to fetch water to Robert Cowie, and when she came there, she laid down money in God's name, and a napkin in Robert Cowie's name.' 'Compeared Janet Robinson, who declared that when she was sick, Jean Mathieson came to her and told her that the water of the well of Airth was good for sick people, and that the said Jean, her good-sister, desired her fetch some of it to her goodman as he was sick, but she durst never tell him.' These people were all 'publicly admonished for superstitious carriage.' Yet within these few years, a farmer and his servant were known to travel 50 miles for the purpose of bringing water from a charmed well in the Highlands to cure their sick cattle." Although we have by no means exhausted all that might be said on this curious and interesting topic, we feel we have

enlarged sufficiently for the present, and beg to refer such of our readers as wish to pursue the subject further to such works as the following :— "Chambers's Book of Days," "Hone's Every Day Book," "Hunt's Folk-lore of Cornwall," An Article in the *Celtic Magazine* on Holy Wells by the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., and Hampson's "Kalendars of the Middle Ages."

In conclusion, to show that such superstitions and customs have, alas! not quite yet, become things of the past, we append the following graphic but melancholy picture with which the Inverness *Courier*, so late as August 1871, furnishes us, of the belief and practice that then lingered in one outlying district amongst us :—"At a loch in the district of Strathnaver, county of Sutherland, dipping in the loch for the purpose of effecting extraordinary cures is stated to be a matter of periodical occurrence, and the 14th appears to have been selected as immediately after the beginning of August in the old style. The hour was between midnight and one o'clock, and the scene, as described by our correspondent, was absurd and disgraceful beyond belief, though not without a touch of weird interest, imparted by the darkness of the night and the superstitious faith of the people. 'The impotent, the halt, the lunatic, and the tender infant were all waiting about midnight for an immersion in Lochmanur. The night was calm, the stars countless, and meteors were occasionally shooting about in all quarters of the heavens above. A streaky white belt could be observed in the remotest part of the firmament. Yet with all this the night was dark—so dark that one could not recognise friend or foe but by close contact and speech. About fifty persons, all told, were present near one spot, and I believe other parts of the loch side were similarly occupied, but I cannot vouch for this—only I heard voices which would lead me so to infer. About twelve stripped and walked into the loch, performing their ablutions three times. Those who were not able to act for themselves were assisted, some of them being led willingly and others by force, for there were cases of each kind. One young woman, strictly guarded, was an object of great pity. She raved in a distressing manner, repeating religious phrases, some of which were very earnest and pathetic. She prayed her guardians not to immerse her, saying that it was not a communion occasion, and asking if they could call this righteousness or faithfulness, or if they could compare the loch and its virtues to the right arm of Christ. These utterances were enough to move any person hearing them. Poor girl! what possible good could immersion do to her? I would have more faith in a shower-bath applied pretty freely and often to the head. No male, so far as I could see, denuded himself for a plunge. Whether this was owing to hesitation regarding the virtues of the water, or whether any of the men were ailing, I could not ascertain. These gatherings take place twice a year, and are known far and near to such as put belief in the spell. But the climax of absurdity is in paying the loch in sterling coin. Forsooth, the cure cannot be effected without money cast into the waters! I may add that the practice of dipping in the loch is said to have been carried on from time immemorial, and it is alleged that many cures have been effected by it.'"

[Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr Fraser has thrown off a limited number of his curious and valuable papers on "Wells," in a separate form. Ed. C.M.]

GEORGE GILFILLAN.

—o—

"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle."

With his armour unrusted and keen weapons bright,
With his eagle-eye lit with the glow-gleam of youth,
With his weird voice of love still clear ringing in might,
With his great soul engirt with the beauty of truth,—
He fell! as a chieftain in glory and honour,
Nor quailed as a coward when cold death appeared,
But dauntless and fearless he waved the old banner,
And "Victory!" cried as the conqueror neared.
Mountain and lonely glen,
Heard the dread signal then,
And tremblingly echoed the sorrow-fraught lay,
Saxon friend, brother Gael,
Heard it, and turning pale
Wept for the hero departed for aye.

As a warrior invincible boldly he spoke,
And far rung the truths of his terrible ire,
Men slumbering heard them with awe, and awoke
To shake off the trammels of slavery dire.
As an angel in anger for freedom he warred,
And thunderbolts flung at dark bigotry's art,
Tho' fierce foes were round him, O! none could retard
The sunlight that sprung from his love-laden heart.
Banishing baleful dreams,
Spreading life's cheering beams,
Lifting mankind from the gloom of long years,
Guiding them ever then,
Making them better men,
Giving them hope mid earth's sorrows and tears.

There is grief in the shieling, and grief in the hall,
The shade of the death-cloud still clings to each breast,
And tears of remembrance still fitfully fall
For the love that we bore him who loved us the best.
No more shall his voice cheer the weary and lowly,
Or give them the comfort which others deny,
No more shall his burning words, God-sent and holy,
Seem messengers sent to the poor from the sky.
O! how they sweetly bloom,
Over his sacred tomb,
Laurels immortal which fade not nor wane,
Deathless his deeds and fame!
Deathless his honoured name!
Where! where shall we find such another again?

August 31, 1878.

My Dear Sir,—Here's a small "Cumha" in memory of our friend indeed. He went down with all sail set, guns shotted, colours flying, and weapon in hand; verily, the death of a hero; 'twas a noble exit, no weeping, or trembling of the coward there; no! 'twas with him "My song is sung—farewell to all; I hear the angels round me call." He lived a poet, died like a poet, and was buried like a monarch, the only thing awanting in his funeral ceremonies was a hundred pipers playing that magnificent wail-tune "We Return no More;" such would have been a meet accompaniment to the great Gael's friend-borne march to the grave. He was Highland in blood, soul, pluck, and faith. Some may lightly value him by reason of his Truth-charged utterances (few can bear the Truth), but, when his detractors are unknown, or, at least, remembered only for the narrowness of their views and thinness of their Christianity, he will be still a burning and shining light. I knew him well, and I speak of him as I found him, and can truly say, if the Almighty ever made a *genuine* man it was George Gilfillan.—Yours ever,

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

JOHN MACDONALD—AN ADHERENT OF PRINCE CHARLES.

THE history of old John Macdonald, whose portrait came into your possession recently, may interest the readers of the *Celtic Magazine;* and I shall be glad, with your permission, to state a few facts relative to this aged and venerable Highlander, and particularly so, as to the part which he was called upon to act in connection with the celebrated Flora Macdonald.

It will be seen in the eventful history of this distinguished lady, that the boat which conveyed the prince and herself, and the other parties along with them, from the Long Island to Skye, reached the shore at Monkstadt, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald of the Isles. The Prince, on that Saturday evening, was concealed in a small cave at Kilbride close by the sea-beach, while Flora and her servant, Niel MacEachainn, left his Royal Highness there, and walked to Monkstadt House, where she was cordially received by Lady Margaret Macdonald, who was ignorant at the time of the Prince being so near at hand. There was a large company at Monkstadt that evening, and among the rest, some officers of the Duke of Cumberland's army. There were also present Mr Alexander Macdonald, Sir Alexander's factor, whose residence was at Kingsburgh, about sixteen miles distant, and also Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, and her attendants. When the secret was made known to Lady Margaret, who was much agitated, a private conference was held that evening, at which it was arranged that Kingsburgh, Flora, Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, Betty Burke, the Irish spinning maid, and attendants, should leave Monkstadt next morning, and make the best of their way to Kingsburgh. On Sabbath morning, therefore, the party commenced their journey, Kingsburgh having gone on before them—some were walking, some riding—but, unfortunately, the day turned out very stormy and wet, and the travellers had no small difficulty in crossing the bridgeless streams, and in pursuing their way through the tractless moors. When within a couple of miles or so of the mansion-house of Kingsburgh, the party, drenched with rain, availed themselves of the shelter of a rock, and that with the double purpose of taking some rest, and also of spinning out the time, with the view of not arriving until nightfall at the Factor's residence. While sheltering themselves at this rock, they were anxious to procure some pure water to drink, which they intended to mix with a little genuine mountain dew, with which Lady Margaret had considerately supplied them ere they had left her hospitable residence that morning. They observed a raw-boned youth, bonnetless and barefooted, attending some cattle on the adjacent moors, and they questioned him as to a fountain, or well of spring water. He pointed out one quite close at hand, whereupon the big Irish female handed him a shilling, being the first money the youth was ever master of. This raw-boned lad was the John Macdonald whose portrait is now in your possession. In the course of time, John, who had not a vocable of the English lan-

guage, became the father of several sons and daughters, most of whom died young. Sensible of the want of education himself, he sent some of his family to a school at a distance, that they might acquire some little knowledge of reading and writing. One of his boys, Donald, was a superior performer on the bag-pipe, having acquired a correct knowledge of Piobaireachd from the last of the M'Arthurs, a race of pipers, who had been for centuries, pipers from sire to son, to the Macdonalds of the Isles. Through the recommendation and patronage of Sir John Sinclair, whose lady was a daughter of Lord Macdonald, young Donald was appointed piper, and bag-pipe maker to the Highland Society of London, but had his residence and workshop in the Lawn Market of Edinburgh. Old John had a croft of land in Glenhinisdale, a few miles distant from Kingsburgh, which became subsequently the residence of Flora Macdonald, after she had married young Allan, the Factor's son, and where Dr Johnson and Boswell received hospitable entertainment in 1773. After Kingsburgh and his wife, owing to misfortunes in their wordly affairs, had to emigrate in 1774 to North Carolina, worthy John, in consequence, had lost his best earthly friend, Flora, who was ever kind and attentive to him. After their return to Skye from America their friendship to John was renewed, and continued during the life-time of that benevolent family. On the removal of both by death, John felt very lonely and desolate. His wife and all his family had departed this life, with the exception of his son Donald, then in Edinburgh. He had therefore no congenial friend in his native Isle to afford him consolation in his advancing old age. A little before the commencement of the present century, his son prevailed upon him to remove to Edinburgh, and to spend the remainder of his days under his roof. At first the old man refused to comply with the son's request, urging as a plea for so doing, that he was totally ignorant of the English language, and that he would be, in consequence, debarred from associating with any of the good citizens of the metropolis. Eventually his son made a trip to Skye, sold off all his father's effects, and took him along with him to his residence in the Lawn Market, where he lived in all comfort for upwards of thirty years. During the last four or five years of this interesting veteran's life, I visited him very frequently indeed, while I attended the Divinity Hall in the University of that city. He departed this life in 1835, at the well ascertained age of 107, and he often told me a remarkable fact, that during his unusually protracted period of life, he never felt an hour unwell! His son was then considerably beyond eighty, and consequently the father, who was upwards of twenty years his senior, often taunted him by saying, in a jocular way, that he was by far more smart and active than he (the son) was, and that he would still beat him at a leap or a race. He related, with much distinctness, all the incidents that took place in Skye during the turbulent times of the rebellion, and particularly so those in connection with the Kingsburgh family. The old man described minutely the sudden and unexpected death of his benefactress Flora at Peinduin, a gentleman's residence there, some miles distant from her own home at Kingsburgh; and although he was then upwards of sixty years of age, he was one of the stalwart men who carried the coffin of his dear departed friend across the swollen river that intervened between where she died and

her own residencc. My only regret now is, that I took no notes at the time of many interesting incidents that took place then in Skye, of which old John was an eye-witness, and which he could describe so circumstantially and minutely as he sat in his favourite three-corned chair. I was then a thoughtless youth, who felt very little concern, at the time, for the history or these turbulent periods, and had formed no idea of the propriety of recording veritable statements made in regard to them by an eye-witness.

John was a great snuffer. He always held the old snuff-horn in his left hand, as in the picture, and was very liberal with a pinch. He never used the snuff sold in shops, but his favourite kind was the "gradan," a sort of snuff manufactured by himself, by pounding dried twist tobacco into dust, in the bottom of a common black bottle. In olden times this was the only snuff that was used in Skye, as well as in all the Western Isles. It was ground into an exceedingly smooth powder, and in quality it much resembled what is known under the name of Lundyfoot snuff.

Old John spoke the Gaelic language with much fluency and idiomatic correctness. Not a word was out of joint, and it was delightful to listen to the grammatical purity of his conversation. His tales and stories about ancient times were endless. It seemed a pleasure to him to speak of the various feuds that existed between the different hostile clans, particularly about the bloody skirmishes in which the Macdonalds of the Isles were engaged with the Macleods of Dunvegan and the Mackenzies of Kintail and Gairloch. He was gifted with a memory extraordinary for its retentiveness, and could repeat ancient poetry for hours on end, which he called "Bàrdachd na Feinne," or the "Fingalian Poetry." John was, however, considerably tainted with various superstitious ideas, for he firmly believed in fairy influences, second sight, and supernatural powers being granted to some, to affect their neighbours' cattle, and deprive cows of their milk. Of second sight in particular, he told a great variety of striking instances, and confidently believed in them all. It was a favourite theme of his to dilate upon the musical proficiency of the MacCrimmons, the family pipers of the Macleods of Dunvegan, and likewise of the MacArthurs, the hereditary pipers of the Macdonalds of the Isles. He acknowledged that the MacCrimmons were more famed for their musical talent, but still that they could not surpass the beautiful and systematic performances of the MacArthurs. He possessed a great relish for pipe-music, when skilfully executed. I am not aware whether he had ever attempted to perform on the bagpipe himself, but I know that he had a correct knowledge of "Piobaireachd," and could repeat the notes of any lament, salute, or gathering, by the syllabic mode of notation, which was practised by the already mentioned family pipers, in order to preserve their pieces of music from being lost. It was interesting to listen to the old man repeating the various measures of a long "Piobaireachd" expressed by significant vocables, such as these pipers used to represent the notes and bars of their several tunes. The following will gave an idea of that notation :—

Hi ho dro hi, hi ho dro hi, ha, han an an ha;
Hi ho dro hachin, hachin, hiuchin,

Hi dro ti hi, hi an an, an hi ri,
Ho dro huchin, hi ri o huchin.

I had the pleasure of presenting to the Library of the Gaelic Society of Inverness a small printed volume of piobaireachds in this notation, as practised by the MacCrimmons of Dunvegan, and no doubt some of the Society's members and others will feel an interest in inspecting it.

I remember calling on worthy John one evening, if I recollect well, in December 1831, when we had a long discussion about pipe-music. John remarked that "The gathering of the Clans," was a splendid piobaireachd, which was composed at the battle of Inverlochy. He repeated it in the syllabic manner just described. When he had finished it he said, "Let us go down stairs to hear the same fine piobaireachd from Donald on his large bagpipe." We did so, and worthy Donald, who was a short, thick-set, very stout man, who weighed about twenty stones, did all justice to the piece of music in question. The aged father, however, who had listened very attentively, addressed his son, and said, "Donald, my boy" (a hopeful youth, to be sure, aged about eighty-two years), "Donald, my boy, you played such a part of the Crànnludh by far too slow, for it ought to be—'

Hiodratatiti, hiodratutiti, hiodratitiți, hiodratatiti."

"Ah! very good, father," said Donald, "very good, it is easy for these volatile, quivering lips of yours to articulate these notes rapidly, but not at all so easy for my stiff fingers, to extract them from this black, hard, hole-bored stick of mine!" (meaning his chanter.)

Poor old John when in Skye made almost his home of Kingsburgh. The family always found him useful, not only as an honest and trustworthy person but as one who was able and willing to put his hand to almost any work, which had to be done about the house. He was a very expert and successful fisher, on salt or fresh water. If John failed to procure anything with his rod, it would be in vain for another to attempt it.

I asked John on one occasion if he remembered when Dr Johnson was at Kingsburgh? He said that he remembered the occasion well, but that he saw him only once. One morning the big Englishman and the Rev. Dr Macqueen, of Kilmuir, were walking after breakfast in front of Kingsburgh house, and evidently admiring the splendid scenery all round. John described Johnson (to use his own words) "as a lusty, stout man, somewhat like my son Donald there, but probably stouter. He had on the most strange hat I ever saw, and he did not seem inclined to walk much about. When I had an opportunity, I asked Dr Macqueen who that strange looking gentleman, with the broad-rimmed hat was? He replied and said:—

"Sin agad, Iain, an Sasunnach Mòr a rinn a' Bheūrla. Thubhairt mi fein, ma ta, a' Mhinisteir, bha glé bheag aige ri dheanamh." "That, John, is the Big Sasunnach who made the English." I replied and said, "Well, minister, he had precious little to do."

At the time of Johnson's visit, Flora spoke to John, and expressed a wish that he would cross the hill to Loch-Leathann, and get some nice trout for the Englishman's breakfast. This loch is celebrated for its beautiful yellow trout, and is situated in a very romantic locality near

Storr, on the farm of Scorriebreck. John complied, and got a basketful for his kind friend Flora, who was exceedingly well pleased.

You must pardon me for encroaching so much on your patience and valuable time, by scrolling such a lengthy notice of old John. I was, however, desirous of assuring you that the oil-painting which you have procured of poor, old Macdonald, is not only genuine, but an exceedingly good likeness. To such as take pleasure in Jacobite times and feelings, the portrait will, no doubt, be very valuable. It is the portrait of a man, who was, the day he died, the only individual perhaps in the nation, who had seen the ill-fated Prince, and who had lived so long. I saw it hung for years in his son's parlour, in the Lawn Market, and the old man was very proud of it. I saw the artist adjusting it into, I suppose, its present gilded frame, and applying some varnish to it. I am very glad that the painting has fallen into your hands, knowing that you will appreciate a sterling, genuine relic, which it unquestionably is. I am aware of the remarkable circumstance which was the cause of the painting appearing in Inverness, but it is of no public interest to explain it. Donald, the bagpipe-maker, had several of a family, but all died before himself. Having had no direct heir or relatives, his effects went to the hammer for the benefit of some charities. Donald, as I have said, was a superior performer on the great Highland bagpipe, and was well versed in the true nature and composition of pipe music. Many years ago he published a large and excellent collection of old Piobaireachd, which is undoubtedly the most correct in its noting, and in the construction of its music, that has as yet appeared.

ALEX. MACGREGOR.

IN MEMORIAM—GEORGE GILFILLAN.

—o—

Greatest and best of men! we hear his voice
  Deep-sounding as of old, like some wide sea,
Bidding the heart at sorrow still rejoice,
  With radiant raptures of the "Bright to be."

Though Heaven was in his gaze, there too was seen
  The sweetness of all lovely things of earth;
Though with the stars his loftiest song has been,
  Not less he loved the blooms of humbler birth.

Within the gracious garden of his heart
  Bloomed the unfading flowers of truth divine;
Their fragrance from our minds can ne'er depart,
  Their radiance in our memories shall shine!

Farewell, great heart! though we may hear again
  Thy voice no more, proclaiming "God is Love,"
Yet thro' all gloom of sorrows and of pain
  Thy life shall light us to the lands above!

August, 1878. DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

A GAELIC PIOBAIREACHD-POEM FROM THE ANTIPODES.

—o—

We gladly make room for the following poem by Mr F. D. Macdonell, at one time of Plockton, Lochalsh, now of New Zealand. Sending us the poem, "Nether-Lochaber" says regarding him :—"As a Gaelic poet and *seanachaidh* Mr Macdonell has few living equals, as his contributions to the *Gael, Inverness Courier, Highlander*, &c., under his well known *nom de plume* of 'Loch-Aillse,' abundantly testify. His mastery of the Gaelic language is simply perfect ; it being impossible that anyone could know it as a living spoken tongue better than he does."

That the following *Brolaich a' Bhaird* (the Dream-murmurings of the Bard) may be properly understood, the occasion of what must be regarded as an exceedingly clever and curious composition may be briefly stated : For some years before his emigration to the Antipodes, Mr Macdonell was in constant correspondence with "Nether-Lochaber," on matters connected wtth the ancient ballad literature and folk-lore of the Highlands, subjects of which Mr Macdonell had a very large and intimate knowledge. Since his arrival in New Zealand the bard has not been hearing from his distinguished Lochaber friend so regularly as he could wish. Under the pretence that he is forgotten by his friend (which we are very sure is not the case), he feigns to have had a vision or a dream, in which he is supposed to have seen "Nether-Lochaber" on a far voyage among the stars, and to have there and then given utterance to the following *Brolaich* or Dream-murmur. It is a poem of rare merit, of the mock-heroic order ; in which, however, much genuine pathos is very admirably interwoven with the wit, humour, and fancy which constitute the main attraction of such compositions :—

BROLAICH A' BHAIRD.

AIR FONN PIOBAIREACHD.

URLAR.

Tha gart rium 'us gruaim
  Air an Aodhaire,
'S duilich sin, 's gur cruaidh
  Leam bhi smaointinn air :
Cia mar gheibhinn uam
'N cion dha bh' agam uair,
'Leanas rium gu buan,
  Gus an caochail mi :
'S bochd e bhi ri 'luaidh,
Fear bha teagasg shluagh
Iad bhi seirceil, suairc,
  'S gun bhi sraonaiseach,
E bhi nis gu truagh,
Dh' easbhuidh a chuid buadh,
'G altrum goimh 'us fuath,
  'S e gun aobhar aig.

'S mise chaill mo chiall,
  'S cha-n e 'n Caileadair,
Cuspair aoraidh chiad
  Feadh na Gaidhealtachd,
C' ait am facas riamh
'Choisinn uiread mhiadh,
Air son barrachd rian,
  Tuigs', 'us talannan ?
Innsidh e gach rial,*
Gealach, agus grian,
'S 'n car a thig gach sian
  Seal m' an tarmaich e ;
'S cha-n 'eil ian no iasg,
Luibh air magh no sliabh,
Nach b' aithne dha o chian,
  'S ciod is nadur dhoibh.

* Reul.

Ma tha e lan a cheill,
  Ciod e dhomhsa sin ?
Cia mar bhithinn reidh
  Ris le 'neonachas ?
'S mairg a bheireadh geill
'Bhriathran fir 'n a dheigh,
'S theirinn ri gach creutair
  Gur goraich e :
'S olc a mheall orm fein,
'M fear dheth 'n d' rinn mi steidh,
Dhiobair e le leum,
  'N uair bu chordaidh sinn :
Leanadh e ri 'eud,
Gleidheadh e 'chuid speis,
'S cuiream-s e Loch *Treig*
  Le 'chuid oraidean.

SIUBHAL.

'S na'm faighinn-se bata,
  Cho fad ri mo dhurachd,
Gu-n cuirinn am *Parson*
  Ri talamh 'n a luban :
Ach 's fheudar dhomh aithris
  Ceann aobhair a ghalair,
Dh' fhag boile 'n a chlaigionn,
  A mhaireas re uin ann :
An cuala sibh 'n t-astar
  A ghabh e chum *Juno ?*
Gu fantuinn ann tacan,
  'Chur snas air na Duilean ;
B' ann toiseach an Earraich,
A dh-imich an Gaisgeach,
Le cuaille math daraich,
  Nach camadh, 's nach lubadh.

Gum b' iomadach tannasg,
  'Chuir sad as an Diumhlaeh,
'S a' sneachda ga dhalladh,
  'S an cathadh ga mhuchadh ;
Ach dh' aindeoin gach ascaoin,
Cha d' lasaich e 'ghaiseag,
'S na tuiltean dheth 'fhallus
  Tro' mhalaich a bruchdadh :
'S 'n uair tharruing e 'anail
  Fo fhasgath *Arcturuis*,
Bha 'chlaigionn air faileadh,
  'S a chasan air rusgadh,
'S gu-n thuit e 'n a chadal,
Cia fhad cha-n 'eil brath air,
Ach dhuisg e gu fallain
  'Na bhallaibh, 's cho urail.

'Nuair chualas 's na Flaitheis
  Mu Alasdair Stiubhard,
'S gach ni bha na bharail,
  'N a aigneadh, 's 'n a ruintean,
Ghrad-chruinnich na Maithean,
Le armailt gu 'bhacadh,
'S gu-n thogadh leo *bat'raidh*
  'Chur casg air a chursachd ;
Ach chlisg iad ri 'bheartan,
  'N uair tharruing e dluth riuth',
'S gach buille dheth 'shlachdan
  Ri talamh 'cur triuir dhiubh ;
E'brisdeadh, 's a' prannadh,
A' sgoltadh, 's a' sgathadh,
'S a' leagail am Flaithean
  Fo 'chasan 'n an smuraich.

M' an cuireadh e as dhoibh,
  Leum baid' air a chulaobh,
'S 'n a cheann orr' am braman,
  Ga shadadh le suiste ;
'S a dh-aindeoin a sgaiteachd,
A spionnaidh, 'us 'fhaicill,
Chuir Bodach-na-gealaich
  Le caman an t-suil as :
Chuir sud e o ghaisge, [uaith,
  'S chaidh 'thapadh 'n a smuid
'S ghrad-thog e air dhachaidh,
  'Lochabar nan spuinnear,
'Us pràbar an adhair
Ga ruith le na clachan,
'S na thuit e 'n a pheallaig
  'An Camus-nan-dù-ghall *

Theich 'n eunlainn 's a' chlapail,
  Ri caismeachd a phlumbaidh,
'S thug bithean an aigil
  Gu faiteach an grunnd orr' :
'S o'n bha air a mhanadh,
Bhi greis air an talamh,
Gu-n shluig agus thabhaich
  Muc-mhara 's an tiurr† e :
Gle mhoch an ath latha,
  Bha feannag a' rudhrach,
'Us phioc i gach bad dheth
  A dh-fhalaich fo dhun e,
'S le 'gob chuir i h-anail
Sios timchioll a sgamhain,
'S ghrad-thilg e dheth 'm paisean—
  Bha anam as ur ann.

CLIATH-LU.

Gu-n thog e air gu h-astarach
  'Ruith dhachaidh thar an aonaich
'S 'n uair rainig e bu chaithreamach
  Gach anail bha ga chaoineadh ;
Bha tional fhear 'us mhnathan ann,
  'Us ghillean og' 'us ainnirean,
'S gu-n mhionnaich iad nach dealaicht'
  O'n caraide ri 'n saoghal : [iad

* Camus-nan-gall.
† Feamainn fhuasgailte, &c., a dh-fhagas am muir lan air braighe chladaich.

Ma 's toigh leibh 'n corr dheth 'n naigheachd so,
Na stadaibh gun a faotainn,
'S nach cualas riamh cho annasach
Air aithris am measg dhaoine ;
A' sonn chaidh troimh na carraidean
'S ann aige fein tha 'm barrachd dhith,
'S gum faigh sibh e ri clabaireachd
'Measg chailleach Bhaile-chaolais.

Ud, ud ! bu mhis' an t-amadan,
'N uair labhair mi cho burtail,
Ach 's breisleach, toradh aisling bh' ann,
Oir chaidil mi 's mo run ort :
Cha-n 'eil, cha bhi, 's cha d' fhairich mi,
Aon ni, no neach, no tachartas,
A sgaradh uam a' bharail sin
A cheangail mi cho dluth riut ;
'S 'n uair theid thu d' rùm a dh-aslachadh,
'S a thagar air do ghluinean,
O ! guidh dhomh mile mathanas,
'Am *Paragraph* dheth 'n urnuigh,
'Us bheir mi miltean beannachd ort,
Cho dileanta 's is aithne dhomh,
'S gu lean mi anns an aigneadh sin,
Gu'n taisgear anns an uir mi.

LOCH-AILLSE.

WILLIAM, LORD CRICHTOUN, IN TAIN AND INVERNESS.—In our issue for November will appear an article, by General Stewart Allan, on "William, Lord Crichtoun, in Tain and Inverness, A.D. 1483-1489 ;" which is an attempt to illustrate an obscure and rather mysterious episode in Scotish History, connected with the career of that traitorous noble. Lord Crichtoun was intimately connected with a royal Princess of Scotland, the Lady Margaret (Stewart), "sister of our Lord the King," and youngest daughter of King James the Second. In the year 1482-3 he was forfeited and attainted for his participation in the rebellion of the Duke of Albany—his brother-in-law (?) (Prince Alexander); on which he sought refuge in the sanctuary "within the girth of S. Duthach, at Tayne, in Ross," where he resided in the house of the vicar. He subsequently had a last interview with his injured sovereign, King James the Third, at Inverness. He died at Inverness about 1489, where his "tomb was yet to be seen," when George Buchanan wrote his history. In the same number will be commenced

HACO THE DANE; OR, THE PRINCE'S WOOING—A ROMANCE OF LOCH MAREE, by J. E. Muddock, author of "A Wingless Angel," and several other very popular novels. The *World* says of this work—"Our advice to all our readers is, Get this book. A 'Wingless Angel' is the best novel we have come across for many a long day. The sketches of Yorkshire life are delightful, the style is crisp and graceful, and the plot is well conceived and cleverly developed." *Fun* says of it :—"The story is wild and wonderful. . . . . Many a reputation for novel writing has been built on a less solid foundation than 'A Wingless Angel.'" The story is founded on the well-known legend of the wooing and tragic death of Danish Prince and Princess, who are said to be buried on Isle Maree.

JOHN MACCODRUM.

IV.

—o—

PATRIOTIC POEMS.

JOHN MACCODRUM'S patriotic effusions, whether composed in praise of the Macdonald Clan generally, or of celebrated individuals belonging to it, so breathe the warlike spirit of the race, the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, that they have justly entitled him to be called the "Homer of the Western Islands." He was proud of the race of heroes which added lustre to the name of Macdonald, and he lavishes all the wealth of his copious vocabulary upon descriptions of their physical and moral qualities. Of the songs composed to those gentlemen of the Macdonald Clan who flourished in his own day, the most noteworthy are "Oran do Chaptein Ailein Chinnsburgh," "Taladh Iain Mhuideartaich," "Oran do Shir Seumas Domhnullach Shleibhte." From the first of these we have quoted already those verses in it composed to Flora Macdonald, whose husband was its hero. Captain Macdonald seems to have been well worthy of having his praises celebrated in eulogistic strains. Dr Johnson's biographer describes him as one "who was the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting the graceful mien and manly looks which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character."

Through the strange irony of fortune, it was his destiny to fight for that royal house, on behalf of whose foe his father had risked life and property. Owing to the part which old Kingsburgh took in the troubles of '45, and the pecuniary losses which he sustained through his entanglement in the cause of Prince Charles, his affairs were so seriously involved at his death, that although his son and successor, Captain Allan, managed to put off the evil hour for some years, the *res augustae domi* were such, that along with the brave partner of his life, and his children, he was compelled to set out for the shores of the American continent in the month of August 1774. On the outbreak of the War of Independence, which occurred shortly after his arrival in the new world, Kingsburgh joined the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes, of the loyalists' cause, and in the hostilities which ensued, fought and suffered for his king and country.

It is satisfactory to think that his life was spared to his noble wife and numerous family, and that after all the perils of the field, he once more crossed the Atlantic, to close his life where it began, amid the beauties of his native island.

In the hero of so eventful a career, Maccodrum saw one who was well worthy of the best efforts of his muse. As a very general rule, in such eulogistic poems as that under consideration, we feel that there is a certain amount of exaggeration and redundancy of expression which it is almost impossible to avoid. Of course, when the person praised is worthy of all the good that can be said about him, the danger of exaggeration is reduced to a minimum. In reading over Maccodrum's song in praise of

Kingsburgh, it seems to us that, although it is not free from that heaping together of epithets and qualities which is incidental to such poetry, especially in Gaelic, the poet has, on the whole, produced a piece of vigorous and genuine verse. For a reason which is obvious, tho two verses at the end composed to Flora Macdonald are the best. The circumstances which have rendered her famous, raise her to an elevation far above her husband. From her conduct during a few short months of her life, by which she became associated with some of the historic events of last century, her career has become invested with quite an epic interest, and her name remains immortal in the annals of her country. This it is, that the touches of lofty sentiment in the song by which she is described, raise our thoughts to a level so high above the rest of the poem, that we almost regret that the song was not all composed to her.

Still the real hero of the poem was worthy of all the praise bestowed upon him, and the description which the poet so graphically gives of his manly and soldier-like qualities, have the ring of truth and sincerity. The gallant Captain's arm must have been heavy and his blade keen, when the bard could say about him :—

Lann sgaiteach de smior cruadhach air,
'San truaill bu dreachmhor dualanan ;
Cha stad e 'm feoil am buailear e,
Gu 'n ruig e smuais nan cnamh.

"Taladh Iain Mhuideartaich," lately rescued from oblivion, and to be found in the third part of Mr Sinclair's "Oranaiche," has been handed down by tradition, rightly or wrongly, as a specimen of the bard's power of *impromptu* versification. It was composed to the son of Clanranald's heir, under the following circumstances :—"Maccodrum, who had those roving propensities which characterise the bards and minstrels of feudal times, was one day seen approaching Nunton House, in Benbecula, which was then a residence of the Clanranalds. Mac-Ic-Ailein, who happened to be walking about the premises, leading Iain Muideartach, who was then a child, by the hand, sent him to meet the bard. In order to render the greeting one of substantial value for John, Clanranald gave the boy a coin to be presented to Maccodrum. The child having done this, the bard asked him if that was all the money that he had, to which Iain Muideartach answered that it was. 'Well,' says John, 'there isn't another heir in the world that would give me all that belonged to him but yourself.' Thereupon he lifted up the boy and walked towards the house, but when he reached, the child would not be taken from him until he had composed a song in his praise. He asked for as much time as he would take to walk round the garden, which was granted, and when he returned sang that spririted and warlike poem known as 'Taladh Iain Mhuideartaich.'" So says tradition, and we do not take upon ourselves to decide how much or how little truth the story may contain. This much, however, is certain, that Maccodrum had a remarkable power of extempore composition, which, along with his great knowledge of the history of the Macdonald clans, and of their achievements upon many a field of fight, would render it possible for him, with his quick inventive genius, his fine ear for rhyme, and his almost inexhaustible vocabulary, to pour forth at very short notice the powerful strains of "Taladh Iain Mhuideartaich." Iain Muideartach

himself, being a child having no history, the bard begins by speaking of the hereditary right which he had to be noble and heroic, and he expresses the fervent hope that he may be spared to manifest those qualities of body and mind, which form part of his ancestral heritage—

Mhoire 's e mo rùn mo leanabh,
'S tu mac oighre Mhic-'ic-Ailein,
Ogha 's iar-ogh nam fear fearail,
Chaidh 'ur n-alla fada 'g a cur.
B' fheàrr leam fein gu'n cinneadh sid dhuit,
Aois 'us fàs 'us ailleachd an cruth,
Mais' 'us féile, 's geire le guth.

He then goes on to take a retrospective view of the warlike history of Iain Muideartach's ancestors, tracing it through the famous fields of Harlaw, Sark, Inverlochy, Killiecrankie, and Sheriffmuir, showing that in all these historic battles, Clann Raonuill covered themselves with renown. These proud memories, however, were not unmingled with regret, for at the battle of Sheriffmuir the Chief of the Clanranald met with a soldier's death, and it may be mentioned as a curious coincidence that, on the very same day, the Castle of Ormisdale in South Uist, one of his places of residence, went on fire and was reduced to ruins. Ian Dubh Mac Iain 'Ic-Ailein laments the chieftain's loss in a very fine elegy :—

A bhliadhna leuma d'ar milleadh,
An coig ceud 's a mil' eile,
'S na seachd ceud a rinn imeachd,
Chaill sinn ùr-ros ar finne,
'S geur a leus air ar cinneadh r' am beo. *

The song to Sir James Macdonald begins with an expression of sorrow for his father's (Sir Alexander's) death, and a prayer to the Highest that the young man might be spared to return home and comfort his mourning people. He then goes on to speak of Sir James in terms which, if applied to many, might seem too highly coloured. The testimony of contemporaries, however, goes to show that, notwithstanding the hyperbolical language with which the poem abounds, and which is so prominent a feature in all Gaelic poetry, there was little exaggeration in the manner in which Sir James's qualities, physical, intellectual, and moral, are described by his admiring and devoted bard.

Of the patriotic poems composed by Maccodrum to the Macdonald Clan generally, the best known are "Smeorach Chlann Domhnuill," and "Moladh Chlann Domhnuill." In the former of these, as the mavis of the Macdonalds, he warbles forth his notes in praise of his native country and of the clan which he delighted to honour. The first half of the song he devotes to a minute description of the good qualities of his native sea-girt Uist; with true *amor patriae* rejoicing in its abundance of horses, flocks, and herds, its heavy harvests, its flowery meads, its well dressed youths; nor does he omit to mention those qualities of sea-weed with which its shores abound, and the manufacture of which into kelp was, in the poet's day, so much more remunerative than now.—

An tir a 's boidhche ta ri fhaicinn;
'M bi fir òg an comhdach dreachmhor
Pailt ni 's leoir le por na machrach
Spreigh air mointich 's or air chlachan.

* Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, p. 69.

In the latter half of the poem, the "Smeorach" proceeds to inform us that he himself was born among the Macdonalds, and in vigorous and telling language gives a vivid description of their powers, a subject of which the bard never appeared to weary. They were manly, handsome, and stout, and when drawn up in battle array, armed with their weapons of war, woe to the enemy that would meet them in the storm of battle.—

Buidheann mor 's am por nach troicheil,
Dh' fhas gu meamnach, dealbhach, toirteil;
Fearail fo 'n airm 's mairg d' a nochdadh,
Ri uchd stoirm nach leanabail coltas.

Like many other laudatory Gaelic poems, the "Smeorach" abounds in the literary vice of a redundancy of epithets. Such a fault, however, must be expected in the compositions of an untutored bard, and ought not to blind us to the eloquence and true poetic genius which manifest themselves throughout.

Moladh Chloinn Domhnuill is known to popular tradition as "Cuideachadh Dho'ill 'Ic Fhionnlaidh." The circumstances under which the poem, or at least part of it, was composed are hinted at in the opening verse. It appears that Maccodrum, and a neighbouring poetaster of the name of Domh'ull Mac Fhionnlaidh, happened to meet on one occasion in the kitchen of one of the North Uist gentlemen. Donald was apparently a crazy creature, though devoid of that wit which is "to madness near allied," and as it is often the case with those unfortunates whose brain is in an abnormal state of activity, gave utterance, in Maccodrum's presence, to ravings which took the form of verses composed in praise of some of the island celebrities. Our bard, who was taking a nap upon a bench, having been roused from his slumbers by the dissonant and unpoetic strains of his companion, began to recite, in his own masterly style, "Moladh Chloinn Domhnuill."

Tapadh leat a Dho' ill 'Ic Fhionnlaidh,
Dhuisg thu mi le pairt dhe d' chomhradh.

It contains some very fine verses, of which there is one that we cannot refrain from quoting. In this verse he gives a description of the Macdonalds when on the field of battle; their aspect full of anger, their footsteps swift; their naked swords in their hands, keen as eagles, fierce as lions:—

Ach 'nam faiceadh tu na fir ud
Ri uchd teine 's iad an ordugh,
Coslas fiadhaich a dol sios orr;
Falbh gu dian air bheagan stoldachd;
Claidheamh ruisgt' an laimh gach aon fhir,
Fearg 'nan aodann 's faobhar gleois orr;
Iad cho nimheil ris an iolair;
Cheart cho frioghail ris na leoghainn.

The whole poem is instinct with the spirit of the fiery cross. Many a brave champion would, according to the bard, come from all parts of the country of the Gael, to rally round Macdonald's banner when the day of danger was at hand:—

'S iomadh curaidh laidir naimhreach
'Sheasadh buaidh 's a bhuaileadh stroicean,
O cheann Loch-Uthairn nam fuar bheann
Gu bun na Stuaidhe am Mor thir.

A. M'D.

A LEGEND OF CAOLCHURN.

Caolchurn Castle was built A.D. 1440, by Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter of John, Lord Lorn, during the absence in Palestine of her husband, Sir Colin Campbell, first Baron of Glenurchy, second son of Duncan, Lord Campbell of Argyll, by Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany.—

Within Caolchurn's old ruined halls,
The memories of the past,
Back to the ivy-covered walls,
Bring shades that will not last.

Shade of the brave crusader knight,
Glenurchy's lord of yore,
All in his armour richly dight,
His crest Brown Diarmid's Boar.

Shade of his haughty highborn mate,
Fair Margaret of Lorn,
Whose beauty, and whose queenly gait,
Did once these halls adorn.

Who reared Caolchurn's fine stately hold,
Where th' Orchy joins Lochow;
While far away—the bards have told—
Her knight fulfilled his vow.

He, who in Palestine hath done,
As a knight of Rhode's Isle,
Deeds that are worthy of thy son,
Lord Campbell of Argyll!

Until from that far distant strand,
When warnèd by a dream,
He hastens to his native land,
Beside Glenurchy's stream.

Then having crossed the ocean wide,
His sword-belt he unties,
And lays his coat of mail aside,
To don a pilgrim's guise.

And as he gains Glenurchy's heights,
Caolchurn it meets his view,
Where, thoughtless of her husband's rights,
His love has proved untrue.

Years, since he left, have passed away,
His lady thinks him dead,
And, as he dreams, consents this day
A stranger Chief to wed.

There, standing on its rocky steep,
Which Lochawe's waters lave,
From fair Caolchurn's old feudal keep,
Gay banners proudly wave.

And brightly in the old sword-dance,
While merry pipers play,
He sees his clansmens' claymores glance
Along Caolchurn's green Bay.

Then down the glen Sir Colin wends
His toilsome weary way,
Sadly Caolchurn's rock he ascends
Midst all the glad array.

The warder asks what he requires;
His lord he doth not think
To be the pilgrim who desires
He may get "food and drink."

And more—Sir Colin wisheth still
That she who owns these lands
May know, the pilgrim only will
Drink wine from her fair hands.

The gentle lady gives consent,
A cup of wine they bring,
In which, when drained, with love intent,
Sir Colin drops his ring.

His lady sees the token-ring—
She clasps him to her breast,
To him for ever she shall cling,
And on his bosom rest.

Uninjured from out Caolchurn's gate
MacCorquodale may go;
Sir Colin scorns to vent his hate
Upon a fallen foe.

Obedient to its lord's commands
Throughout that joyous day,
Shall still o'er all Glenurchy's lands
High revelry hold sway.

Again he rules in feudal power,
His banner vassals bring,
And then from Caolchurn's highest tower
The glittering ensign fling.

All gleaming in its black and gold
The gyronny of eight,
The mountain breeze displays each fold
Of Campbell's flag of state.

Caolchurn now stands it bleak and cold
And up Lochawe's fair tide,
No knightly owner, as of old,
Shall bring Caolchurn a bride.

C. J. L.

THE HISTORICAL TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE HIGHLANDS, by Alexander Mackenzie, *now ready*, and can be supplied from this Office.—*See advertisement.*

HIGHLAND BATTLES AND HIGHLAND ARMS.

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THE interesting and instructive series of papers, under the above heading, which appeared in your last volume, and which I have just been perusing for the second time, contain many materials for discriminating controversy. The writer is impartial, and discourses from a mind well stored with facts and instances bearing upon the subject. The conclusion at which he arrives coincides with that of General Stewart of Garth, who thought that in the hands of Highlanders the broadsword and target were more formidable weapons than the musket and bayonet. Whether General Stewart would have thought so now in the face of the vastly increased destructiveness of the modern military small arm, may be open to question, but "J.M.W.S." writes in the full knowledge of breech-loading rifles, and their rapidity of discharge. At Killiecrankie, had Mackay's troops been armed in the present German fashion, they could have had their bayonets fixed during the charge of the Highlanders, and after giving them several volleys from the hip, as appears to be the German practice during the advance, would have been in preparedness for the impact of the foe, instead of having to screw the bayonet on the muzzle after the completion of the firing. The opinion appears to be gaining ground among military men that the days of close fighting are in a great measure over. Engineering science, and artillery, in conjunction with rifle shooting, are to be the features of future wars. Even cavalry are looked upon askance, and it is said they are suitable only for scouting purposes and for following up a victory. If they show themselves during a combat in mass, they form too conspicuous a mark for artillery, and so they must keep in hiding. The days are gone for light cavalry charges such as amazed the world at Balaklava, and even the charge of the heavy cavalry under Scarlet against Liprandi's 3000 horsemen, would not now be permitted, because long-range ordnance would have pierced and scattered and proved far more destructive to the close Russian mass than the swords of the Greys and Enniskilleners. In the system of attack prevailing for the British infantry there is no doubt the *denouement* of "the charge," but it is only to be made after artillery and small-arm firing have destroyed the *morale* of the foe; and in actual practice an enemy will not retain a position, or await an attack, from an opponent likely to succeed; and no charge will be undertaken excepting where the offensive capacities of the position to be taken have been pretty effectively destroyed. Assuming, however, that two enemies of equal numbers—suppose two battalions of infantry—one armed with rifle and bayonet, the other with broadsword and target—came into conflict with each other, which would possess the advantage in arms? That is the real question postulated by "J.M.W.S.," and it must be owned that he has discussed the question with great fairness, and that he has culled the facts he advances from a wide range of suitable illustration. But in my opinion, in the discussion of questions of this kind you must impart into it the consideration of the moral qualities of the men opposed to each other, as well as of their physical capacity to encounter each other at close quarters. The traditions of

those engaged—their pride of race, of nation, of family, will constitute a most powerful factor in the calculations of the thinking observer, and this is very well brought out in a remark of Lord Cockburn's in the "Memorials of my own Time," where he says that the best fighting material lies in patrician families. I believe this, because such people have pride of family to sustain, and as a rule this pride is a more powerful sentiment than the inclination to flee.

The British are a free people, with traditions of liberty and of unvaried military success, and no one can doubt that man for man they could thrash any German army opposed to them. Lord Elcho, I think it was, who said five to one. The Germans are still in comparative serfdom, and their very children at school show a marked difference from British children, who are free naturally in limb and mind; and it is said that teachers of youth would rather teach a dozen German children than one British. Besides all this, the British physique is stronger, and the stature taller. Now, in discussing the relative value of different kinds of offensive weapons of warfare, the moral and physical quality of the men whose actions are to decide the question, should be discussed as a pre-requisite, because although an army of Highlanders with sword and target may scatter a body of Dutchmen at Killiecrankie armed with musket and bayonet, would a body of Englishmen, for instance, have succeeded in the same circumstances, or Frenchmen, or Lowland Scots? "J.M.W.S." says that the victories of the Highlanders could hardly have resulted from any superiority in the *Highlanders* themselves, because in earlier times the Lowlanders usually defeated the Highlanders. I do not think there is history for this, stated so broadly, because the Highlanders in their conflicts with the Lowlanders were waging war against the king, and fought with halters round their necks; and the dread of ulterior consequences of this kind, rather than of the immediate effects of strife, often led to their retreat. When Argyll was made Warden of the Marches we find his West Highlanders in the position of conquerors over the Border Clans for the same reason, for "'tis conscience makes cowards of us all." Wherever the Highlanders fought in circumstances as favourable as the Lowlanders in respect of subsequent immunity from legal or criminal consequences, they fought as well, and so as not to justify the remark of "J.M.W.S." referred to. I think in his discussion of the question he has omitted this important one of the fighting qualities of the two peoples. No one doubts the supreme courage of the Englishman, his dogged pluck, and great physical strength, but if we take history for our guide, he has never been the match of the Scot at close fighting. The "cloth-yard shaft" was the potent agent of victory in the hands of the Englishman, and many a time has the fate of the Scot been rendered miserable from the use of these terrible missiles. But in the hand-to-hand fighting the Scot was equally terrible, and not to go farther back than the Battle of Northallerton, we find conclusive proof of the superiority of the Scot in this kind of conflict. At this battle the Saxons of the Lothians fled without striking a blow for their protector the Scottish King, while the Scots hewed and scattered the foe by their terrible impact, and would have been successful but for the presence of the steel-coated Norman men-at-arms. At Falkirk it was the bow and arrow that routed the Scots under

Wallace, although in all detached fighting under that great Celtic leader the Saxon went under. At Bannockburn, the cavalry and the Highlanders destroyed the English bowmen, and the remainder of Edward's army fled. At Flodden the right wing of the English army were charged by the Highlanders and driven back, and but for their impatient blunder of attacking the baggage instead of following up their victory, the result of that fight might have been different. In all battles in which the Highlanders have been engaged, with Dane, English, Lowland—as in Montrose's Wars—and in the Wars of Dundee, and "the fifteen" and "forty-five," close fighting was the choice of the Gael, and he was effective only in that mode of fighting. General Stewart quotes a passage applicable to the Highland warrior (I have not his "Sketches" by me for reference) that the close combat was his forte, and that if he was enabled to grasp his foe his courage was secure. I think this affords conclusive testimony of the physical superiority of the Highlander, who at all times has dared to look his foe in the face, and meet him hand to hand, trusting to his quick eye and strong arm. I am aware that it is fashionable among historians, with a strong Lowland bias, such, for instance, as John Hill Burton, to depreciate the Highlanders. In Burton this feeling is so predominant that it is perceptible throughout his works. He affects to regard the real Celt as small of stature, and to consider the fighting element as of a different race. He might just as well say the same of the Lowlanders or English. The well-fed classes and well clothed, appear a higher race in every nation, and as families become aristocratic, they become at the same time more or less akin to the Celtic type; they lose the Teutonic heaviness of limb and gait, and become small of hand, active in body and mind, with a chivalrous openness of character very remote from the boorishness of their origin. "Nether-Lochaber," too, in an editorial note to Logan's works, states his impression of the stature of the Highlanders being less than their Lowland neighbours. I do not think he has data to go upon. I have been in the three kingdoms, and I have been unable by the eye alone to observe much difference in the stature of the people of Britain. That differences do exist is manifest from researches made on the subject. In the admirable work of a true Scot, whom the writer is happy to have known as a friend, "The Scottish War of Independence," by the late Mr William Burns, this question of stature is discussed in a brief foot-note at page 53 of vol. I. After refering to Professor Huxley's then recently delivered lecture on "Political Ethnology," Mr Burns quotes the result "of recent statistical inquiries as to the physical characteristics of Scots as compared with Englishmen, and of the Gaelic-speaking portions of Scotland, as compared with the people of the Lothians. The result of these inquiries goes to show, first, that the people of Scotland are, on the average, taller than the people of England, and, second, that the Highlanders and Gallowegians are taller than the people of the Lothians. The men of Galloway, a mingled British, Pictish, and Scoto-Irish population, are said to be the tallest men in Britain. On the other hand, the men of Lothian are said to be heavier." Both Emerson, and more recently Taine, rhapsodise upon the immense stature and bulk of Englishmen, yet the former is shrewd enough to remark that it [illegible] been determined that the American himself, though apparently smaller,

has as big a skeleton as the Englishman. The people of the Lothians are of Saxon or Anglian origin, and their bony frame-work, though covered with more beef and adipose tissue than the Gallowegians and Highlanders, are really smaller and slighter. In a hand-to-hand encounter it would not be difficult to predict the issue, assuming strength to be the determining quality. So I say of the Highlanders in encounters with the broadsword. "J.M.W.S." must take into account two important factors in their conflicts with foemen. First, their lofty aristocratic sentiment and pride of race and clan, in which their English or Lowland opponents have little or no counterpart; and second, their superior, physical strength, or as Chambers puts it—"that combination of physical strength and bodily activity in which they surpass all other peoples." This union of high hereditary sentiment, with their strong *physiques*, constitutes in an extreme degree the qualities which Lord Cockburn ascribes to the patrician family; and it enables the real Highlander to meet any foe without flinching, conscious that that foe will prove no match for him if he once gets within the sweep of his sword arm. The mere English and Lowlanders in Cumberland's army at Culloden could no more have made a charge, like the Mackintoshes for instance, than they could have withstood them upon anything like equal terms. I am, of course, writing as a Highlander who believes firmly in the superiority of his race, while at the same time anxious to do justice to the English and Low-country people. I have endeavoured to state one or two circumstances in support of my view, and I regret that some competent authority did not take up the interesting line of study introduced by your talented contributor. To a military people like the Highlanders nothing should prove of greater interest than the question whether the successes of their immediate ancestors in battle was owing to superiority in their weapons, or in themselves personally. Hallam does not hesitate to ascribe a part of the Norman success everywhere to their superior personal strength, as well as to their skill in arms; and I incline to the belief that the same will be found true of the Highlanders. I should like much if your contributor would extend his inquiries into the subsequent exploits of the Highlanders when embodied as regular infantry, and before their adoption of the bayonet—when claymore and target still formed their weapons. I feel confident that no one is more competent to do the subject justice. His observations upon the use of the Highland sword in the closing chapter are likewise interesting. I can confirm his description of their length—as being often over three feet—from an *Andrea Ferrara* in my own possession, which is just three feet in the blade, and which is also "notably broad and thin"—altogether a most formidable weapon. By the way, when writing, I would like to ask if the battle-axe is a Highland weapon, or of Norse or Norman introduction? Scott speaks of the Lochaber or battle axes used by the Islesmen at Flodden, as "Danish Battle-axes." These axes are terrible weapons, and are adapted either for stabbing or giving a blow. In the Norwegian account of the Battle of Largs, it is said that many of the Scots carried "Irish spears," which are described as being cut-and-thrusts. The term Irish having been often applied to the Highlanders, is not this axe the one called the Lochaber-axe, and by Scott the Danish axe? If so it must be of native origin. The late Lieutenant Donald

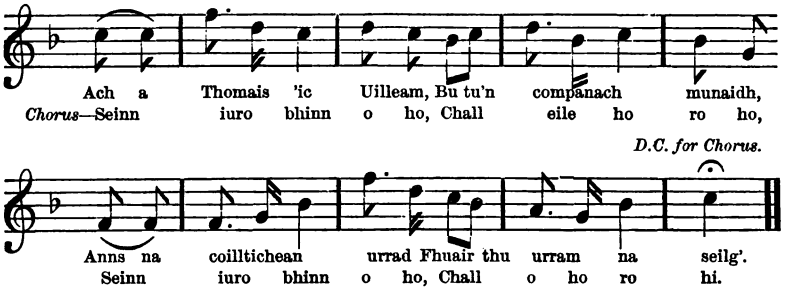
Campbell regarded the axe as of native birth, and as having been originally invented by the Caledonians for use against the Romans on the walls, having often a hook upon it for pulling them into the ditch. This origin is reasonable enough, but still it is only conjecture.

Upon receiving a commission as a volunteer officer some years ago, I went to a London sword-making firm of standing to select a good regulation infantry sword. Having measured my own *Ferrara* to see if the length would suit me—it was not a Highland sword I required—I asked for a sword three feet in length. I was told that none of that size were made, that thirty-three inches was the usual length, occasionally thirty-four, and that they had been made by special order thirty-five inches in length. I ordered one thirty-six inches long. It is much heavier than the *Ferrara*, more unwieldly, and with nothing like equal temper. Of course in a strong, muscular arm, it is a very formidable weapon, but I do not think our modern forgers of swords can impart to them the ancient qualities which permitted of the weapons being almost bent double, and of then resuming their straightness unimpaired. Of what "J.M.W.S." says as to the potency of the waters of Lochend in tempering steel, I have heard that among Highland sword-makers, a difficulty was long experienced in preventing the blades from curling when undergoing the tempering process, until one ingenious artist invented the expedient of making the water revolve rapidly before using it. I am not sufficiently skilled in metals myself to know whether there is anything in this or not.

September 1878. A VOLUNTEER OFFICER.

TO THE READER.—This number, with which we print a Table of Contents, completes the third volume of the *Celtic Magazine*. It is now self-supporting, and has a large and steadily increasing circulation among the aristocracy, among educated and influental Highlanders at home and abroad, as well as among the wide circle of English, Scotch, Irish, and Foreigners, who now take such an intelligent interest in all that pertains to the Gael and his Literature. We again tender our hearty thanks for this patronage, and at the same time respectfully request that our friends be good enough to bring the Magazine under the notice of their acquaintances, and thus increase its influence for good, and extend its usefulness in rescuing from oblivion what is worth preserving of the floating traditions and history of our Celtic forefathers. We would take this opportunity to tender our special acknowledgments to Alexander Cameron, Esq., Coburg, Victoria, who, last year, ordered forty copies to be sent, for a year, to gentlemen whose names he supplied, throughout Australia, and guaranteed payment for them. This number has since very materially increased. We would also mention John Mackay, late "Shrewsbury," who ordered twenty copies in the same way; James Fraser, Esq., North Albion Street, Glasgow, who secured about thirty subscribers, and Donald Mackay, Esq., Portnacon, Sutherlandshire. To these, and several others, we are specially indebted. We believe the *Celtic Magazine* is the first Celtic organ that ever paid its way, but a periodical devoted to such interests should have a stronger incentive for its conductors than the mere luxury of the work during odd moments spared from business of a more lucrative character. There is little chance of any Celtic publication becoming a permanent power until Highlanders support it in such a manner as will secure a fair remuneration to one able and willing to devote his whole time to the work. The Magazine is already a special and valuable medium for advertising among a very large section of the higher and cultivated classes, and by patronizing this department of it, and bringing it under the notice of advertisers is one of the best means of supporting it. "Suas e, Suas e."

SEANN ORAN SEILGE.

In moderate time.

Ach a Thomais 'ic Uilleam, Bu tu'n compánach munaidh,
Chorus—Seinn iuro bhinn o ho, Chall eile ho ro ho,
D.C. for Chorus.
Anns na coilltichean urrad Fhuair thu urram na seilg'.
Seinn iuro bhinn o ho, Chall o ho ro hi.

KEY F.

:s . s | d' .,l :s | l . s :f.s| l .,f :s | f . r

D.C. for Chorus.

:d . d | d .,r :f | d' .,l :s.f | m .,r :f | s

Gur a buidheach mi 'm cheile
Thug an gunn' a Dun-eidean,
Dhomh-sa b' aithne do bheusan,
'S cha bu leir dhomh do ghiamh.
Seinn iuro, &c.

'S toigh leam airidh nam badan
Far am b' eibhinm leam cadal
'S am biodh fasgadh ri gaillionn
Aig aighean 's aig laoigh.
Seinn iuro, &c.

Agus frith nan damh donna
'S nan ceannardan troma,
Leam bu mhiann dol 'n an coinneamh,
'N uair a chromadh a' ghrian.
Seinn iuro, &c.

Le m' chuilbheir caol cubhraidh
Fo m' achlais 'ga giulan
Luaidh ghlas air a h-urlar
Bheireadh tuill air am bian.
Seinn iuro, &c.

Spor thana gheur dhu-ghorm
'N deigh a glasadh 's a dluthadh,
'Chuireadh sradag ri fudar
'N uair a lubainn mo mhiar.
Seinn iuro, &c.

Mharbhainn rachd agus lacha
Agus tarmachan creachainn,
'S earbag riabhach nam badan
'Theid roi 'n mhaduinn 'na fiamh.
Seinn iuro, &c.

NOTE.—The words of the above song are quoted from Part IV. of Sinclair's "Oranaiche." The air given is the one known in the North-West of Ross-shire, where it and the words are in great favour with the lovers of mountain sport. The air, so far as I know, is now published for the first time.

WILLIAM MACKENZIE.

NEW WORK BY WILLIAM ALLAN, THE POET.—Mr Allan has in the press a new work under the title of the "Rose and Thistle"—first part English, second part Scotch—consisting of pieces carefully selected from his MSS. and those poems published from time to time by him in various periodicals and newspapers. The book is to be illustrated, and our readers will at least meet with one old friend; for we find that the frontispiece is a capital engraving of "Dunolly Castle and Fingal's Stone," where Hector fell, in the "Doom of Dunolly." We wish the "Thistle and the Rose" every success.

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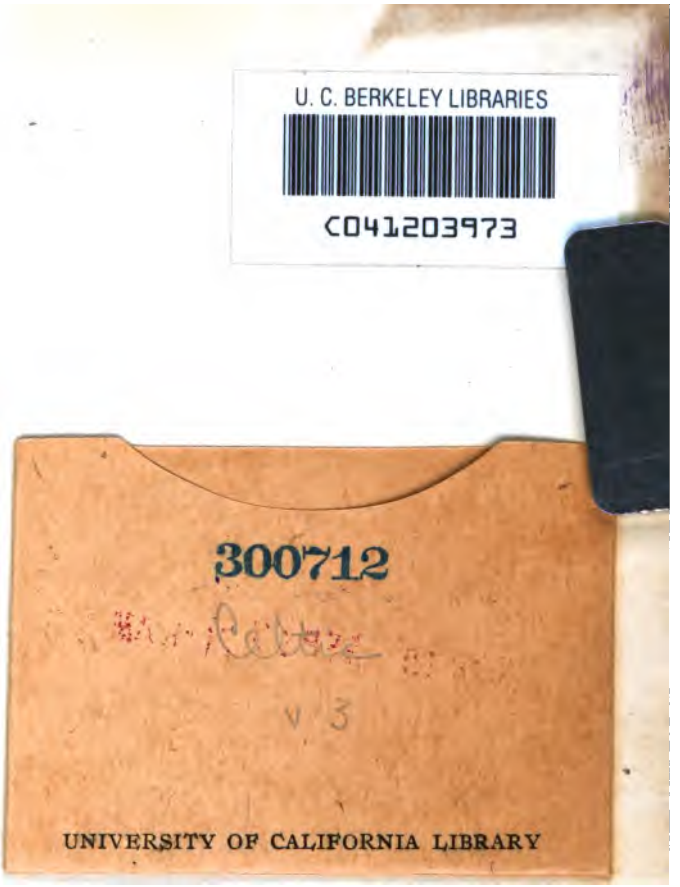
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